
SCHOLÆ RELIGIONIS PACIFICÆ
COND. A.D. 1866
PRO
VERITATE
ET
REGNO
DEI
CHARLES HOLBROOK LIBRARY
Pacific School of Religion
BMC

THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

FORMERLY "LUCIFER"

FOUNDED IN 1887 BY

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

EDITED BY

ANNIE BESANT AND G. R. S. MEAD.

VOLUME XXXII.

MARCH, 1903—AUGUST, 1903.

GOLDSMITH LIBRARY
PACIFIC SCHOOL
OF RELIGION

LONDON:
THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING SOCIETY
3, LANGHAM PLACE, W.

CHICAGO: THEOSOPHICAL BOOK CONCERN, 26, VAN BUREN STREET.
BENARES: THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING SOCIETY.
MADRAS: "THE THEOSOPHIST" OFFICE, ADYAR.

1903

86905

BP
570
T5
V.32

INDEX

PAGE

Ancient Cantata, An. M. W. BLACKDEN . . 258
Art and Literature in Theosophy. H. D. WEB . 450

Blue Well, The. A RUSSIAN . . . 238

"Charity and Duty to One's Neighbour." G.R.S.M. . 515
Chemical Caduceus, A. G. DYNE . . . 439
Christian and the Theosophic "Path," The. CLERICUS 489
Correspondence—
"England and India" 389
Mrs. Besant's "Thought Power" . . 178
Vicarious Suffering . . 562

Divine Economy, The. MRS. LAUDER . . 29

Earthquakes and Violent Storms. W. GORN OLD . 501
Evolution of Consciousness. ANNIE BESANT . 74, 171

Flotsam and Jetsam . . . 94, 273

Glamour-Land, The. MICHAEL WOOD . . 141
Glimpses of the Eighth Muse. ROBERT CALIGNOC 66, 149, 250, 330, 413
Going Down of the Sun, At the. MICHAEL WOOD . 531
God's Vineyard, In. L. B. . . . 393

In Memoriam 466

Kârmic Problems, Some. ANNIE BESANT . . 363

Lenten Thoughts. Mrs. AMES . . . 271

Man's Deeper Self. BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY . 337
Modern Mystic: GEORGE MACDONALD, A. MRS. WELLER 105, 219, 302
Mystery, A. KYTHE WYLWYNNE . . 115

Neoplatonists. WM. C. WARD . . 241, 351
Night of Freedom, The. MICHAEL WOOD . . 210

Over-Beliefs of the Ivory Coast. Mrs. THORNTON . 23
Old Monk's Tale, The. Countess SCHACK . . 361

Philosophy of Tri-Unity, The. Rev. G. W. ALLEN . 325
Problem of Post-Mortem Communications, The. BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY . . . 418
Readings and Re-readings. Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection." A. J. O. 161
Record of the Year, The. G. R. S. M. . . 82
Relation of Theosophy to the Churches, The. HODGSON SMITH 399
Reviews and Notices—
All those Things Added. JAMES ALLEN . . 187
Astrology, Theoretical. H. S. GREEN . . . 372
Birth a New Chance. COLUMBUS BRADFORD . . 373
Christentum als mystische Thatsache, Das. RUDOLF STEINER . 471
Christian Generation, The First. JAMES THOMAS . . 475
Did Jesus live 100 B.C.? G. R. S. MEAD . . 564
Education in Accordance with Natural Law. CHARLES B. INGHAM 282
England and India. ANNIE BESANT . . . 185
Gift of the Spirit, The 572
Hell, Traditional Aspects of. JAMES MEW . . . 377
Hypnotism and the Doctors. R. HARTE . . 183
Life of Christ, The Extra-canonical . . . 378
Living Buddha, The. ROY HORNIMAN . . . 469
Magazines and Pamphlets . . 89, 188, 284, 379, 476, 574
Mystiques devant la Science, Les. L. REVEL . . 466
Obermann. A. E. WAITE 278
Other Side of Death, On the. C. W. LEADBEATER . . 399
Realities of Life. H. E. HAWEIS . . . 374
Shambles of Science, The. LIND AND SCHARTAU . 570
Song of the Cross, The. JAMES MACBETH . . 186
"S.P.R." and its Work, The. EDWARD T. BENNETT . 573
Studies in the Bhagavad Gîtâ. DREAMER . . 474
Temples of the Orient, The. . . . 87
Theosophy, Elements of. LILIAN EDGER . . 371
Science and the Soul. BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY . 229
Sinner's Saint, The. MICHAEL WOOD . . 41
Talmud Balaam Jesus Stories, The. G. R. S. MEAD 125, 201
Talmud Ben Stada Jesus Stories, The. G. R. S. MEAD . 56
Theosophical Religion. SCOTTISH PRESBYTERIAN. 9
Theosophical Society, Purpose of. MISS SHAW . 455
Trance, Possession and Ecstasy. BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY 545
Vicarious Suffering. POWIS HOULT . . . 297
Vicarious Suffering in China, Notes on. C. S. M. . 300
Voice of the Drum, The. MISS WILKINSON . . 557
Walt Whitman. F. L. WOODWARD . . 508
Watch-Tower, On the . . 1, 97, 193, 289, 385, 481
Will, Desire and Emotion. ANNIE BESANT . 433, 524
Willow Weaver, The. MICHAEL WOOD . . 113

THE

THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

VOL. XXXII MARCH 15, 1903 No. 187

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

WE have for some years abandoned any attempt at giving a monthly report of activities in this REVIEW, because of the great difficulty of obtaining the information necessary for any adequate summary that would fairly represent the multifarious doings of the branches of a Society scattered throughout the world. Our report of activities had become so partial, that we thought it advisable to leave the matter to the Sectional magazines and the President's Annual Report. We cannot, however, refrain from giving a few lines of special notice to an excellent new departure of the Harrogate Branch. Our hard-working colleagues in the North have, apart from their usual syllabus and classes for study, arranged for a series of lectures entitled "Unity with Diversity in the Christian Churches." These lectures "are specially intended to show the Unity of the Christian Life in all the various forms in which it is manifesting, and it is hoped that they will enable all who hear them to understand the function

The Churches on a Common Platform

each serves in the common life, and that they will promote toleration, comprehension and brotherly feeling."

* * *

THIS is a most excellent idea, and we cannot but congratulate ourselves that it is a Branch of the Theosophical Society which has been able for the first time to supply the conditions whereby representatives of the various Churches can meet on a common platform to recognise the great principle of "Unity with Diversity"—the basis of all Theosophical religion. These lectures "have been arranged to show the characteristics of the Christian Religion and what each Church stands for." They are to be "expository, and not controversial; affirmative, not negative." During February and March there will thus have been given lectures setting forth the points of view of the Church of England (Rev. A. H. Lee), of the Labour Church (Mr. D. B. Fisher), of the Methodist Churches (Rev. J. Day Thompson), of the Congregational Churches (Rev. A. C. Hill), of the New Church (Rev. S. J. C. Goldsack), of the Unitarian Church (Rev. E. Ceredig Jones), and also of the Society of Friends and the Salvation Army; and the series is to be concluded by a lecture on the Relation of Theosophy to the Churches, by Mr. Hodgson Smith.

Unity with Diversity

We have had innumerable lectures on religions and their varieties in our Branches, we have had from the beginning men and women of the most diverse faiths, meeting together in harmony on our platform of mutual tolerance, but never before have we had the pleasure of extending our hospitality to the representatives of so many Churches of Christendom. If from such a beginning it might become a general practice that, in all our large towns, opportunities should be made for similar courses of addresses to be delivered, the way would be opened for a new era of ever-widening tolerance and understanding, which might in its turn lead to that "manifestation of the Sons of God" for which the whole creation travaileth in expectation.

* * *

THE Society for Psychical Research, under the presidency of Sir Oliver Lodge, seems to be getting out of its "vivisection"

A Scholarship in Psychical Science

phase and recognising that the slaying of victims is not a scientific method of acquiring knowledge, but a reversion to the worship of the Moloch of ignorant prejudice. Having done its best in the past to discredit those who were the best scholars of things unseen, it is now endeavouring to establish a scholarship for the psychically endowed. Thus *The Times*, of January 31st, in reporting a recent meeting of the Society, tells us that :

> Sir Oliver Lodge, in the course of his address, said that a few friends who desired to remain anonymous had started an endowment fund amounting at present to £2,000, in order to set the society upon a sound and permanent basis, and in order to provide the material means of attacking the problems which the future might bring before them. As soon as a capital sum of £8,000 had been attained it was proposed to offer a research scholarship in psychical science, to which a holder, irrespective of sex or nationality, might be appointed for one year and from year to year as might seem good, his or her time to be devoted to the work of psychical investigation. When practical benefits could be definitely foreseen people felt justified in spending money even on science, though as a rule that and education were things on which they were specially economical. Municipal extravagance in any such things as that was sternly checked, though in other directions it was permitted.

* * *

The Treatment of Criminals and Lunatics

And why should not psychical investigation lead to practical results? Were we satisfied with our treatment of criminals? Were we as civilised people content to grow a perennial class of habitual criminals, and to keep them in check only by methods appropriate to savages—hunting them, flogging them, locking them up and exterminating them? Any savage race in the history of the world could do as much as that; and if they knew no better they were bound to do it for their own protection Society could not let its malefactors run wild any more than it could release its lunatics. Till it understood these things it must lock them up; but the sooner it understood them the better. Force was no remedy; intelligent treatment was. Who could doubt but that a study of obscure mental facts would lead to a theory of the habitual criminal, to the tracing of his malady as surely as malaria had been traced to the mosquito? And, once we understood the evil, the remedy would follow. Already hypnotic treatment, or treatment by suggestion, occurred to one. It was unwise and unscientific to leave prisoners merely to the discipline of warders and to the preaching of chaplains. (Cheers.) He had no full-blown treatment to suggest, but he foresaw that there would be one in the future. Society would not be content always to go on with these methods of barbarism; the resources of civilisation

were not really exhausted, though for centuries they had appeared to be. The thing demanded careful study on the psychical side; and it would be a direct outcome of one aspect of their researches. The influence of the unconscious or subliminal self, the power of suggestion, the influence of one mind over another—these were not academic or scientific facts alone; they had a deep practical bearing, and sooner or later it must be put to the proof.

* * *

THESE are brave words, and coming from such a man as Sir Oliver Lodge should tend somewhat to soften the adamantine wall of prejudice which still surrounds the so-called "leaders" of the medical faculty. In nervous and mental diseases almost everything can be done by means of curative mesmerism; and yet in this country the facts even of "hypnotism" have made almost as little impression on the "leaders" of the faculty as have the facts of the higher criticism on the bishops. We know of many instances where the orthodox specialists have come to the end of their resources, but instead of calling in a more progressive colleague, those fogies of the old school have preferred to let their unfortunate patient pass from bad to worse, because, forsooth, their incompetency regarded the more hopeful method of their colleague as "quackery." This prejudice might be somewhat excusable where the "mesmeriser" or "hypnotiser" was a layman, but we refer to cases where the proposed operator was not only a fully qualified physician, but also a specialist in mental diseases, who had already effected a large number of cures in cases which had been abandoned as hopeless by the rest of the faculty.

Professional Prejudice

* * *

SIR OLIVER LODGE then proceeded very cautiously to hint at what this overstepping of the borderland of things physical might possibly mean. It may be somewhat surprising to students of Theosophy, who have been boldly declaring for twenty-seven years what it actually does mean, that there should be all this hesitation on the matter, but it should be remembered that the Society for Psychical Research moves just sufficiently ahead of the times not to get out of contact with the "things we have grown used to";

Psychic Science and Theology

"One step's enough for me" is its motto. It has no anxiety to "see" for itself, but desires only to experiment with "seers"; it is even prepared to pay for a good one to operate upon, as we have seen. That, however, this public crossing of the borderland will revolutionise the study of Theology requires no clairvoyance to perceive; it is already beginning to do so. Religion may be officially ruled out of the S.P.R. Proceedings, but it cannot be practically excluded. As Sir Oliver Lodge puts it:

> The bearing of their inquiry on religion was a large subject, and one too nearly trenching on the realm of emotion to be altogether suitable for the consideration of a scientific society. Yet every science had its practical applications. They were not part of the science, but they were its legitimate outcome; and the value of the science to humanity must be measured in the last resort by the use which humanity could make of it. To the enthusiast science for the sake of knowledge without ulterior ends might be enough, and if there were none of that spirit in the world we should be poorer than we are; but for the bulk of mankind this was too high or too arid a creed, and people must see just enough outcome to have faith that there might be yet more. That these researches would ultimately have some bearing, some meaning for the science of theology he could not doubt. What that bearing may be he could not tell. He had indicated in an article in the *Hibbert Journal* for January some of what he felt on that subject, and he had gone as far in that article as he felt entitled to go. They sought to unravel the nature and hidden powers of man; and a fuller understanding of the attributes of humanity could not but have some influence on our theory of divinity itself. If any scientific society was worthy of encouragement and support it should surely be that. If there was any object worthy the patient attention of humanity it was surely these great and pressing problems of whence, what, and whither that had occupied the attention of prophet and philosopher since time was. The discovery of a new star, or of a marking in Mars, or of a new element, or a new extinct animal or plant was interesting. Surely the discovery of a new human faculty was interesting too? Already the discovery of telepathy constituted the first fruits of that society's work, and it had laid open the way to the discovery of much more. Their aim was nothing less than the investigation and better comprehension of human faculty, human personality, and human destiny.

* * *

The "Invention" of Names not Facts

We have no desire to under-estimate the work of any labourer in this field of endeavour, but no good can be gained by claiming "discovery" of facts already known and recorded throughout the ages. "Telepathy" is a newly invented *name*, not a newly discovered

fact, equally so the "subliminal self" is a newly invented *name*, not a new-found *truth*. "Science" to a very large extent consists of an *accurate description* of phenomena from the point of view of the *normal observer*. This is above all else the special function of the S.P.R. in the department of things psychic, a most useful function, but not the work of the real pioneer, of the discoverer who goes forth into the desert and jungle of the unmapped. The government surveyors and road-makers follow after these pioneers; they further explore the country and describe it far more accurately, but the pioneer saw it first and pointed the way out to others.

We regret that we have not space to refer to Sir Oliver's excellent article in the current number of the *Hibbert Journal*, but we cordially commend it to the notice of our readers.

* * *

A Weather Prophet

MRS. BESANT writes: One of our members, Mr. G. E. Sutcliffe, of Bombay, has long been attempting to connect astronomy and astrology, and astronomy and chemistry, and certain weather predictions, based on a theory which he will shortly expound in the REVIEW, seem to show that he is on the right track in his studies. Mr. Sutcliffe, in 1894, predicted that until December 20th the weather would be warmer than the normal, and then there would be a marked fall; the events exactly corresponded with the prediction. Other predictions followed which were failures, resulting from a hasty generalisation which had to be abandoned. Further work in 1899 attracted the attention of Captain Field, R.N., who began investigating the subject, and has carried out some valuable experiments. Last summer (1902) the failure of the monsoon was predicted by the official meteorologists, but Mr. Sutcliffe published a prediction in *The Times of India*, of July 1st, that heavy rains would occur in August, and that until then the monsoon currents would be feeble; on July 29th, he wrote that after August 5th the forces impeding the monsoon should disappear, giving rise to stormy weather and earthquakes. This occurred on the 12th, not the 5th, and various earthquakes occurred from the 12th to the 27th. This last prediction has aroused much interest, as Mr. Sutcliffe stood alone in it, when the failure of the rains

threatened another famine. Further observations and experiments will probably enable Mr. Sutcliffe to aid considerably in building up the infant science of meteorology.

* * *

Libraries and Theosophical Literature

IT has often been pointed out that one of the best methods of spreading a knowledge of the ideas which we believe have been the immediate cause of the lessening of our own ignorance, is to get our books and periodicals placed in the public libraries and in the catalogues of subscription libraries. The way to do this is to ask for them, and keep on asking. Subscribers to Mudie's can now get this REVIEW from their library, and also one or two standard books of Theosophical authors; but why cannot they get the rest of our large literature? Simply because they do not ask for it. For it is not to be supposed that when the books are there they are not used; on the contrary, if you go to the British Museum, for instance, and take out a copy of *The Secret Doctrine*, you will find that it is one of the best used books in that most magnificent of libraries. Again, it is no doubt easier to order the REVIEW or a new book direct from the Theosophical Publishing Society, but if it were ordered through the local bookseller, that seller of books might "see light" and stock some samples of this "something new," and learn that he has not to go to "Africa" for it, but to the T.P.S.

* * *

ALMOST every other novel we take up has either some direct reference to Theosophy or is based on some "occult" *motif*. On the stage such subjects are far more difficult to treat, for here everything has to be objective, and stage ghosts and stage phenomena are as a rule even more tawdry than the orthodox "second floor back" spiritualistic *séance*. Nevertheless even on the stage the rich subjective element of the unseen life is beginning to make its appearance, though crudely. Thus, for instance, in *The Admirable Crichton*, by J. M. Barrie, which is now being acted in London, the hero in making love to the heroine says that a past life comes back to his memory, and that he sees himself as an Eastern monarch and he sees her as a Greek slave whom he loved.

The "Occult" *Motif* in Literature

As for the modern novel it may be said that "occultism" is its present richest stock in trade; we could month by month fill our pages with quotations even from the small quantity of "light" literature we peruse to prevent certain lobes of our brain, or whatever they may more rightly be called, from atrophying, and to give the over-busy teams of molecules harnessed to the "heavy" literature a rest. For instance, in *Cecilia*, Marion Crawford makes his hero and heroine go over again and again in dream a scene that they both believe to have taken place in a past existence. The girl seems to throw herself into a trance state in which "the past, the present and the future were around her at once unbroken, always ending, yet always beginning again. In the midst floated the soul, the self, the undying individuality, a light that shot out long rays, like a star, towards the ever-present moments in an ever-recurring life, of which she had been, and was, and was to be, most keenly conscious." In this state she "would be full of a deep desire to be free for ever from earth and body and life, joined for all eternity with something pure and high that could not be seen, but of which her soul was a part, mingled with the changing things for a time but to be withdrawn from them again." The dream state of the hero is thus described: "He had no consciousness of any sort of shape or body belonging to him, nor of motion, nor of sight, after the darkness had closed in upon him. It reminded him of the approach of a cyclone in the West Indies, which he remembered well; the dreadful stillness in the air; the long, sullen, greenish-brown swell of the oily sea; the appalling bank of solid darkness. . . An instant change from something to nothing, with consciousness preserved; complete far-reaching consciousness, that was more perfect than sight, but a being everywhere at once, a universal understanding, a part of something all-pervading, a unification with all things past, present, and to come, with no desire for them, nor vision of them, but perfect knowledge of them all."

THEOSOPHICAL RELIGION

ADAH: Where hast thou been?
What hast thou seen?

CAIN: The dead,
The immortal, the unbounded, the omnipotent,
The overpowering mysteries of space;
The innumerable worlds that were and are,
A whirlwind of such overwhelming things.

BYRON.

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER chose to style one of his series of Gifford Lectures "Theosophy," but it is not so long since such a writer as Charles Kingsley could use the word as a mark of contempt. Referring to the chaos of thought at the beginning of the fifth century, Kingsley speaks "of those thousand schisms, heresies, and theosophies"; and boldly adds, "it is a disgrace to the word Philosophy to call them by it."

Theosophy in our day is quite as unfashionable, taking rank in the popular mind with mesmerism or second sight, or, in the mind of a woman, with Freemasonry. And this is not to be wondered at; for its attitude of mingled rebuke and patronising encouragement towards even the most advanced of our modern philosophies has repelled rather than attracted thinking men, while its capacity for assimilating mystery has alienated any popular sympathy that might otherwise exist.

We have no intention here of defending or even expounding Theosophy. That is a task only possible to a trained Theosophist, and to such a qualification we make no pretension. We undertake a much humbler task. We simply wish to show that in our modern philosophies, and especially in the philosophy of religion, there is a growing and strongly marked tendency towards the fundamental ideas formulated in what is known as Theosophy. And by Theosophy, so far as our present purpose is concerned,

and putting the matter in the briefest form possible, we mean that system of thought which professes to attain to a direct and first-hand knowledge of the unseen world. It is not only that the inductive spirit and method are characteristic of it; it not only professes a method but claims positive results, for it teaches, as an actual fact of experience, that which all our higher philosophy is ever striving after, true contact with the unseen. And anyone who is familiar with the doctrine of the Relativity of human thought, and knows how it has been regarded as the crowning achievement of metaphysics, will appreciate what such a claim really means. That doctrine excludes man permanently and by the limitation of his own nature from any real knowledge of God. The logic of its advocates has been considered unchallengeable and, as Huxley said of a similar dilemma, "the man who tries to bite this file only succeeds in breaking his own teeth." Even Hegelianism, which makes so courageous an attempt to seize the Infinite, is apt to fail us just when we try to bring it home to our personal consciousness. At this vital point even those philosophies which base themselves, like Butler's, on the universal analogy of nature, seem somehow to be weakest just when we need them to be strongest. But here is a philosophy which boldly soars into the invisible, and claims for us direct daily kinship with all the denizens of the unseen!

Of course the doctrine of Relativity has not been allowed to go unchallenged. And, curiously enough, science has now become one of the strongest allies in the attack on it, rendering thus tardy, but none the less welcome, amends for the blazing indiscretions of its youth. The class of conceptions which modern science has been establishing is beginning to change the whole *venue* of philosophical discussion. The philosophy of religion especially, formerly so tabooed by premature aud hasty science, now finds itself in the hands of a loyal and friendly jury and not, as before, among open enemies. Such conceptions, or rather facts, as the conservation of energy, the interchangeableness of its forms, the quite imperceptible gradations seen in the scale of being everywhere, have gradually obliterated all the former landmarks, not only of species and genera, but of organic and inorganic, and given a unity to thought and to things never before dreamt of.

These landmarks are now seen to be but convenient categories having no radical basis in the true nature of things, and of no philosophical import in the final summation of ideas. This obliteration of landmarks has given rise to a much bolder thought, namely, that spirit itself is but an extremely rarefied form of matter, a doctrine which may, with equal propriety, be read in the reverse way. And as Dr. Wendell Holmes says: "Before this new manifestation of cosmic vitality which we call electricity —Force stripped stark naked, nothing but a filament to cover its nudity—we feel like taking the posture of peasants listening to the Angelus. How near the mystic effluence of mechanical energy brings us to the divine source of all power and motion!"

And such a doctrine seems to lay low the last barrier between the seen and the unseen. Matter and Force are seen to be but the modern scientist's latest substitute for those entities formerly so dear to the scientist and metaphysician alike. And whereas the seven times previously convicted metaphysician sometimes still seeks to keep us entangled in the ratiocinative jungle of these words and their logical implications, the discerning spirit begins to rise with some measure of self-reliance through these verbal fogs to the realisation of that of which they are but aliases and symbols, the Eternal Spirit "in whom we live and move and have our being." Instead of contentedly substituting for the metaphysical "entities" of former days the Unspeakable Nonentity of Mansel and the Agnostic, we are learning to bow our spirits in the felt presence of the living God.

The problem, too, has been attacked from quite an opposite side. The old idealism of Berkeley, which, as a matter of logic, seemed so irrefragable, begins to be seen through and beyond. It is seen to be an attempt to interpret the working of man's spirit by its formal, not its essential, qualities. Only a quibble can make the tortoise the standard for the hare. We have nowadays the strongest philosophical thinkers showing us, in their apparently unintentional way, that even in this circumscribed operation —which Berkeley maintained was but that of a caged bird—the mere prison of consciousness—even then we are tapping the infinite and finding ourselves in contact with the living God.

It is just here that we find ourselves in line with the Theo-

sophists. And without granting or even discussing their unwonted claim to the power of migrating temporarily into the unseen, we must not forget that so far as Theosophy takes rank as philosophical teaching, it is entitled to exactly the same consideration at our hands as any other philosophical system.

For this purpose we shall lop off entirely its claim to the possession of "other senses" than those of ordinary humanity. We shall pay no attention to that multitudinous and marvellous mass of psycho-physical details which it has evolved from its active brain, seen with its new senses, or merely borrowed from ancient lore. These are for present purposes *de trop*. As to them it is sufficient to say *Le roi s'avisera*, adding this only, that those who have once shaken themselves free from one form of authoritative religion, are little likely quickly to entangle themselves in the meshes of another.

We prefer rather to treat Theosophy as one more addition to the innumerable philosophies with which the world is burdened and confused, and ask ourselves what claim its ruling conceptions have on us on their merits. Do they throw any further light on the tangled maze of modern metaphysics and philosophy? If they do, let us frankly acknowledge it.

What then are the governing ideas of Theosophy? It professes to be absolutely scientific. It professes at least to assume nothing, but to come open-eyed to nature and simply to read what she teaches. Even the claim to the development of "other senses"—psychic senses—is not inconsistent with this scientific profession. For this claim, too, is put to the test of experience, to the test of fact, and we have no right merely to deny the possibility of "another sense," as it is called, so long as we refuse to test for ourselves the possibility of its development in the way which Theosophy assures us will establish its existence. It is by far less improbable than the "fourth dimension" of space. The one merely transcends common experience as every new discovery does. The other seems to run counter to the very laws of thought. So much for the general attitude of Theosophy.

But the fundamental ideas of Theosophy are practically the same as the latest generalisations of modern philosophy. We cannot more briefly characterise Theosophy than as the apotheosis

of Evolution. The Evolutionist will there find himself not merely at home, but at sea, in the fullest sense, in an ocean of sweeping generalisations of which only the world's wildest imaginations have now and then dreamt. The Evolutionist, indeed, lost in the wandering mazes of this theory, is apt to become frightened at the monstrous dimensions of the philosophical spectre he has himself evoked.

Into these generalisations and revelations it is not necessary to enter here in detail, but it is of consequence to point out that these fundamental ideas have, if possible, a still stronger claim on the religious philosopher than on the merely philosophical scientist. The doctrine of the underlying unity of the Divine and human natures, if accepted, cannot fail to exert a paramount influence on both the philosophical and the practical aspects of religion. That this doctrine is not only shadowed forth, but directly suggested by much of the philosophy and psychology of our day is well known. It seems indeed, to be the true solvent of the chief difficulty of modern psychology. And partly a reverent modesty, partly a false timidity, have kept many of our best thinkers from frankly asserting it. The poets alone have never been able to shake themselves free of it; needless to say therefore, it is not new. Vague, wistful oftentimes, it is, in one form or another, as old as developed human thought. Those who have ventured more openly to profess it, have been called in philosophical circles Romanticists, Idealists and Intuitionalists, and in religious circles, Mystics and Dreamers. *E pur se muove*, even among those who cling to the best part of the popular faith.

And lo! here we have it not only full blown as religious experience and vision, like that of our own devout mystics, but expounded as a scientific fact with an acumen and consistency that challenge the attention of thinkers. In this doctrine which Theosophy postulates as a "first principle," you find Christian Apostle and unrelenting Agnostic meeting and joining hands; Peter urging us to become "partakers of the divine nature," Spencer, to all appearance removed *toto cælo* from any such ideas, compelled to admit that the power "which wells up in us as consciousness" is the same as that "Eternal Energy from which all

things proceed." How externally unlike, how fundamentally the same!

The mention of consciousness brings up a further question hitherto unanswered in a rational manner by orthodox thinking, but to which Theosophy furnishes at the lowest estimate a reasonably consistent and probable answer. How does consciousness first appear either in the individual or the race? What is a conscious soul, and how is its origin here explicable, if at all? Creation is no answer. That merely means that "at any moment when it pleases two already existing human beings to furnish certain conditions, the Divine Will is called into special action and a human soul is created!" John Fiske's mechanical attempt at explanation is little better. "An overplus or surplus of sensations remaining in the brain centres more than can pass through them in succession without, as it were, impinging on one another!" Is any rational man content with that? The final word of philosophy, by the mouth of Herbert Spencer, is just about as vague and unsatisfying. Mr. Macpherson, his lucid biographer, admits candidly: "We know no more about the starting-point of consciousness than about the starting-point of matter." In its ultimate analysis Spencer finds Intelligence to rest upon recognition of likeness and unlikeness between primary states of consciousness. "Grant to the mind," says Mr. Macpherson, "the power of recognising and distinguishing feelings, and it is plain that the entire mental life of humanity from the savage to, say, a Newton is the result of continuous differentiation and reintegration of states of consciousness"—which practically means: Grant that mind is mind, and all is plain; but if that is what is meant by bringing the subject "into the daylight of analysis," what is "a landscape in a fog" like?

Life physical shades into life psychical, we know not where or how, and the only generalisation that covers all forms of life and vitalises all phases of matter is that of the self-manifesting Presence of that Infinite and "Eternal Energy from which all things proceed," and of which in some mysterious way they form part. This is the kernel of which Evolution is but the temporary husk (for there is Involution as well as Evolution), the thought of which Evolution is but one of the "words," the spirit of which

Evolution and all creation are but the visible and intelligible body. This, name it as we may, is the truth to which all our human knowledge converges and points, and there is nothing more striking and more encouraging in an age so scientific as ours, than to find this very scientific spirit beginning to be joyfully conscious of the absolute necessity of this great spiritual background, to give meaning and point to the larger conceptions of nature which science herself has made so current amongst us.

The Theosophic explanation, which is entirely in keeping with this, is that the spiritual monads, as they call them, which ultimately appear among us as the souls of men, are part of the Eternal Spirit, and incarnate and reincarnate in all grades of material organisation which are successively suited to serve their development. And though this is an explanation that is given on the authority of professed experts, we take it simply as a philosophical suggestion, and we say that it is not only quite as feasible a theory as any of the older ones, but is essentially one with the conception of the universe now fast gaining acceptance in modern thought. It is a kind of generalised expression of the doctrine already referred to, the underlying unity of the Divine and human natures. It is the amplification in detail of the great doctrine of the self-manifestation of God, the widest generalisation of which religious philosophy seems capable.

The purpose of creation, Theosophy teaches, is "the development of individuality *in universal consciousness*. . . The earliest manifestations of matter represent the consciousness or some part of the consciousness of the spirit by which they have been engendered. . . When we advance a step and observe in the beginning of the vegetable kingdom the first pulsation we can recognise as life, we still find spiritual energy vaguely diffused through great orders of manifestation. . . The animal kingdom is an immensely higher form of consciousness than its predecessor in evolution, but it is still a collective manifestation. Monadic essence is converging towards specific foci but it has not yet converged. . . Slowly, slowly, the monadic essence gathers in the experience of consciousness that such life as it inspires can afford. At last comes the touch of a more advanced consciousness affecting it in some one of its incarnate manifestations. . . . The

effect of this first movement within the consciousness of the animal of the great love principle in its upward aspiring aspect focalises the spiritual force within its nature and engenders individuality. By the act of individualisation it has passed into a new kingdom of Nature, and belongs henceforward to a higher species."*

Or as it is put elsewhere with special reference to a newborn child: "One great comfort at once afforded by the appreciation of the nature of the Higher Self is that we escape from the embarrassment of having to think of the whole complete soul of a highly advanced human being inhabiting the highly unsuitable tenement of a young child's body. However unsatisfactory the notion of such an arrangement would appear, it would be futile to try and escape from it by the hypothesis that the child could be born first and, so to speak, ensouled afterwards. From the earliest beginning the child and the soul to which it might be destined to give incarnation, must evidently be regarded as already in union. But the conception now being dealt with harmonises with the fitness of things and with the analogies of nature. The soul on the spiritual plane and ripe for Reincarnation takes note as it were of the newly germinating human being whose physical associations and destiny render it the most appropriate physical habitation that soul can find. Of course there is no conscious deliberate selection in the matter. The kârmic affinities constitute a line of least resistance along which the soul throws out a magnetic shoot into the objective world, just as a root germinating in the earth throws out through that portion of the ground which most readily gives way before it, the first slender blade of green growth which makes its appearance at the surface. A more recondite but still more exact illustration might be drawn from the behaviour of an electric current choosing among several available channels of approach those which, though not necessarily the shortest, conduct it under circumstances best suited to its own nature to its goal the earth. Along the magnetic fibre thus established—itself no doubt growing in vigour simultaneously with the growth of the child—the psychic entity flows into the new body by degrees."

* Sinnett, *Growth of the Soul*, chap. xvii.

We may sum up this rough suggestion of Theosophic ideas by saying that Theosophy must be admitted by anyone who candidly examines it in detail to be:

(1) Intensely religious in its underlying conception of the universe. The background of all its teachings is "the Supreme Will."

(2) Intensely scientific and natural in its view both of here and hereafter.

(3) Intensely evolutionist.

(4) Intensely simple and "one" in its whole conception of God and Nature. It has no Dualism and no moral "intrusions."

(5) Intensely alive to the perfect gradation and continuity of all things and beings, physical, moral and spiritual. It knows no sharp or permanent demarcation either here or hereafter between one condition or state or character and another. All is in flux and all is also in motion towards a consummation which is union with God.

It may be said to teach a kind of automatic universe with two great functions of activity which Theosophy symbolises popularly as the Outbreathing and Inbreathing of God.

This final conception of Theosophy is identical with that of Spencer who teaches it under the twin-forms of Evolution and Involution, that is to say not only a cycle of Evolution such as that of which we are ourselves subjects, but a cycle of such cycles involving a recurring return to the starting-point, and a recurring march towards the recurring consummation. And thus it comes with both in the end to this, that the only possible foundation for the spirit of man is the Eternal I AM "Whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting."

It is easy to see how science and poetry, philosophical and spiritual thinking, that is to say, can find their ideals already realised in teaching such as this of Theosophy.

And indeed every great and far-seeing teacher the world has seen is claimed by Theosophy as belonging to that adept brotherhood with whom have been from the beginning "the treasures of wisdom and knowledge," and by whom these have from time to time been dealt out as the progress of man required and was able to assimilate it.

The Theosophists, as already said, give their assertions as ascertained facts of experience, and while we view them simply as philosophical suggestion and note how they seem to harmonise with the latest tendencies of modern thought, it is interesting to find a striking apparent coincidence in one of the latest attempts to apply the purely scientific method to the intangible phenomena of nature. For the Psychical Research movement which has its home among the scholars of our most ancient seats of learning is nothing if not scientific. They have set themselves to the careful impartial study of the phenomena known as clairvoyance, trances, hallucinations, dreams, visions, hypnotism, etc., and have attempted to generalise the results of their examination and experiments under some rational principle. That principle they suggest to be an *underlying self*, which does not appear or assert itself in the immediate daily consciousness. They speak of it as an *enlarged personality*, belonging to—or should we not say more correctly and cautiously, shared in by ?—each individual, and of which the body is the present temporary manifestation. The varied and apparently erratic phenomena above indicated are believed to be the phenomena of which this *underlying self* is the noumenon. And without going here into detail it seems difficult to draw any clear line of demarcation between some of the phenomena studied by the Psychical Research Society and those which Theosophists put forward as "of their own personal and systematised experience."

Now it is always a process suspect by philosophy when the supreme Deity is invoked or assumed as the direct object of our human consciousness, though there is of course a true sense in which all our knowledge is knowledge of God. The basis of all morality, to use the words of Dr. Pfleiderer, is found in our consciousness of "our union with the super-subjective Divine Will." But it seems to us that the whole circle of the phenomena of experimental psychology, external as well as internal, is only intelligible in the light of the principle we have here spoken of as the God-consciousness in man, that is to say, man's close though indefinite relationship with a Universal Consciousness, with a Personality greater than his own, and of which his own, even at its intensest, is but a more or less restricted expression—a princi-

ple which is thus seen to be the direct suggestion of scientific investigation, and the only thought that illumines the seeming mystery of our own self-consciousness and absolutely satisfies the richest human spirits.

Man in short is in contact with God. In saying so we do not presume to contend that man, a limited and defined creature, can here, or probably even hereafter, so leap, as it were, out of his natural circumscribed element as to become in the absolute sense conscious or cognisant of God. That would mean a comprehensive grasp of the Divine, which is by the nature of the case impossible. But man is larger than he looks. The glory of his life is to have an ever clearer and clearer vision of God. And that growing vision is practicable just because the medium in which God has condescended to show His glory, is a medium in which man is by his very nature at home, and which by the exercise of his higher nature he can breathe and enjoy ever more and more fully.

Astronomers tell us there is an ether which pervades the physical universe to its utmost bound, and that it is by this alone that the hosts of the starry heaven are brought to our limited apprehension. Natural philosophy reveals to us an atmospheric and etheric condition of which the vivid spark and the potent current are but localised expressions. Is it then any more wonderful to believe that there is an all-pervading consciousness of which ours, so great a mystery to ourselves, is also but a localised expression; that this all-permeating consciousness inhabits and inspires all things and all creatures; that all man's highest and purest thoughts have been but his growing realisation of this eternal presence; that it has burst into feeling and speech in all great souls from age to age, and is the only conception that binds together and makes intelligible the myriad voices of nature and the holiest aspirations of the human spirit?

As Theosophists put it: "We—the souls within us—are not as it were altogether contained in the material envelope we actuate during life. We clearly retain some rights and interests in the ocean of spirit, so to speak, from which we have been stranded on the shores of incarnation." Or as a French philosophical writer, who is no Theosophist (M. Alfred Fouillé), says: "For the old

doctrine of a consciousness absolutely one, the new psychology substitutes the formula '*Continuity of Consciousness.*'" A Gifford lecturer of to-day (Professor W. James, of Harvard), speaking of Mysticism, says that one conclusion was forced upon his mind, and the impression of its truth remained unshaken. It was that "our normal waking consciousness, as they called it, was but one special type of consciousness, whilst all about it, parted from it by the filmiest of screens, there lay potential forms of consciousness entirely different. No account of the universe in its totality could he find which left those other forms of consciousness quite disregarded."

Are these not just other modes of expressing the same idea which the Theosophists speak of as the Universal Consciousness, and which the Psychical Experimenters call elsewhere "the Subliminal Consciousness"?

The air which we breathe and which sustains our life is uniform and continuous with that which encircles the Pleiades. And if there be any truth of meaning in Paul's famous phrase that "we live and move and have our being in God" in the more material and everyday elements of our life, how intensely must it be true in those more intangible and spiritual elements of our being in which if at all we come near to the presence of God!

Or to turn to quite a different phase of human experience—a phase in which there is quite as wide a range of individual differences as in the possession of the more peculiar manifestations of human consciousness we have just referred to, and yet one which we rarely allow ourselves to call unnatural or abnormal. Let the words of a modern critic describe it: "The poet is our wisest teacher. He is usually in the forefront of his age, often indeed a little in advance of it, and so anticipates the philosopher. And that because he represents the somewhat vague emotional apprehension of truth which commonly precedes clear recognition and reasoned explanation. An age is like an individual who often feels a thing to be so, long before he can reason it out. Our emotional and intuitive perceptions usually run ahead of our logic."

Here is an admitted fact that must have some rational explanation. It is a psychological fact and it is therefore to an

analysis of, or further insight into, the nature and range of our human consciousness that we must look for any possible explanation. Does the line of suggestion we have named not throw light on it? We know that the province of the intellect proper is more or less external. It deals with the more obvious and visibly constitutive elements of human observation and experience. Moral perception again is comparatively indifferent to the relationships traced and explained by the intellect, but it is vividly conscious of a harmony that lies deeper still. And as order is heaven's first law, gradation its method, and unity its last word, so the purely intellectual aspect and relationship of things passes imperceptibly into the moral and that again into the spiritual. And what has been called the spectrum of human consciousness extends, like the solar, into relationships unperceived by the rough faculties required for everyday life. The degree of sensitiveness to these more hidden but more fundamental aspects of things varies enormously in individual men, ranging from the dull stolidity of the hardwrought clodhopper to the mystic vision and spiritual possession of a Blake or a Shelley.

What is the most penetrative seer that ever lived but a man with a richer human nature? We may call his power vision or trance or penetration or inspiration. He lives in a light that makes the universe and its mysteries more transparent and intelligible to him than to other men. He sees deeper into the great embodied reason of things. In other words he is a more God-possessed man. He has more of the God-consciousness than other men. As the Psychical students would probably say, he has a more working command over his subliminal consciousness than other men—that subliminal-consciousness which is only another name for a more vivid sense of the unseen.

It is only a more powerful mind and a larger spirit that can grasp either critically or sympathetically the smaller natures, and why, but because he stands nearer to the centre of things and there is in possession of a light which is not merely intellect but discerning love?

This is the only state and power of human faculty that can presume to "anticipate philosophy and run ahead of logic." The commonest throb of sympathy in everyday life is an illustration

of it. The grandest apocalyptic vision is but the same. The seer is not only "in tune with the infinite"; the divine music rolls through him like an oratorio, and with Handel he exclaims: "I saw heaven opened and the Great God Himself!" He sees that towards which logic and even philosophy, as commonly defined, only point afar off.

We must also bear in mind that Theosophy puts itself forward not simply as true philosophy but as vitalising truth. Our intellectual life, our artistic life, our moral life, it teaches, are rooted in God. "As the fishes in the great city of the waters, as the birds in the immensity of the air, so we live and move and have our being in Him. We borrow His light and we see and know by our intellect. We borrow His love, and we learn to love and help all we meet. We borrow His strength and our wills are made strong to serve Him and our fellows." To have this as a living and controlling conviction is to have in its fulness the God-consciousness.

Teaching of this kind may seem to be, or at least to tend towards pantheism—to be more correct, it is rather towards *panentheism*— not the identity of God and the world, but God in the world and manifesting Himself in its every expression. "God becoming conscious in man," might be adopted as its motto. Theosophy, indeed, which boasts that it has many things to say that we cannot yet bear, seems as likely as not to be in its essential ideas, the immediate *terminus ad quem* of the halting systems of the world's philosophy.

A Scottish Presbyterian.

Sleeping is waking in regard to such acts, because it is the inner light of Nature that acts during sleep on the invisible man, who, notwithstanding his invisibility, is existing as truly as the visible one. The inner man is the natural man, and knows more than the one formed of flesh.

Paracelsus.

OVER-BELIEFS OF THE IVORY COAST

THE many and curious points of resemblance between the various great world-religions which history and tradition alike reveal, pointing as they do to one vast origin, have always been a study of the deepest interest to those conducting research upon Theosophical lines.

It is true that the common origin of the majority may now be more or less lost sight of; still no one who stops to think at all, can fail to be struck with the fact that almost all the leading truths, as we consider them, of Christianity are to be traced in more or less similar and familar guise, in the older forms of faith of ancient India, Mexico, Egypt, Babylon and many others. This is so fully recognised now, as to have almost passed into a truism. To mention only one such similarity. The idea of a Trinity is universally present, whether in India, as Brahmâ, Vishnu, and Shiva; in Egypt, as Osiris, Isis, and Horus—or as Osiris, Kneph, and Pthah, as Maurice gives them; in ancient Peru, as Apomti, Churunti, and Intiquoqui; and in Christendom as God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. In fact hardly any form of faith, however primitive, appears to be without the leading, and, as one may say, fundamental idea of the Trinity.

However, in the case of practically all the great instances enumerated above, one may hold that the teaching and ideas were handed on and transmitted from one to another, as communication sooner or later was established between them. Beliefs originally belonging to one race might by degrees have become incorporated with those of others, as each great civilisation in its turn sprang up on the ruins of the dying one, to flourish for longer or shorter periods of time, and then decay.

As long as the possibility even of communication between one race and another is granted, there is nothing inherently improbable in the fact of their holding similar or almost identical

beliefs. But in cases where, as far as one can see, such communication is not possible, where, so far as research can ascertain, races and tribes have been isolated from all time, the question of similarity in religious belief, and even legends, is one of far greater interest.

It seems difficult to understand how the grandiose ideals and lofty conceptions of God, which we have been accustomed to associate with high forms of civilisation, should be found to exist—if in more incomplete and primitive guise—amongst those aboriginal tribes, whose civilisation, as we understand the word, is nil. Yet that this is to a certain extent the case, would seem to be proved by the recent researches conducted by the French Government among the aboriginal tribes inhabiting the Ivory Coast and its hinterland towards the Southern portion of the Soudan.

Though various European colonists have from time to time established trade relations with the natives of the Ivory Coast, it does not appear that in any instance they succeeded in penetrating at all deeply into the interior, indeed from the passages which are quoted later from Captain D'Ollone's book, it would seem that up till quite recently even the French authority only extended a mile or so inland from the coast. In 1898, M. Hostains and Capt. D'Ollone were sent by the French Colonial Government, with a view, partly of establishing communication between the Ivory Coast and the Soudan, and partly to study the country and its inhabitants in the vicinity of the Franco-Liberian frontier. The extraordinary difficulties of exploiting and opening up the country are well described in the following extracts from travellers in French West Africa.

"It is difficult to give any idea to those who have not seen them, what paths in the Ivory Coast mean. 'The road,' says Captain Marchand, 'is narrow and thickly encumbered with the trunks of fallen trees, boughs, and thorny undergrowth, which are overgrown and closely laced together with giant creepers. The massive foliage of the trees overhead only allows a vague and deceptive light to struggle through, to make visible a soil fetid and quaking with centuries of decay. The path hardly ever allows of upright walking, and progress has often to be made on

hands and knees. Often one loses the path entirely, and hours are spent in cutting with sword and hatchet a few yards of way through dense undergrowth, vigorous creepers, and decaying tree trunks. This has to be done in a semi-obscurity, infinitely more depressing than a total absence of light.'" (*Official Report*, 1895.)

And M. Marcel Monier, a member of the second Binger Mission, says: "In this shade, imagine a massive trellis-work of roots, fallen trees, thorny undergrowth, impenetrably laced together with parasite creepers; here and there pools of stagnant water, into which one sinks to one's knees, fetid odours, rising from dying trees, decaying leaves, and every sort of vegetable growth in varying stages of decomposition, add to this the exhalation of a charnel house, and one may have some faint idea of an African jungle. In full reality it is unimaginable. Can one describe a nightmare?" (*France Noire.*)

Well may Captain D'Ollone speak of such a spot as "cette région silencieuse et oubliée." His book is one long account of such difficulties experienced in penetrating into the interior; of his meeting with various aboriginal tribes, who as far as could be judged had never touched even the hem of the robe of civilisation; of opening up everywhere the mysterious unexplored depths of swamp and jungle, over which from time immemorial "silence and forgetfulness" had brooded.

Yet it is of tribes found here in the neighbourhood of Fort Binger (the Tabétous, and the Tépos) that he writes: "The religion of these peoples is one of the most surprising things. Instead of the grossest forms of fetishism, as one might expect, their beliefs are curiously similar to many dogmas of Christianity. They say there is One God—Nieusoi—and an evil Spirit, Hyné by name, who is, however, inferior to Him in power. Each of them possesses, so to speak, a representative in every man, who suggests to him contrary thoughts and desires. After death, good men go to Nieusoi, and the wicked to Hyné, who tortures them in fire. Nevertheless, these dogmas are unattended by any special cult, there are no priests, and no ceremonies are celebrated in honour of the God. However, each time a man drinks palm-wine—a precious beverage—he spills a few drops on the ground

saying, 'Nieusoi!' (God)—a libation such as was common among the ancient Greeks and Romans."

Captain D'Ollone goes on to add:

"I must be permitted to repeat that all this was not told me by our interpreters, who might have learnt in their journeyings some idea of our religion; the numberless questions we put to natives we met to see whether this was so, proved that the beliefs were universal. We never met with any contradictions. Whence come such beliefs? Formerly some Spanish and Portuguese missionaries were to be found on the coast; is it possible that, although they never penetrated inland, their teaching spread? Or were the principles of Christianity imported by natives who worked occasionally on the boats? These two hypotheses are however hardly admissible, as the different tribes hold absolutely no communication with each other."

Further on he says: "I discovered also a curious belief amongst these people, namely that in telepathy. Not only do they practise incantations—as did almost all ancient races—but they also lay claim to commonly observed phenomena well-known to all spiritualists; such as the apparition of spirits at the moment of the death of the body to friends at a distance. And they described to me many cases absolutely similar to those investigated by the Society for Psychical Research."

A curious legend is told of the mountain Nienokoué, remarkable chiefly for its analogy with many told amongst other aboriginal peoples. Formerly, they say, there was no mountain, and the country was flat and densely inhabited. One day, while all the people were assembled to celebrate the death of an elephant, and a vast feast was in process, an old woman, unknown to all present, uddenly appeared, and demanded a share of the meat. She was rudely refused by the revellers, with the exception of one man, Ouoro by name, who took pity on her, and gave her some. That night, after the feast was over, she drew Ouoro aside, and telling him that she was the mistress of that country, added: "Take all your family with you and escape quickly, for I am going to destroy it." Ouoro did as he was bid; collected all the various members of his family, and left early in the morning. They crossed the Dono River, and ultimately founded the tribe of the

Graoros. As soon as they had safely departed, a rain of stones and rocks fell, and destroyed all the inhabitants of the plain, and these rocks piled together formed the mountain Nienokoué.

As Captain D'Ollone says: "Told according to native fashion, the story recalls the history of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, after hospitality had been refused to the angels, that of the Deluge of Deucalion, the legend of Philemon and Baucis, and countless others. The rain of fire, of water, of stones, the punishment, and the moral deduced from it, are always the same—a fact surely worthy of notice" (p. 75).

Another legend, the leading idea of which is practically the same as that of Cain and Abel, is told; indeed, many Biblical traditions seem to have their counterpart amongst the aboriginal tribes of the Ivory Coast.

Still more extraordinary, however, are the beliefs of the tribe of the Baoulé. They inhabit a large triangular piece of country, the apex of which touches Tiassalé, the base being more or less constituted by the parallel of Satama, and the sides bordered by the rivers Bandama and Nzi.

According to M. Delafosse* the Baoulé believe in One God, unique and immaterial. He is described as "an eternal Being, uncreate, who has made the heaven, the earth, and the intermediary beings between God and man, called genii, or jins."

The supreme God is called "Alouroua," or "Anangaman." He is not worshipped. "He is," say the Baoulé, "too high above us, and too different to us; He would not understand us, and we should not understand Him."

The Genii are intermediary beings between God and man. Above them all, however, is a divine trinity of beings, brought forth by the Supreme God, by the power of His Creative Breath—which is called "Gou" by the Baoulé.

Gou, represented by a mask with a human face, receives from the Creator a part of His power, and brings forth Nyamné, the Heaven, and Assyé, the Earth. From the union of the Heaven and the Earth is born Assassi-Oua, who forms the third personage of the trinity, and who is identified with the sun. After them comes

* *Sur des Traces probables de Civilisation égyptienne et d'Hommes de Race blanche à la Côte d'Ivoire.*

Sàra, or Nyamné-Ba, the Moon. Kaka Guié also, who is represented as a bull, with two or three horns, is born of the union of Nyamné with a second wife, Ago, and his principal function is to preside over funerals.

From genii the descent to fetishes is easy, though they also are believed to hold their power direct from God. M. Nébout, in his *Notes sur le Baoulé*, says that: "The fetish draws his power from God, the Master of the World, and of all evil spirits or devils. The fetish worshipper having made his image, invokes the Supreme God to endow it with the desired powers and virtues."

Surely there is a curiously marked similarity between these genii, jins, and even fetishes with the "dæmons" spoken of in Plato. Socrates, in his speech on Love, in "The Banquet," says of them:

"For the dæmonkind is of an intermediate nature, between the divine and the human; their power and virtue being to transmit and interpret to the gods what comes from men, and to men in like manner what comes from the gods; from men their petitions and their sacrifices, from the gods in return the revelation of their will. Thus these beings, standing in the middle rank between the divine and human, fill up the vacant space, and link together all intelligent nature. Through their intervention proceeds every kind of divination. . . . For divinity is not mingled with man, but by means of that middle nature is carried on all converse and communication between the gods and mortals, whether in sleeping or waking. . . . These dæmons are many and various."

It is not necessary, however, to go back as far as Plato to prove identical belief in intermediate beings. What are the angels and archangels in our Christian faith, if not a more modern conception of the "dæmon" of the Ancients? Nor can belief in the intermediary and intercessory nature of superior beings be denied to enlightened races, while countless saints are daily invoked for assistance, protection and support, and their favour and intercession with the Supreme Being is eagerly demanded by millions of devout Roman Catholics.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and it

would appear that there are many touches of the same human nature which form links between these "poor unenlightened heathen" and the conquering and highly civilised members of the Aryan race, who are now for the first time, as far as can be told, coming into touch with them.

E. S. THORNTON.

THE DIVINE ECONOMY

THE following paper has arisen out of many thoughts and suggestions helpful to the writer, whether the unconscious outcome of ideas imparted elsewhere or hints gathered up in personal study from the writings of those who teach us here. They are given with the earnest desire that they may be both helpful and suggestive to some who have not perhaps approached the matter on exactly these lines. For those who have, there may be helpfulness, in that an idea gains strength and solidarity when found to be shared with others. A feeling of sympathy and union is thus produced, for the spoken word, to a certain extent, makes manifest the ideas which, though ever so mutual on their own planes, are not so often felt as they will be when that higher speech of mind to mind exists generally among us.

Taking first of all the teaching from known sources regarding this Divine Economy—or the use of *all* things to subserve the world progress, to aid evolution along many lines—there is the use of pain and the use of evil, as dealt with in pamphlets written some years ago by Mrs. Besant. We find in them many scattered allusions to these mysterious factors and their value in human development, with which we are all more or less familiar. Then in other lectures of Mrs. Besant's, given some time back, the use of low aims at a certain stage was dealt with, and we realised how very superficial is often the view taken of people in the world, and how harshly they are condemned, because the critics

feel, we may suppose sincerely, that some valuable energy and time have been wasted in pursuing low ideals.

But in the Divine Economy, a fragment of which is unveiled to us from time to time by those who see further than ourselves, there cannot be any real waste, any ultimate loss. We must believe this, if we believe that One whose nature is Knowledge, Power, and Love, dwells at the heart of all. Each must take the concept in the limits that suit him best, for without limits it is unintelligible to those who are still bound. But even at its best, in its widest sense, it will ever fall short, for a dissipation of energy will always appear to go on as long as *we* cannot account for its distribution. Let us consider what we name the darker side of things first, as being the most difficult to understand, the most heartrending to undergo. Then, threading our way by the light of remembered teaching and personal experience, let us seek to frame, albeit roughly, some consecutive whole, some guiding plan. For the problems which meet us in connection with that darker side of nature are to some most mighty and most fascinating, though when the inquisitive human mind, rash in its speculation, seeks to travel too far into depths for the time best avoided, a merciful hand often raises an iron barrier and we are hurled back as from danger—a danger greater because of the very unconsciousness with which it is approached. Naturally, in a short article like the present only a few aspects can be selected, and these treated superficially, but any who may feel interested can work out others at their leisure. Perhaps it will be as well to note these aspects :

Selfishness.
Cruelty.
Criticism.
Form-worship.

With this darker side we shall find the opposite—the light forces —blended as we proceed in our study. And as we begin by that which has been so aptly defined as the root evil, so we shall end by a few words on the Devotion by which the man who is the seeker after God ends his human evolution. Some may prefer to call it Wisdom, but the name matters not ; since at that height all aspects begin to unite.

Taking then selfishness as evidenced in one of the subtler senses in human nature, that of calculation made by the man for his own ends—which constantly takes on the appearance of solicitude for the welfare of others—we can give as the example from everyday life the attitude of master to servant. A person may treat his or her servants very well, not so much because he recognises his *duty* to them, as because he foresees a great deal of inconvenience threatening him if he neglects to do so. Another person may be naturally of a generous disposition and inclined to give largely to those not so well blessed with this world's goods as himself. Carried to excess this faculty runs into giving because of the *personal* pleasure of doing so, which easily becomes a passion in a nature built of extremes—a very subtle form of self-gratification mixed with much that is good. But it may well be that this is balanced by the fact of the existence of misers, whether of material or other possessions. These last two classes of human beings are used to counteract each other, and so we obtain equilibrium, while the *individual* evolution of each is being simultaneously carried on, "wheels within wheels," as it were.

Then the conversion into *needs* of what are merely harkings back towards the gratifying of some instinct almost outgrown will cause us perhaps to ignore claims of another nature incurred in the past.

From one side this spells imperfection, weakness we say, and deplore it as such. But the Divine Economists are already busy separating and arranging results. This calculating, foreseeing spirit will be needed for future work which is as impersonal in its degree as the other is personal and self-centred now.

Calculation is balancing and working out the fruits of some projected labour, taking many factors into account, deducing from past experiences; and this means *judgment*—the most valuable of qualities in any movement. A power of organisation is thus slowly built upon in the character, and having evolved the discriminative faculty by this power of calculating the man knows what to select for the purposes in hand. He relates parts, and welds into a *whole*. But the germ of all this lay in the planning for self in the past. It may be asked: What then becomes of the husk, the *selfishness* out of which *this* grows

the forces set in motion which have contributed ever since to the sum total of that element in the world? The man himself has advanced—but what has he left in his track? This too will have been worked up in other ways too numerous to name, even if the knowledge of detail for so doing were available; but one or two may be postulated. In the first place he will have affected *most strongly* those of *his kind* who share his own fundamental nature, and of these many are of very differing degrees of development. From out this group some are drawn to incarnate in a family and so work out kârmic ties. The quality of selfishness will then re-appear.

Now when we live with a selfish person if we are also selfish, one of two things will happen. Either we develope the defensive, antagonistic attitude in our nature, when he seeks to encroach on us for his personal benefit, or else we become imbued with a deep disgust for the attitude, and turn away from it. It is wearying to be always fighting for one's own hand, and that which we fight for does not turn out such as we think it is. I believe the supreme uses of *community* life to be the drawing to the surface of old weaknesses in order to make us *aware* of them, and then the weeding of them out in preparation for the planting of the truer, deeper social instinct, the principle of *union* which is to be born. For have we not been told that in the womb of the fifth race the sixth is even now appearing?

It is very difficult for many people of differing temperaments to live together at this period, because the growth of individuality brings a certain exclusiveness with it, manifesting as much in the members of the race or nation as in the race or nation as a whole. But, like the individual, as the nation develops the sheaths in which it has been evolving are cast aside, and younger nations grow into them or adapt what is useful to them from the common fund, and learn in their turn; for the great tendencies inherent in the different countries must act and react on each other as among individuals, bringing out what is latent in that civilisation and quickening its growth. There is not one of these national jealousies, tribe antagonisms, race hatreds, but has its purpose. Nothing can be destroyed in *essence*, although

the forms, as we are so often told, are broken up. But their materials are used anew.

Who preside over these great operations? Who stand behind the gigantic machinery of things which should not be called machinery, but one great living organism, if we could see it aright?

Who but those Divine Economists of many a grade perpetually performing the office of adjuster? It has been said of Him, the Lord behind These, Îshvara as He is named, how marvellous is His patience, the patience, the forbearance of that Mightiness in its perpetual vigil, slowly expanding the fragile forms that could be shivered by His boundless energy were it permitted to flow one iota beyond the restricted limit He has made for the area of His labour. And far beneath Him are His greatest helpers, and beneath these are others again, and still further below are the teachers of mankind. "As above so below," thus runs the old Hermetic axiom, the rule of analogy by which we have been cautiously, and let me hope on my part humbly, threading our way, for there are moments when a possibility presents itself so clearly to a student that it becomes a conviction, and he is apt to state it dogmatically, more dogmatically than he intends or realises.

Let us now pass to *cruelty* as closely allied to selfishness. But, while recognising the relationships of the vices to each other, we must not in such a study as this look too closely into them, for it is sometimes very clearly seen that from another point of view each is contained in the other, and all in one finally. Such reasoning causes a sort of paralysis, for it makes one feel there is nothing more to be said; at least that is my experience. In other words, though the phrase may sound paradoxical, the smaller the area to which we confine ourselves the more we appear to have to say about it. Cruelty is a quality which rouses many people to the extent of throwing them entirely off their balance. This unbalanced emotion brings about in others an opposite attitude—one of indifference. Of course, two such persons glare at each other from the respective spheres of their pet hobbies, but the resultant of these clashing opposites is equilibrium. It does not matter much what are the personal

opinions of either, but what is of real signification is that the force flowing out is driven against some other force, or drawn away from the point where it is not required, and used as a factor in much greater schemes. It is certain that cruelty will never be adequately checked by those under the influence of emotion without the balance and focus which reason gives. Neither on the other hand will reason unaided by the heart-force accomplish the mission.

Here comes in the hand of the Divine Economist who is gradually blending these valuable qualities of keen feeling and wise survey of conditions present, which will be altered only as their purpose is fulfilled, fortunately not an instant before.

Restricting our study to human beings alone we may all of us have known cases in which cruelty has brought out some admirable qualities in human nature. I know of a child who was treated in a way which I can but call cruel though physical violence did not enter into it, and that child is now growing up into a very unselfish, generous character with no trace of resentment. It is true that in that case the evolution does not seem on some lines at all far advanced; nevertheless, the cruelty seems to have been put to use by Those who know more then we do, and it at least seems clear that that particular karma is definitely ended between the aggressor and the victim, for the relations between them appear those of true affection.

In other instances it is possible to conceive of sterner qualities being thus evolved, of a case where suffering—also karma, of course—was wrought into the very fibres in order that the sufferer in later days should stand morally unshaken in some great crisis, steeled to endurance long before. Not, let it be added, that this excuses the cruelty of the perpetrator, *that* is another sphere of action, though temporarily interwoven with this, and made use of.

Consider a further use of cruelty, that cruelty which is a strange combination of weakness and strength, weakness because it is often the result of a fear which is that of a low-developed nature which has by some means gained dominance after a long period of being tyrannised over itself. Now extreme cruelty implies an amount of force in the perpetrator of it—a low mani-

festation of force it is true, but the force is there. In later days, when the man has learnt by repeated infliction of cruelty and by repeated suffering generated through it, not to be cruel, the force *remains*, but it has to be turned to other uses. That man may well become one who has to direct the forces of evolution, according to his capacity, and he will then have to take many courses of action which may seem hard and painful to those who know less and see less than he does. In the far-off days he inflicted pain by brute strength. From that stage, let us suppose, he passed on and inflicted emotional pain—mental torture. Then, when he reached the point where man must choose which side of evolution he will serve, if he pass into the ranks of its helpers, he no longer inflicts pain from ignorance, or for personal revenge, resentment and self-gratification. He becomes the agent of the great cosmic forces, and is used by them to break up forms of evil, or to train individual souls by means which are painful, passing them through the fire, burning away the fetters as the Buddhists books term them. To be able to do this how strong a man must be. He must not shrink from inflicting pain for the sake of the wider good to be reached thereby, just as a father corrects his child. True he may suffer, but Arjuna likewise suffered, and yet he acted. The good and evil must be mixed but the aspect containing the preponderance of good must be striven towards. He must take the larger view, and not be swamped emotionally by the suffering of the one who has become able to be tried by such suffering, able to pay such a debt. Out of the cruelty, the unmeasured blind strength which, rushing out unrestrained in the past, inflicted pain, the true strength has been born. And the man also learns to be hard on himself, though the term "hard" seems scarcely accurate. He becomes courageous enough to put the torch himself to many of his old faults, or to whatever of them remain incongruous with the new life on which he has entered. But there is purpose now in the burning. There is no wild remorse, self-mortification, severe penance; these belong to undisciplined souls. He is not unrestrained, he will not do more than is needed, and thus check progress in the minor sense possible. It must not be forgotten, however, that the tendency to carry asceticism to an extreme

when the necessity has passed exists at a high stage, as may be seen in so many cases of saints and devotees. It is then that we realise the truth, that in a sense we never really change, and the old tendencies keep on re-appearing under subtler and finer forms at every stage of the ascent.

Thus may we not catch a hint, the hint of another great truth —that man himself is that Changeless One in the midst of change. And so the Divine Economist in him works and works, and gathers up the fruits of his long evolution here as elsewhere—the swaying from one extreme to the other being in itself needed to stir him from indifference, and to prevent crystallisation and stagnation, though these in their proper place and right measure are closely related to equilibrium.

Next take criticism in a low aspect, that of the backbiting order, closely related to contempt, as in the higher aspect it is related to judgment, and to the work of the Regenerator.

There is no doubt that it stirs up unlovely qualities and great hostility. It appears to belong to the destructive side, but it must not be forgotten that the old edifices have to be pulled down from time to time by some agency ere the new can be erected; and of the two tasks of destroying and constructing the former is as a rule the more thankless. It forms part of the work of the pioneer, and may easily be performed with an excess of zeal. Against that the hard mould of the dogmatist—the worshipper of form—is brought to bear. Two purposes present themselves to our notice here, and both have to be served.

At certain periods in the world's history truth has to be guarded—kept inviolate during the dark age. Some of us, no doubt, have at different times revolted against dogmas, crude forms in which great truths were hidden that we learn to appreciate when it is seen that form is not all. Now we may suppose that Those who watched over religion when the dark ages were setting in knew well the blind clinging to form that would ensue as the nations plunged deeper and deeper into materialism, the materialism necessary to evolve some latent side of the present humanity. They also knew the active repulsion to form which would be the reaction of the swing downwards. Seeing these two eventualities Their mission was to

steer between them, and They permitted, it would seem, the dogmas to become gradually more unyielding, more and more limiting ; the first in order to preserve the truth enshrined there through the stormy days to come, the second in order that man, restricted to a narrower area, might develop the balance required by the very evolution of the materialistic aspect which will be found to give it, or, at any rate, to contribute towards it.

Looking round us here for a moment, and remembering what we are taught, it seems as if this balance were a most essential factor to be established, and one closely in touch with that union principle which is the keynote of the next race. In our own times what do we find happening among many other signs of the New Era ? We find these adamantine forms to which the Churches have clung for so long being attacked on all sides by Criticism and Research, modern weapons which ever increase in keenness with the keenness of the modern mind, the type of mind which characterises the leaders of thought to-day. Criticism is being taken up and used to break down those prisons which once were temples, but which threatened to become prisons when guarded by those who are opponents of the evolution as represented by the White Lodge and its disciples. The duty devolves on some of us, as we become fit for it, of reconstructing the temples so that they may serve as shrines for those who cannot yet bear the light of the Divinity that hath no form. A duty will devolve on some of going forth into a veritable desert, of breaking the clinging to forms which have become fetishes, so that we may behold somewhat of the Glory whose greater temples they may yet be called upon to build. For such temples will be fairer, more splendid, more proportioned to the Mightiness they enshrine, when the vision is fresh in the memory of the builders. Thus we become in our turn the Divine Economists who construct from the old materials the newer shrines—for such materials are enduring with the strength of the old builders of other ages, the Layers of the Foundation itself, the Law-makers of old. By the (to us) crude forms, grotesque as they now seem, how many souls have beheld their God ?

We have studied in the above passages the wider uses of criticism ; we must not leave out the aspect of it to be found in

our everyday lives. To what purpose is the fault-finding element applied in the hands of the Wise who see beyond the "hurt" feeling which is the answer of personality to fault-finding and depreciation. Leave aside the fact of the critic being capable or incapable. That has to do with one line of action—to be worked out also in its due time. Such criticism brings about in the person criticised, the one who is sincere in his endeavour to reform himself, an examination of the points of attack. He asks himself: "Have I done anything to deserve this?" If he be wise he does not become angry, for he knows that means the association of himself with any want of charity that may accompany, and does so often accompany, criticism. Antagonistic relations are set up which will not forward such work, for example, as may be found in our movement.

In other words, the Divine Economists are urging him to discover the use of this disagreeable experience, which, among other things, will bring endurance. For truly if the attack be unjust and the man knows he is not to blame, he need not be affected, and he who realises that the discipline was needed might be honest enough to admit it. It is only fair to say, however, that much of the trouble arises from the incompetence of most critics to decide the question, and their own imperfection into the bargain, which, although purely their own kârmic area, is not recognised as such but seen confusedly by the person aggrieved. A man will undergo much from someone who is really superior, and who is realised as such, the one to whom he gives the right to rebuke his methods. Where such rights are claimed but not granted, friction arises, although the criticism is useful in giving an idea of the attitude others take up towards the position adopted, a factor inducing wide-mindedness and just estimate of powers and surrounding circumstances.

It is here when studying human nature that the problems of life become so intricate, and such a veritable labyrinth that the field seems to our purblind vision a hopeless chaos.

Take the earnest but critical nature warring against something repellent to it. Surely devotion is there, surely the deep instinct reaching out to the Formless, the Perfect, is only militating against the forms which must ever spell imperfection because

they imply limitation. But it is easy for such to become blinded by the very forms it fights against and dissects, and to lose sight of that something beyond criticism which is present everywhere, moulding these very forms to lines perfect for the time. And that which is most apparent to us is the past of the person criticised, now worked out in the concrete. How seldom do we see that which he really is. It is not yet form, and thus is not visible to us. The Divine Economy alone blends these multiform factors and brings at last, out of the over-zealous criticism, the wise understanding of complex human nature, out of the resentment of those judged a gratitude towards others who have enabled them to work off the old faults because the attention has been called to their persistence.

Power, Wisdom, and Love—such are the three great treasures into which the fruits of the long evolution are gradually gathered both by these means we have discussed as well as by countless others unknown to us. But as all this forms but second-hand evidence, so to speak, and as the fair sides of human nature at any rate have been so ably sketched over and over again, it is unnecessary to detain the reader with quotations which must be familiar to members of the Theosophical Society. There remains but one final survey to be taken. We have seen the fragmentary glimpse of the conditions around us in the world life through which each soul ever passes and learns. But these souls show us the evolving Godhead, bound and crucified on all sides and in all ways. We do not know the secret of the darkness, the pain, the binding, but we can believe that the Guardians of that Life know one in possession of the knowledge. We can picture them taking the fragments of that Great Web of Shadow and Light, "Mâyâ, mightiest of mysteries," as it has been named, and we can dimly picture them causing the Light to be seen, because of the darkness which by very contrast makes it visible. We cannot answer the question as to why this Web was primordially spun, that is the knowledge of One only who has woven other Webs.

In the silence of reverently brooding over some of the mysteries which encircle us on all hands, it may be that, as time passes and the eyes of the heart open wider, we shall catch a glimpse of that which has been so beautifully imaged

for us in the closing page of *Esoteric Christianity*. We seem indeed to read the record of a vision beheld in the heavenly places, a memory of the things that are, that Divine Child in the arms of the Parent, that Christhood at the heart of the Life around us, the signs of whose glory are waking on many sides to-day. For the Divine Economists have an end to achieve in this age-long balancing of the impulses they guide to a foreseen end. Every teacher is employed by Them to this end. Every such book as the above brings nearer the Birth-hour for which the nations wait and which they prophesy in their sacred books. And we can but repeat the lesson so far taught, of the necessity of those two warring forces in the production of all manifestation and the use of that manifestation for training and perfecting. But the reason for all this, its final solution, this is the Great Secret —answered in part, let us trust, when the Gates of Illumination swing open before the Seeker after God, and the Divine Economists are seen as Those under whom we have served and worked from the dawn of human existence to its close.

EVELINE LAUDER.

QUISQUE SUOS PATIMUR MANES

OF a strange nature is the corse we bear,
Of many lives compact, in wondrous wise
Thro' all experience built. In it we read,
Tho' eyes as yet be dim, the storied page,
And pick the tangled threads from myriad years.
Yet, when these pages be together bound,
What glorious sight shall burst upon our eyes!
The many volumes all etherealised
In one fair series, many and yet one;
The covers golden, holding countless tales
Of rise and fall, blind force and glorious love,
Of ignorance and knowledge, reaching up
To that great "Finis" stamped upon the end,
Itself the mere beginning, sign and token
Of more to be fulfilled—whose virgin page
Lies yet unscored within the Master's hands.

F. L. WOODWARD.

THE SINNER'S SAINT

LAWRENCE—or, as he was commonly called, Larry—Strickland was the son of a country clergyman. His father died when he was a baby, and his mother married again; she married a remarkably prosaic solicitor, who practised in a small country town. The boy was reared in conventional and unintellectual social surroundings. It was a respectable circle; a society of excellent people who knew no excesses either of virtue or of vice. Larry's stepfather was a strict disciplinarian, but the boy gave him little occasion to exercise his powers of repression.

He had the reputation of being a quiet, dull child, rather easily led, and very good tempered. This was partly due to the fact that he was one of those people who mature slowly, partly because little in his surroundings appealed to or interested him, but chiefly because there was much, which he did not understand, working within him. A great mysterious power was pressing slowly outwards; he felt the pressure vaguely, and, puzzled thereby, heeded external matters very little. Later in his career people spoke of the sly secretiveness which must have been his from youth, and asserted that he was a dangerous hypocrite from the cradle.

From his father he inherited a small income, and he went to Oxford with the idea of entering the Church. He had been reared in a narrow school of religious thought; religion was to him rather an inevitable and decent appendage to the life of respectable people, than a vital and compelling force. At college his orthodoxy dropped from him, and he felt no pang; he was glad to find it was not necessary to believe in a form of religion which meant nothing to him save a set of rather wearisome forms.

He experienced his first thrill of religious enthusiasm when he made a friend—an Agnostic—who was going to be a doctor,

urged thereto by a strong desire to alleviate human pain. Larry Strickland, also Agnostic in his views, but for the first time in his life definitely religious in his mental attitude, determined to adopt the same profession. He was swept into the vortex of London life; his moral standards, which till then had been mainly artificial, failed somewhat; and his enthusiasm for his work waned, it ceased to attract him. He had artistic leanings; he felt a desire to create, to express what he felt to be within him. He thought he should do this on the stage.

To the scandal of his mother he left the hospital and went to Paris with the intention of studying, and eventually becoming an actor. He had no genius, but some talent; he had also great physical advantages. He was tall, well-made, fair-haired, grey-eyed, with a good voice, an expressive face, and that invaluable quality which we call "personal magnetism." At this time his sole ideal was to become a great actor; to understand, and portray truly, human emotions and passions. He had an artistic conscience which was most scrupulous; he was in other respects rather lax.

Thus it came about that, chiefly because he was greatly absorbed in something else, and reflecting very little upon questions of right and wrong, he was led into the commission of a great sin, in which were some elements of treachery and cruelty; faults which, had he thought of the matter, he would have pronounced alien to his nature. Through this episode of his life he became directly responsible for two deaths; the one a murder, the other the suicide of the murderer—a man who was his friend, to whom he owed much. There was a legal inquiry into the tragedy; Strickland was a witness, as he left the court he was hooted by the crowd. He went back to England, half mad with shame and remorse. He wandered during a night and a day in the streets, in the evening he entered a Roman Catholic Church to rest there.

Now whether it was a mere hallucination, a delusion bred of weariness and a great shock, or whether it was a true vision, the man, broken-hearted and full of shame as he was, believed that between him and the altar, with its ever-burning lamps, its flowers, and its great crucifix, there stood the living Christ,

pardoning and blessing him. Whether he was right or wrong, he firmly believed it; and it revolutionised his whole nature. He went out of the Church filled with the abiding desire to pour out his life in the service of that Compassionate One, Who, as he thought, had mercy on him in the hour of his deepest shame and penitence.

Some days later fate threw him across the path of Father Grenfell, an energetic Anglican priest. Father Grenfell had organised a Community of laymen in a very poor district; they were called "The Lay-Brothers of Pity," and to this Community Larry Strickland went, and threw himself into the work body and soul. There was a club for young men and boys—"Hooligans" of the most apparently hopeless character. Over these youths Strickland exercised an influence which suggested unholy arts of sorcery. Father Grenfell, who thought very highly of his new worker, spoke of it as a proof of the power of the Spirit, and the effect of the "beauty of holiness." There must have been some part of Larry Strickland's complex soul that was holy, so perhaps Father Grenfell was right.

Strickland showed his spirit of devotion more demonstratively than the other members of the Community, who were, like most young Englishmen, rather shy of proclaiming their religious fervour; the rough lads of the Club regarded this trait in Strickland's character with reverent awe rather than with scoffing. Father Grenfell felt persuaded he harboured a saint in the Community of the "Lay Brothers of Pity."

When Larry Strickland had worked in the Community during four years, and his name was one with which to conjure every boy—respectable or otherwise—in the whole parish, Father Grenfell received a letter which led him to call on his "lay-brother" within an hour of its receipt.

"Larry," he said, "I want to beg your pardon in advance for what I am going to say. Did you ever live in Paris?"

Strickland paused. It was a short dazed pause, as though he was trying to reinstate a mental condition which lay far behind him on the road of life.

"Y—yes," he said slowly, "I did."

"How long ago?"

"Four years. I trained there for the stage. I was going to be an actor. When I left college I thought of being a doctor; before that I intended to be a clergyman. I have been through a good many phases."

Father Grenfell's face grew shocked and stern.

"Again I apologise if I am wrong," he said. "Will you be good enough to read this, and tell me whether it is a true report of one of these phases?"

Larry Strickland read; his eyes looked bewildered and startled. He handed the letter back, sat down, and put his hands confusedly to his temples.

"You are shocked at such a suggestion. There is some mistake. I knew it."

"N—no. It is all right. It is true. I find it hard to realise it, but I know when I think of it, it must be true."

"Do you mean to tell me," said Father Grenfell severely, "that fresh from an episode which would make it difficult, if you were candid, for you to obtain employment from any man of high moral standards, you had the audacity to devote your life publicly to the service of God, and to pose as a guide to the young. I can hardly believe you to be guilty of such hypocrisy."

"I didn't mean to pose," said Larry. "I—I don't think I am a hypocrite really. I—perhaps I am—do you think there is no other conclusion but that I am a hypocrite, adopting a pose? You see, I feel perfectly genuine and honest."

"Genuine! Honest! Can you not see your life here has been a lie?"

Larry knitted his brows, leaned forward and drew vague lines on the table with a trembling hand.

"A liar and a hypocrite," he said in a whisper. "Father Grenfell, I can only say this: There was never a truth that felt more real than my lie to me; there was never an honest man who felt in more deadly earnest than I, in my hypocrisy."

Father Grenfell did not speak for a few minutes, personal affection and righteous wrath did battle within him. At last he said:

"It's really my duty to make this public, Larry; but if you will give up your work here at once, and pledge me your word never to undertake like work in the future, I will—"

"Neglect your duty? I would not let you do that. If it is really your duty to disgrace me publicly, you must do it as completely as possible. Would you like to do it at the Club to-morrow. I shall be there, and everyone else."

Father Grenfell winced.

"*Like* to do it, Larry! I don't think I need do it. I don't want to give you needless pain."

"I think perhaps you had better give me as much pain as possible. It may be better for me in the long run."

"I do not know; and therefore I will spare us both. Don't go to the Club; I will announce your resignation, giving no reason for it."

"Thank you, no. I will come to the Club. You shall read that letter aloud; and I will admit its truth."

"Before the lads! That will never do. We do not want to weaken your influence over them."

"We'd better speak the truth. I shall perhaps serve as a 'warning.'"

"How could you come here, Larry? How could you, with *this* in your memory, work as you have worked?"

"It was not in my memory. It was a ghost. I had to do with life."

"A ghost laid but four years ago."

"And yet a ghost. A phase so utterly done with, that now when it has risen up and is clinging to me, and shaming me in your eyes, I cannot think of it as part of myself. Dick Marsden's sins seem much more mine than this does."

"Larry Strickland, I don't understand you. I see I have never done so. God forgive me, if I'm too hard on you."

"Amen. But I don't suppose you are."

"Are you not ashamed of yourself?"

"Not yet. I shall be to-morrow at the Club. I can't realise my sins. I shall realise them when you turn me out."

Therein he spoke the truth. Father Grenfell read the letter. Strickland admitted the truth of the accusation, apologised for having given his services to the Community, and asked quietly whether he should resign, or whether the committee would rather

expel him. The accusers felt nearly as guilty as the accused. They asked for his resignation. Strickland wrote it at once, and walked out. He had tears in his eyes, and his face was greyish white.

It was a hot summer night; in the years to come when Strickland had outgrown his sensations of that moment, the smell of sunbaked streets, and the odour of stale vegetables and naphtha from a street stall, had the power, by association, of re-instating the sense of dreary isolation with which he stood outside the Club that night; only in the days to come it was felt by him as though it were a purely bodily sensation, whereas now it gripped all that he knew of himself, body, emotions, and mind. Everything that made life tolerable was gone; he seemed to hang, a point of agony, in the void of space. He walked up the street and mechanically counted the number of steps he took from lamp to lamp; why he did this, unless it were to keep himself from going mad, he did not know. At the corner of the street was a little group of people, standing round a street preacher; near the preacher stood a young woman holding a paper lamp, by the light of which she read the hymn-book in her hand; her eyes were lit by the fire of passionate enthusiasm; the preacher's face was hot and twisted by the energy with which he proclaimed his faith; his voice was rough and raucous.

"Gawd is a sperrit," he shouted in stentorian tones. "Them 'as worships 'im must worship 'im in sperrit and in teruth."

Strickland wondered whether his own knowledge of spiritual things was really as blind and inadequate as that of the preacher seemed to be to him; the whole thing appeared to be a question of degree. He passed the group with a sense of reverence for the man's halting attempt to realise the truth he dimly felt, but could not understand; after all, was not the philosopher in much the same case? He heard a rush of feet behind him; an arm was thrust through his; a panting voice, expressing the owner's views in an excruciating cockney twang, said:

"Mr. Strickland, you ain't goin'! Us chaps don't care what you done. If you go, we'll go too—to the devil."

It was one of the Club boys who had followed him.

"If being with me is all that keeps you fellows from going to

the devil, you'd better go. He won't keep you for ever ; and he'll teach you more than I can."

Directly his unguarded tongue had spoken he knew he was wrong ; wrong whether his words were true or false. They were a truth for him ; the only truth which stood just then between him and despair, if not madness. But for the boy they were a lie which tempted and bewildered him. Strickland had reached a point when his only help lay in the thought of a strong Power that fashioned evil as well as good, and was untouched by either ; a Power that lay within his whirling soul, and was at rest, through all the turmoil of pain, confusion and shame. If it were not there—there, and his very self—then he was, as Father Grenfell said, a hypocrite. But to the boy there was no third factor in the moral law.

"I didn't mean to say that, of course," said Strickland. "You musn't go to the devil, Dick, for two common-sense reasons. Firstly, because you'll be a long way more comfortable if you don't. Secondly, because if you do, I shall have to bear part of the blame, and I've enough to answer for already."

He shook hands with the boy, who wept and howled in the public streets till people turned to look at him ; silent suffering was a thing Dick Marsden did not understand ; he was exceedingly noisy both in his woe and his glee. Strickland went to his room half laughing, half touched and comforted. Dick Marsden as a ministering angel in an hour of anguish presented a comical idea to the mind ; yet the boy's distress, and the need of comforting him, called forth a saving instinct in the other whereby he succoured not only Dick, but his own nervous system.

Next morning Father Grenfell sought Strickland with the intention of begging him to remain in touch with him as a friend, if not as a co-worker. He felt not only affection, but an irrational respect for the man whom he had rightly expelled from the Community. When he found the room empty save for the scanty furniture (Strickland's rooms were severely plain as an anchorite's cell), he felt anxious and disturbed. There was no letter, no word of farewell ; but three weeks later Father Grenfell received a letter from a firm of lawyers saying that their client, Mr. Lawence Strickland, had directed them to pay into Father Grenfell's

account the sum of £6,000 for the use of the Community of the Lay Brothers of Pity, and the maintenance of their work.

Father Grenfell knew this was the whole amount of Larry Strickland's capital; by his action he had left himself penniless. Father Grenfell tried to trace him, and failed. Larry was tramping towards Hampshire. He was footsore, tired, rather hungry, and possessed of the sum of three shillings, when he reached a little thatched house in the New Forest. Before it lay a stretch of open ground, with here and there a pine tree. To the right could be seen a low line of distant hills, and a little fenced-in field of grass ripe for cutting; a small garden and an orchard lay at the back.

In the house lived an old man, a keeper of bees and grower of herbs and simples. He was a naturalist, and he wrote pamphlets and articles on matters of moment to lovers of nature, and to people versed in forestry and kindred lore. He was sitting at his gate, smoking, and watching the bees droning in the blossoms of a lime tree that stood like a sentinel by the gateway, when Strickland came by, and asked for some water. The old man gave him the water and also some bread and cheese. Strickland sat down on the bench at the naturalist's invitation, and the couple talked.

The sun was beginning to set; the shadows lay long and cool on the ripe waving grass, and on the turf roads running through the surrounding forest of pines and oak trees. The old naturalist observed not only nature and her wild children, but also those of her sons who have wandered from her paths of peace and joyous unreflecting strife into the human habitations of sophisticated warfare and painfully elaborated philanthropy. He saw this young man was tired, lonely, and unhappy. When Strickland rose and thanked him, the naturalist offered him a night's lodging.

"In your barn? I shall be very grateful, for I think it's going to rain before morning."

"It is, I believe. There's a storm coming up against the wind. I shall be glad to offer you a bed."

"Do you lodge stray tramps in your house, sir?" said Strickland smiling.

"Not as a rule. I've lodged a good many in the barn. But you are hardly to be classed as a tramp, are you?"

"I don't know what else I am. I have tramped from town, and slept under the sky every night. I possess three shillings, the clothes I wear, a change or so of linen in this knapsack, two books, and a pipe. Shall it not, under these circumstances, be the barn?"

"Not if you will stay in the house."

So Strickland slept in the house, and breakfasted there the next morning; after which he washed up the breakfast things, and set the place in order for the old man, who, when he said good-bye, held his hand and looked at him intently.

"I am an impertinent old fellow," he said," but I mean kindly, and you will forgive an old man's curiosity. I think you are not of the class from which tramps are generally drawn; I think you are in trouble. If you can tell me anything of your circumstances—I am old enough, I think, to be your father's father—"

"You would help me, if I needed help, whether I deserved it or not, would you?"

"I would, willingly, if I could."

Larry hesitated; then he said with an almost imperceptible quiver of the lip:

"I have sold all that I had and given unto the poor; but I have not kept the commandments from my youth up."

"I question whether anyone has, if one could trace his youth back far enough. One has to learn first what the commandments are. If you have burnt your boats, as I gather you have, what are you looking for?"

"God—if haply a sinner may find Him! That is my first need; to find the root and cause of things. Secondly, I want work whereby I may keep body and soul together, without hurting other people."

"If you will accept such very humble work as I can offer, I can satisfy your second need. I do not think I can direct your quest for the first."

"I don't expect you or any other to do it. I would rather stand alone. What work can you give me?

Then the old man told him he could sometimes employ him in the felling and barking of trees, and in other labours about the land, digging, planting, cutting grass, and peats; he was a bee-keeper and sold honey, and he had an orchard and a patch of garden ground.

Larry Strickland accepted this work for a slender weekly wage and lodging in a little lonely hut a mile from the old man's house. As the naturalist grew more infirm, Larry came to live beneath his roof, but for the first two years of his service he was alone; he would rise before dawn, and go into the woods before the day's work began, there he would sit on the earth, and think.

During his first year in the Community the man developed certain "psychic gifts," as they are called, of sight and hearing; in his prayer and meditation he heard sweet sounds and saw light and colour that others did not see. They left him after the first year, and he worked on patiently without them. Now a passionate longing for their restoration seized him, but chiefly he craved for the vision he saw in his darkest hour, standing in the dusky Church, between him and the altar. He prayed for this daily; his whole soul cried out for the sight that once blessed his eyes.

One day when he mused in the wood there rose within him a great pity for the boys whom, by reason of his past sin, he could help no more. This pity shaped itself into a definite desire that somehow, somewhere, that better part of him which once had power to help them might help them still, whether he had the satisfaction of knowing it or not. From this desire rose a prayer: namely, that the vision he longed for might be denied him, that the power which once manifested the God-Man to his despairing eyes might rather be spent on helping those on their way, whom he was not fit to help.

Now it came to pass that at this point in his prayer (it was now a definite petition rather than musing), his words and thoughts were struck dead by a force that seemed to fall upon him from without, though he felt it glow in his heart like an actual and living flame; there came to him great peace, and exceeding calmness and steadfastness of mind. Throughout the

day stillness endured about him; it was an actual, not a metaphorical, stillness, as though it radiated from his heart, and spread about him a circle of serenity. It was as though he walked within a Shrine, wherein was the Hidden God. All sounds, all voices from without, were muffled; the very air and water, the woods and hills, were strange and half unreal, yet full of life.

The stillness lifted at last, the world became as it had been; but he thought his prayer was answered, and was at rest. He asked no more for visions; he grieved no longer for his lost work, for his sins, or for those of the lads. He lived for five years doing the work of a farm labourer and gardener, his soul waxed mightily and grew steadfast and serene; he read a little, and thought much; he faced the problems of his own soul, undismayed. Between him and the old naturalist there grew up a great love. When he saw the old man loved and clung to him as to a son, he told him the tale Father Grenfell knew. He was sick at heart when he told it, lest it should cost him the old man's friendship; but when the link between them remained unbroken, he rejoiced because he saw there were bonds of the soul which neither death nor sin can break, and he reflected that such a link may bind a sinful soul to God.

At this time there appeared in a London paper some articles not unlike those by which Richard Jefferies charmed town dwellers with the magic of wild nature, the music of the woods and fields; but they had a characteristic touch of their own, a touch which made them more than a clever copy of another man's methods. Father Grenfell read them to the lads of the Club; he heard the writer was a wood cutter and farm labourer, and he desired to see him; therefore when he took his holiday early in October he started in search of him, having obtained from the editor his address and a letter of introduction.

It was late in the afternoon when he reached the house; it was a stormy showery day, but it was beginning to clear; great heavy clouds moved slowly across the sky. Father Grenfell saw an old man leaning on the gatepost, watching a herd of pigs rooting in search of acorns.

"I beg your pardon," said Father Grenfell. "Does Mr. Lawrence live here?"

The old man smiled.

"Fortunately for me—yes. I am not growing younger, and should often be in sad case without him. By the by, Lawrence is a *nom de plume*, his name is Strickland."

"Strickland! Not Larry Strickland?"

"Larry Strickland. Do you know him?"

"I used to do so. My name is Grenfell."

"He told me of you once"—the old man hesitated—"I am very fond of Larry Strickland," he said. "If he were my son I could not love him more. Nor do I respect any man more highly."

Father Grenfell did not reply.

"I see you wonder whether I know all you know about him. I think I do—and more."

"I think you do. I hope you do. I see he has kept nothing from you."

"Because he kept much from you, you thought him a hypocrite. Do you mind my saying I think you were mistaken. I do not think he was; I know he was not. Has it not been said: 'It makes a great difference to a man whether one set of his ideas or another be the centre of his personal energy.' It is a question of 'the hot place' in his consciousness, his 'habitual centre.'"

"You are quoting James, are you not?"

"Yes. You remember that, speaking of rapid changes in the mental attitude of a man, he says: 'Religious ideas, previously peripheral in his unconsciousness, now take a central place.' I sometimes think, with regard to actions like the early behaviour of our friend, that there may be an automatic region even of emotional and mental activity, in which forces, deliberately and wilfully initiated in the past, must run themselves down, so to speak, and finally emerge into the field of wellnigh involuntary action, when the man is 'off guard.' In such a case the action would not be representative of the man, but only of his past."

"I should be glad to think that. I am very glad I know what has become of him. He was doing splendid work; I miss him still."

"Because of his past he has been debarred—I think rightly

debarred—from following his bent. But the checking of that outward zeal has turned its force inwards; to work, who knows in what subtle regions of nature? A weak man would have 'cursed God and died,' though he, not God, was to blame. This man, who is strong, accepted the results of his actions, and ceased to identify himself with either actions or results. Therefore he was purged of pride, and uncrushed by shame, therefore he grew to be as willing to see his own sins, and furthermore to have them seen, as he is those of other people; therefore he grew to be what he is—'the sinner's saint'; a silent saint who poses not as such; who speaks no precepts, who warns of no dangers, but by the sheer force of steadfast will, by the power of knowing, and living, and possessing his mind and soul in humble peace, and unswerving patience and steadfastness, is able, unknown to himself, to help those who are—what he was. It is the inner attitude that makes the man; it has made this man a warrior of God, though he does not know it, and by his actions he is rightly dishonoured in the eyes of those who know of them."

"After such praise as *this*, you can say 'rightly dishonoured'?"

"Rightly. For such actions are shame. How are men to know that, in this case, the man of whom such actions were the fit expression is dead and gone for ever. So long as a healthy moral sense exists, a man will rightly suffer scorn who does as this man did. Such people will be punished by their fellows; if they are wise they will thank God, for the world's sake, that this is so."

"There ought to be a period to their punishment, even in this present life."

"There is such a period. But if it comes in this present life, it is when all who have punished them are dead, and no one remembers their sins save God, Who haply reckons each man's sin or virtue as His own, since He is Author and Source of all, and yet beyond and above them."

Father Grenfell looked slightly startled and shocked. While he sought words in which to reply, the man who five years ago had walked silently out of the Community of the Lay Brothers of Pity, came down the road, and saw his visitor. Father Grenfell held out his hand, and Strickland took it.

"You have come to see me," he said. "How did you find me out?"

"To tell the truth, I came to see 'Frank Lawrence.'"

"Are you sorry to see Larry Strickland?"

"No. I am very glad to see him."

The old man turned, and went quietly into the house.

"Is this also hypocrisy, Father Grenfell?" said Strickland.

"I had five years' less experience than I have now, when I said that, Larry. Moreover, why should I assume that evil must be real, and good hypocrisy? Why not say the good is the reality, and the evil phase a false mask."

"I say neither. Each of my senses, each of my moods, is external to me. If I am ashamed of 'myself,' I must equally be ashamed in every drunkard who reels out of a London gin palace."

"Then you are not ashamed of anything?"

"Yes, I am. But why should my shame oppress me more than that of any other man."

"It should not oppress you less."

"It does not. But it does not oppress me to the point of humiliation and despair, any more than the sin of the world does you."

"I have faith in Christ."

Larry leaned on the gate. His eyes were brilliant, as though he saw the world of the immortals. It was growing dusk. The sky was gleaming with pale flame and greenish lilac, there were heavy violet clouds lit by the lurid light; against the sky a single dusky green fir tree, wind-twisted, stood out clearly; faint pearl-grey mists drifted about the low far-distant hills; in the foreground, between them and the tree, was a field, so vividly and delicately green in the fading light that it seemed to shine with a light of its own. Strickland looked as though he merely watched the perfection of this picture. At last he spoke.

"Faith in Christ," he said. "So have I. And not in 'this life only' but in all the hidden regions of my being."

"What do you mean by 'this life only'?"

"I mean the narrow selves we know. In the wider life that

exists—*exists*, rather than is to be—that hope is working, that Power shaping and subduing all things to itself. It is not external to us, it is ourselves; we feel it pulse upon the walls of our prison. If in this life only, wherein we know ourselves as fools and knaves, we have hope in Christ, then we have been, and are, most miserable. But the Power seems to be a living force, veiled by our outer selves; behind the veil it works silently till one day it asserts itself as a power shaping externals."

"Larry," said Father Grenfell, abruptly, "will you come back to us?"

Strickland started.

"I was not making a bid for that. I didn't mean to preach and 'talk good.' Those thoughts forced themselves out."

"You will not come then?"

"No."

"I expect you are right. But I am sorry. Good-bye. It is getting dark."

He held out his hand, and the other took it.

"I am glad we have met again," said Father Grenfell slowly. "You have taught me something, I believe. I don't quite know what it is. I am going away to think. Good-bye. God bless you, Larry."

MICHAEL WOOD.

AN EGYPTIAN HYMN TO THE "SUN"

HAIL to thee, Harmachis, Kheper the self-created one!
Twice beautiful art thou when thou arisest on the horizon, and thou makest bright
the two lands, with thy rays.
The Gods are in ecstasy when they behold thee in thy heaven.
I am come to look upon thy divine form, which is beautiful.
I am come to thee, for I would be with thee, to gaze upon thy disk each day.
Let me not be repulsed or restrained.
Let my members be renewed at the sight of thy beauties,
For I was one of those who worshipped thee upon earth.
Let it be that I pass to the Land of Eternity and attain to the Home of Everlastingness.
Guide thou me, O Ra, even thou, and give to me the sweet breath of life!

THE TALMUD BEN STADA JESUS STORIES*

As we have seen already from the evidence of the early Church Fathers, one of the most persistent charges of the Jews against Jesus was that he had learned magic in Egypt. In the Toldoth Jeschu, while we still hear of Jeschu's learning magic in Egypt, the main feature in the story of his acquirement of miraculous power is the robbing of the Shem (the Tetragrammaton or Ineffable Name) from the Temple at Jerusalem by a strange device. The Talmud, however, knows nothing of this robbing of the Shem from the Temple; but in recording the tradition of the bringing of magic out of Egypt it adds details of the means whereby this magic is fabled to have been conveyed out of the country, and in the variants of the story we can trace the evolution of the strange device whereby Jeschu is said in the Toldoth to have outwitted the magic guardians of the Shem.

Thus in the Palestinian Gemara we read:

"He who scratches on the skin in the fashion of writing, is guilty; but he who makes marks on the skin in the fashion of writing, is exempt from punishment. Rabbi Eliezer said to them: But has not Ben Stada brought (magic) spells out of Egypt just in this way? They answered him: On account of one fool we do not ruin a multitude of reasonable men."†

The same story is also handed on in the Babylonian Gemara, but with a very striking variant:

"There is a tradition; Rabbi Eliezer said to the wise men, Has not Ben Stada brought magic spells from Egypt in an incision in his body? They answered him, He was a fool, and we do not take proofs from fools."‡

The Tosephta adds yet another variant of the tradition:

* This series of articles began in the June number, 1902.

† *Pal. Shabbath*, 13*d*.

‡ *Bab. Shabbath*, 104*b*.

"He who upon the Sabbath cuts letters upon his body, is according to the view of R. Eliezer guilty, according to the view of the wise not guilty. R. Eliezer said to the wise: Ben Stada surely learned sorcery by such writing. They replied to him: Should we in any wise on account of a fool destroy all reasonable men?"*

The mention of R. Eliezer and the name Ben Stada indicate that we have here to do with a Lud tradition; the story, however, must be regarded as one of the oldest of this tradition, for it cites R. Eliezer ben Hyrcanus, the teacher of Akiba, and the founder of the Lud school. The Palestinian Gemara evidently preserves the oldest and more detailed account. In it the academical discussion has to do with a very nice point of Sabbath breaking. Writing of any kind on the Sabbath was strictly forbidden. The question then arises: But what if it be on one's skin and not on parchment? Further is there not a difference between scratching in the form of writing,† and making marks (that is in some way other than scratching) in the form of writing (that is presumably resembling writing in some way)?

R. Eliezer meets the decision of his colleagues with the objection that Ben Stada brought his spells out of Egypt by "marks" on the skin and not by "scratching." These marks on the skin were presumably not letters proper, that is the writing of words in Hebrew, for the discussion is not as to writing, but as to "marks in the fashion of writing." Does it then refer to diagrams, or sigils, or drawings of some kind, or to hieroglyphics?

The Tosephta it will be noticed makes havoc of this elaborate argument of the Palestinian Gemara, and ascribes to the "wise" a judgment the very reverse of what they had given according to the Gemara; moreover the "scratching" has become "cutting letters upon the body."

While as for the Babylonian Gemara the whole account is still further altered; no longer is it a question with Eliezer of refuting the opinion of his colleagues with regard to the main point, "marks on the skin in the fashion of writing," no longer is it a

* *Tosephta Shabbath*, xi. (xii.) towards the end (ed. Zuckermandel, p. 126).

† Laible (*op. cit.*, p. 46), speaks of this "scratching" as tattooing; but there seems no reason why we should give technical precision to such vague indications.

question even of "cutting letters upon the body," but we have a totally new and startling gloss, namely the bringing out of Egypt by Ben Stada of spells (presumably written on parchment) in an incision in his body.

This writing on parchment and hiding the parchment in an incision in the body is precisely the account adopted by the Toldoth Jeschu, and when we come to discuss this second highly complex line of tradition we shall refer again to the subject. All that need be said here is that the Palestinian Gemara seems plainly to have preserved the earlier account, namely the inscribing of some figures, or more probably hieroglyphs, on the skin. The idea in the mind of the Palestinian Rabbis was presumably that the Egyptians were known to be very jealous of their magic lore and did all they could to prevent books of magic being taken out of the country; Jeschu, then, according to the oldest Rabbinic tradition, was said to have circumvented their vigilance by some such subterfuge as that which has been handed on in the story in the Palestinian Gemara.

The rank growth from the original nucleus of the legend is plainly shown in the Talmud and the Tosephta. What the real inwardness or nucleole of the nucleus may have been we shall perhaps never know, but it may possibly have been derived from some such mystical expression as the "circumcision of the heart," or the hiding of wisdom in the heart. Meanwhile the story under discussion provides a text in the Babylonian Gemara for a commentary in the Gemara itself which runs as follows:

"Ben Stada was Ben Pandera. Rab Chisda said: The husband was Stada, the lover Pandera. (Another said): The husband was Paphos ben Jehudah; Stada was his mother; (or) his mother was Miriam the women's hairdresser; as they would say at Pumbeditha, *S'ṭath da* (*i.e.*, she was unfaithful) to her husband."*

It is exceedingly difficult to make out from the stopping of this translation who said what, but the sentence "(or) his mother was Miriam the women's hairdresser," seems to be a gloss or interpolation, and the words "as they would say" seem to follow naturally after "Stada was his mother." Be this as it may be, this interesting passage makes it quite clear that by this time

* *Bab. Shabbath*, 104*b*; repeated in almost identical words in *Bab. Sanhedrin*, 67*a*.

legend had reached so rank a growth that even the Rabbis themselves in many places had lost all trace of its origin, of its earliest authentic form. At any rate they were all at sixes and sevens on the subject in Babylonia. All they were quite certain of was that Ben Stada and Ben Pandera were intended for one and the same person, but as to who Stada or Pandera may have been they had no definite information.

Rab Chisda was one of the most famous Rabbis of the school at Sura (one of the greatest centres of Talmudic activity in Babylonia) and died 309 A.D.; he evidently was greatly puzzled to account for the apparently contradictory *aliases* bestowed on Jeschu by Rabbinical tradition. The Rabbis of Pumbeditha (another of the great centres of Talmudic learning in Eastern Jewry) on the contrary, seem to have preserved a correct tradition of the origin of the nickname Ben Stada, though they appear to have taken Ben Pandera as a proper form. Whether or not the Pumbeditha derivation is correct in the letter, is a question for specialists to decide; it is in my opinion, however, certainly correct in spirit, for, as I have already argued, "Ben Pandera" came into existence as an offset to the "virgin's son" of Christian popular theology, and I am further persuaded that Ben Stada had also a similar genesis, whatever may have been the precise philological details of their birth.

That the later Babylonian Rabbis were puzzled and at loggerheads on the subject is quite evident from the record of their Gemara; but that there was elsewhere a certain tradition of the Ben Perachiah date is shown by the additional information contained in the mediæval Tosaphoth to this passage.

"'Ben Stada.' Rabbenu Tam says that this is not Jeschu ha-Notzri (Jesus the Nazarene), for as to Ben Stada we say here that he was in the days of Pappos ben Jehudah, who lived in the days of Rabbi Akiba, as is proved in the last chapter of Berachoth [61*b*], but Jeschu lived in the days of Jehoshua ben Perachiah, as is proved in the last chapter of Sota [47*a*]: 'And not like Rabbi Jehoshua ben Perachiah who pushed away Jeschu ha-Notzri with both hands,' and Rabbi Jehoshua was long before Rabbi Akiba. 'His mother was Miriam, the women's hairdresser,' and what is related in the first chapter of Chagiga

[4*b*]: 'Rab Bibi—the angel of death was found with him, etc., he said to his messenger: Go and fetch me Miriam the women's hair-dresser'—that means that there lived in the days of Rab Bibi a Miriam, a women's hair-dresser. It was another (Miriam), or the angel of death was also relating to Rab Bibi a story which happened a long time before."*

"Our Rabbi Tam" is presumably R. Jacob of Troyes (France), who flourished in the twelfth century,† but I cannot discover to what school he belonged, and therefore to whom "we say here" refers. Rab Tam, however, categorically denies that Ben Stada was the Jeschu of history, and that, too, in face of the wide-spread Lud tradition which had so strongly imposed itself upon the Babylonian Rabbis. We have ourselves seen how "Ben Stada" came into existence only somewhere about the end of the first century, when he was born of controversy. Rabbenu Tam, therefore, is quite right when he says that "Ben Stada" lived in the days of Paphos ben Jehuda, who lived in the days of Akiba. The truth of the matter, according to Rab Tam, was that the historical Jeschu lived in the days of Jehoshua ben Perachiah; as to the Rab Bibi story, he adds, it too is a gross anachronism, the Miriam referred to was either some totally different person, or the story has been handed on incorrectly.

Rabbi Tam and his school, therefore, held solely to the Jehoshua ben Perachiah date; and they apparently rejected all the Ben Stada stories, but whether or no they also rejected the Jehoshua ben Perachiah story and simply held to the date, we have no means of ascertaining. If the translation given above is correct, they also held to some ancient categorical statement that Jeschu's mother was a certain Miriam whose occupation was that of hair-dressing; but in doing so we believe they unconsciously became entagled in the meshes of the Ben Stada net.

Miriam "the women's hair-dresser" seems to be simply another name-play of the Ben Stada and Ben Pandera genus. Miriam "the women's hair-dresser" is in the original Miriam

* *Tosaphoth Shabbath*, 104*b*.

† See Krauss (S.), *Das Leben Jesu* (Berlin; 1902), pp. 227, 274. But Tam has all the appearance of being a by-name, and we cannot be certain of the identification.

"*megaddela nesaiia*"; and Miriam Megaddela is the twin of Mary Magdalene for all practical purposes in such word-play. But for a Jew the combination "Miriam of Magdala" was equivalent to saying Miriam the harlot, for Magdala had an unenviable notoriety for the looseness of the lives of its women.* As far as Rabbinical tradition, then, is concerned, it seems exceedingly probable that we have here the origin of the otherwise strange combination Miriam the women's hair-dresser, and we should therefore ascribe the time and place of its birth to the same period as the Ben Stada invention and the same circle which produced the Lud legends.

But the origin of the glyph of the Magdalene, out of whom the Christ cast seven devils in the historicised Christian tradition, is, in my opinion, to be traced to a mystic Gnostic source and not to controversial word-play. In Gnostic tradition we find the Sophia in her various aspects possessed of many names. Among them may be mentioned: the Mother or All-Mother; Mother of the Living, or Shining Mother; the Power Above; the Holy Spirit; again She of the Left-hand, as opposed to Christos, Him of the Right-hand; the Man-woman; Prouneikos or Lustful-one, the Harlot; the Matrix; Eden; Achamōth; the Virgin; Barbēlo; Daughter of Light; Merciful Mother; Consort of the Masculine One; Revelant of the Perfect Mysteries; Perfect Mercy; Revelant of the Mysteries of the whole Magnitude; Hidden Mother; She who knows the Mysteries of the Elect; the Holy Dove which has given birth to Twins; Ennœa; and the Lost or Wandering Sheep, Helena (who the Church Fathers said was a *harlot* whom Simon Magus had picked up at Tyre) and many other names.

All these terms refer to Sophia or the "Soul"—using the term in its most general sense—in her cosmic or individual aspects, according as she is above in her perfect purity; or in the midst, as intermediary, or below as fallen into matter.†

By help of the above apparently unrelated *data* the thoughtful reader may now be able to sift out some of the elements

* *Threni Rabba*, c. 2 f. 106 (ed. Wilna); see Krauss, *op. cit.*, pp. 274, 275, 286, 303; see also Laible, *op. cit.*, 16 and 17.

† See my *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten* (London; 1900), pp. 334, 335.

from the chaos of myth and legend with which we are dealing. Personally we should prefer to continue with the mystical side of early Christianity and take ourselves out of the hurly-burly of vulgar controversy, but the necessities of the task upon which we are engaged compel us to return to the Talmud Lud stories, and the account they give of the condemnation and death of Jesus. Both Talmuds contain a short statement referring to this, which in both cases is appended to the following passage from the Mishna:

"In the case of all the transgressors indicated in the Torah as deserving of death no witnesses are placed in concealment except in case of the sin of leading astray to idolatry. If the enticer has made his enticing speech to two, these are witnesses against him, and lead him to the court of justice, and he is stoned. But if he have used the expression not before two but before one, *he* shall say to him: 'I have friends, who have a liking for that.' But if he is cunning, and wishes to say nothing before the others, witnesses are placed in concealment behind the wall, and he says himself to the seducer: 'Now tell me once again what thou wast saying to me, for we are alone.' If he now repeats it, the other says to him: 'How should we forsake our heavenly Father, and go and worship wood and stone?' If then the enticer is converted, well and good; but if he replies: 'This is our duty; it is for our good,' then those who are standing behind the wall bring him before the court of justice, and he is stoned."*

The Mishna apparently approves of lying to the enticer to compass his legal condemnation, "For we are alone" says the enticed, when there are others behind the wall. It is also to be noticed that the legal punishment twice referred to for the offence of seducing to idolatry is stoning.

To the above quoted passage from the Mishna the Palestinian Gemara adds:

"The enticer is the idiot, etc.—Lo, is he a wise man? No: as an enticer he is not a wise man; as he is enticed he is not a wise man. How do they treat him so as to come upon him by surprise? Thus; for the enticer two witnesses are placed in

* *Pal. Sanhedrin, 25c; Bab. Sanhedrin, 67a.*

concealment in the innermost part of the house; but he is made himself to remain in the exterior part of the house, wherein a lamp is lighted over him, in order that the witnesses may see him and distinguish his voice. Thus, for instance, they managed with Ben Sot'da [a variant of Stada or Satda] at Lud. Against him two disciples of learned men were placed in concealment and he was brought before the Court of Justice, and stoned."*

The Babylonian Gemara is somewhat different, and runs as follows:

"'And for all capital criminals who are mentioned in the Torah they do not lay an ambush but (they do) for this criminal.'

"How do they act towards him? They light the lamp for him in the innermost part of the house, and they place witnesses for him in the exterior part of the house, that they may see him and hear his voice, though he cannot see them. And that man says to him: Tell me what you have told me when we were alone. And when he repeats (those words) to him, that man says to him: How can we abandon our God in Heaven and practise idolatry? If he returns it is well; but when he says: Such is our duty, and so we like to have it, then the witnesses who are listening without, bring him to the tribunal and stone him. And thus they have done to Ben Stada at Lud, and they hanged him on the day before Passover."†

Both these accounts are part and parcel of the Lud tradition. The accusation in both cases is the sin of leading away into idolatry; the death in both cases is by stoning, clearly stated in the Palestinian Gemara, and clearly inferred from the Babylonian, which, however, adds that Jeschu was hanged on the day before the Passover, that is to say apparently that after stoning his body was hanged or exposed for a warning; at any rate this would be the only meaning attached to the statement by a Jew who had never heard the Christian tradition (and the Talmud Jews evidently refused to listen to a word of it), for the Jewish custom was to expose the body of an offender who had suffered the penalty of death by stoning, on a post as a warning to all.

* *Pal. Sanhedrin*, vii., 25*d*; also *Pal. Jabamoth*, xvi., 15*d*.

† *Sanhedrin*, 67*a*; the passage is continued in almost the same words as *Bab. Shabbath*, 104*b*. "Ben Ṣaḍa was Ben Pandera," etc., on which we have already commented at length.

The name "Lud," however, warns us against seeking for any historical basis in the details of the story, and we should, therefore, dismiss it with the rest of the Lud legends were it not that there exists still another Talmud tradition referring to the subject, and in this the name Lud does not appear. This tradition runs as follows:

"But there is a tradition; On the Sabbath of the Passover festival Jeschu was hung [*sic*, ? hanged]. But the herald went forth before him for the space of forty days, while he cried: 'Jeschu goeth forth to be executed, because he has practised sorcery and seduced Israel and estranged them from God.* Let any one who can bring forward any justifying plea for him come and give information concerning it.' But no justifying plea was found for him, and so he was hung on the Sabbath of the Passover festival. Ulla has said, But dost thou think that he belongs to those for whom a justifying plea is sought? He was a very seducer, and the Allmerciful has said [Deut. xiii. 8]: 'Thou shalt not spare him, nor conceal him.' However, in Jeschu's case it was somewhat different, for his place was near those in power."†

Here there is no mention of Lud, but on the contrary there is no mention of stoning but only of hanging. Laible‡ supposes that *Sanhedrin*, 43*a*, was originally a continuation of *Sanhedrin*, 67*a*, and that therefore the omission of "Lud" is quite understandable, seeing that it had occurred immediately before. It is, however, exceedingly difficult to believe in such a slicing up of an originally consecutive account, and therefore I am inclined to think that in the passage just quoted we have, if not the original form of the later Lud legend, at any rate an entirely independent account. The story seems to be in the nature of an apology for the execution of Jeschu. The hanging is admitted, but not the crucifixion (of which both Talmud and Toldoth know nothing), and it is interesting in this connection to remember that "hanging" is also preserved in Christian tradition as an equivalent of

* This formal charge is repeated twice in the Babylonian Gemara, *Sanhehrin*, 107*b*, and *Sota*, 47*a*.

† *Bab. Sanhedrin*, 43*a*.

‡ *Op. cit.*, p. 85.

crucifixion. Whether or not this "hanging" in the minds of the Rabbis was at this time thought of as the immediate method of death, and they intended further to admit this infringement of the canonical penalty of stoning, is difficult to decide. The formal charge, however, brought against Jeschu is given as that of "having practised sorcery and seduced Israel and estranged them from God." These words can only refer to leading away to "idolatry," and the penalty for this was, as we have seen, stoning.

But Ulla, a Palestinian Rabbi of the beginning of the fourth century, objects: Why all this precaution when Jeschu was plainly guilty of the charge? We have nothing to apologise for. On this the compiler of the Gemara remarks that Ulla is mistaken in taking this old tradition for an apology or a plea that every possible precaution was taken that Jeschu should have the fullest possible chance given him of proving his innocence. The real reason for all those precautions was that Jeschu was a person of great distinction and importance, and "near those in power"* at the time, that is to say presumably, connected by blood with the Jewish rulers—a trait preserved in the Toldoth Jeschu, as we shall see later on. So much, then, for the Lud Jesus stories. We shall next treat of some stories with a name transformation stranger even than Ben Stada.

G. R. S. MEAD.

PROTÈ, thou hast not died, but thou art fled
Into some better land of joy and rest;
Thou dwellest in the islands of the blest,
Where flowery plains elysian thou dost tread
In the glad dance; where never tear is shed,
Nor wintry chill doth strike, nor heat infest,
Nor pain disturb the quiet of thy breast,
Nor raging thirst, nor hunger dost thou dread.
The life of men on earth thou enviest not;
Thou art supremely happy, nor hast cause
To blame the pure enjoyment of thy lot:
Whose life its daily sweet contentment draws
From the effulgence, uncreate and clear,
Of heaven's high firmament that shineth near.

AN UNKNOWN POET OF GREECE.

* Laible (*op. cit.*, p. 87) interprets this as referring to the "Roman authorities," and so tries to drag in Pilate by the hair; but in this, as in so much else, Laible seems incapable of taking a purely unbiassed standpoint, for he naïvely pre-supposes throughout the absolute historicity of every detail found in the canonical Gospel stories.

GLIMPSES OF THE EIGHTH MUSE

> URANIA speaks with darkened brow :
> "Thou pratest here where thou art least ;
> This faith has many a purer priest,
> And many an abler voice than thou."
>
> TENNYSON, *In Mem.*, xxxvii.

IN complying with the Editor's request that I should give an account of some of my psychical experiences in THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, I feel that I must preface anything I have to say with an apology to those readers whose lives on this plane are passed so closely in touch with other planes of Nature, that the scattered observations here recorded will sound to them like the babblings of a new-born babe. Such persons will, I am sure, after glancing at these pages, feel prompted to cry disdainfully in words the exact source of which I cannot at this moment recall : "You are a beetle, and I am the opposite pole of the Universe!"

But it is not to these great lords in psychical science and practice that I seek to address myself. It is rather to that (at the present day) large class of persons who hover about, in a somewhat tantalised and tantalising fashion, sometimes deeply attracted by the psychical world with which they half believe themselves to be surrounded, more frequently, perhaps, repelled or even disgusted by it, but never, in any case, entirely losing interest in it, though that interest may, for reasons into which I need not at present enter, occasionally descend to a flickering-point, and at other times arise and shine with the dazzling whiteness and radiance of a Southern sun.

In the most crude, ordinary, common-place sense of the word, I think I may say with truth that I have never seen a "ghost," that is to say, I have never at any time, except possibly once, perceived with my physical eyes in my full waking condition what is vulgarly regarded as an intruder from another world

visiting this one under special circumstances. People who are sceptical, therefore, of the reality (whatever they mean by "reality") of any, or all, of the tales here set down, may draw what comfort and support they like from the admission. For my own part, I do not think it will benefit them much.

Accordingly, I have no rumours of a "moated grange" or fearsome hints of the nocturnal habits of a "grey lady," with which to chill the public marrow, on each returning Xmas Eve, when the winter wind is sweeping across the land, and the circle of chairs is drawn ever closer and closer round the ebbing fire. I have never even slept in a "blue chamber" and waked with a start at the stroke of one, to engage in a futile controversy with a headless man standing at the foot of my bed, requesting him rather unreasonably to "Speak! Speak!" Nor when I last stayed with the present tenants of that immortal house in Berkeley Square, did my bedroom door slowly open, far enough to admit of the insertion, one by one, of three long, white, clammy fingers, whose owner (according to the final explanation of the Rationalistic School), was mad, and spent his days on the roof.

I often used to wonder why this was so; why I, of all people in the world, should have been deprived of a privilege which has been accorded so widely, and should have been left to take, on excellent second-hand, or on only moderately good third-hand evidence, those proofs of the existence of conscious life apart from the physical body, which are arbitrarily and spasmodically flung at the head, so to speak, of less curious persons.

Had I known it, the explanation lay, all the time, near to my hand. Let me speak, for a moment, by means of a parable, which, however imperfect, may yet suffice for its purpose. Let us suppose a merchant wishes to have dealings with the inhabitants of a foreign country, with a view, in the first place, to finding out the nature and requirements of that country. Let us suppose, further, that he is unable to go abroad himself, that he is ignorant of the language required and consequently cannot send a letter. Again, he has not been fortunate enough to be put in communication with citizens of that country when they have, very occasionally, paid flying visits to his own. What is he to do? He can, at

least, do one thing. He can send a more or less well-qualified representative to interpret his thoughts and wishes in the strange land.

To avoid carrying the simile further, for the moment, we may ask how it is to be applied. The foreign country is obviously the psychical world around us, or perhaps I should rather say, within us. Then, if the merchant, who cannot travel, is the man in his ordinary waking state in the physical body, who is the more or less well-qualified representative? That is the question we have to answer, and the parable is interpreted.

In the course of reading the works of Homer wholesale some years ago, both as a pleasure and as a duty, I came across, if I remember rightly, a passage in which a psychical hint was dropped, which means a good deal more to me now than it did at the time I read it. I cannot verify the passage off-hand, but I have very little doubt that it is Homeric, and many readers will probably recall it. It was there hinted that every man has a "double," down in Hades, even while he is alive in this world. So if old Homer does not "nod" on this occasion, we have caught our representative without much trouble, and even supposing he is not well-qualified to serve us at present, we may be able in time to make him so; besides, he has the special advantage of being on the spot, so we shall not have to pay his travelling expenses, and all he has to do is to fit himself in course of time for his work.

This representative, this "'double' down in Hades," known to Theosophists by the term "astral body," can doubtless, for aught I know, be trained in different ways. I have only here to recount what my personal experiences in the matter have been. In my own case, in early childhood, the representative in the foreign country, as far as I can now recall, must have been fairly active, and if the merchant's business at that time was not very large, he must have occasionally felt inclined to give up his position at home and join his representative abroad. But the representative informed him that the inhabitants of the foreign country were not very pleasant people to deal with, and were rather erratic and unaccountable, and sometimes even terrifying, in their behaviour, and so he decided to wait awhile. It was a wise

decision. The merchant's business at home grew and flourished, and if he ceased to hear so often, as formerly, from the foreign representative, it perhaps did not much matter, as he had only too much to do at home, and it was very important that the home business should be properly attended to, while it was in the act of expanding.

As time went on, however, he began to receive spasmodic cables from the foreign representative of a very important nature, which not only gave him hope that the representative would again exhibit some of the activity he had shown when the business was first founded, but also spoke of two new lands which the representative had discovered, one of which was inhabited by people of remarkable intelligence, while the other (which he was unable actually to visit himself, but of the existence of which he had been informed by a very successful business friend of his), offered such unheard-of opportunities to the would-be trader as almost to take away his breath. These cables, occasionally, also contained something that astonished the merchant very much, to which, however, he at first paid very little attention, regarding them with some reason, merely as examples of impertinence or uncalled-for interference. In other words, the foreign representative began to offer observations about the conduct of the home business.

On one famous occasion, in particular, the merchant acted flatly in contradiction to his advice, and the result was that he met with misfortune. Then the representative followed this up by casually predicting the rise and fall, but especially the fall, of home prices. Here again, the merchant found himself bound to confess that his representative in the foreign country had shown a greater insight into the secret workings of home affairs than was possessed, in spite of all the apparent advantages of his position, by himself.

While the merchant was casting about for an explanation of the matter, he woke up one morning to find that his business was on the high road to ruin, and that his health, which for a long time had been very precarious, was breaking down entirely. In a few days he became seriously ill, and his life was for a short time despaired of; while months and months passed before he

really recovered. Then came the turn of the foreign representative. All the business that could be conveniently thrown on his shoulders, was thus disposed of. He had to be here, there and everywhere. At first he seems to have been so upset and made so nervous by the merchant's condition, that, in spite of his cleverness, he showed very little tact, sending messages to the merchant, as I shall presently show, which had, perhaps, better been kept from a sick man. But, after a few months of considerable activity, his powers of work not only increased, but he began to evince the utmost judgment in the kind of messages he communicated to the merchant.

As the merchant grew stronger and began to be ready for work again, he found his representative so considerably in possession of the field, with faculties so much developed and strengthened, that he readily listened to the cabled messages of comfort and sometimes of advice, which were from time to time transmitted to him. The merchant himself had to continue, for a long period, the struggle against ill-health and misfortune, and at intervals many cruel blows fell upon him. But whatever happened to him, the messages he continually received from the foreign representative, and the accounts that reached him from the same source of those wonderful lands beyond the sea, were of considerable comfort and help to him, for he felt that he possessed in his representative a right-hand man of remarkable strength and activity, even if this enterprising young adjutant had many lessons of wisdom and self-control left to learn.

And now, often when the merchant is leaving his office for the day, and his thoughts for a moment are at peace, he looks forward with pleasure to the time when he will retire altogether from business, and setting out on his travels to join his representative beyond the sea, live entirely for the future in the company of one who began by being his apprentice and *employé* and has ended by outstripping him in the race, much in the same way as Merlin, in old British legend, outstripped his master Bleys:

> The scholar ran
> Before the master, and so far, that Bleys
> Laid magic by, and sat him down, and wrote
> All things and whatsoever Merlin did
> In one great annal-book.

Such, depicted in tedious and inadequate allegory, have been my life-relations with my "'double' down in Hades." It now behoves me to pass on to the more concrete part of the story, and give a few examples of the sort of experiences I have been "favoured with," as the phrase goes, asking the reader to remember once more that my psychical faculties are still only just in the earliest stage of their development, and are, consequently, sharply limited in every direction.

In a previous article in THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW I have described a presumably astral incident which occurred to me in early childhood. I may add to this that a very common feature of the night-life of that period was that I used to find myself "wandering loose" about the house in which we then lived, or rather what I suppose now, in view of my later experiences, to have been the astral counterpart of that house. There I met the various members of my family—grandmother, father, mother, brother, nurse, etc. We always "took sides" about something or other, the chief characteristic of the "dream" being that my relatives ran in or out of the rooms at random, acting to a very irritating extent with great vagueness and an utter lack of responsibility. One or two of them showed some hostility towards me; another, whom I might have succeeded in gaining over to my side, evinced a weakness and a flimsiness of character almost amounting to treachery; and I think there was only one out of them all who appeared at all rational or even quite conscious and capable of assisting me in the Sisyphean labour of trying to reduce the others to sense. After giving them a thorough talking to, coaxing, imploring, threatening, I would sometimes succeed in extracting from them a vague promise of more law-abiding conduct for the future. But directly my will was relaxed, they almost invariably slipped back into a mental condition which resembled primeval chaos, a relapse which reminds one of the well-known simile of the rower who relaxes his arms, when immediately his boat is carried down-stream, or of the famous picture of Eurydice slipping back into Hades—

Ibi omnis
Effusus labor.

Perhaps it will be said that these experiences were merely

dreams. The explanation is, no doubt, possible, if not exactly original, but for two reasons I hardly think it to be the correct one. In the first place, I have, at the present day, quite frequently to do with people, some of whom, at least, are apparently in a similar condition. I have recently "sensed" these vague, wandering, murmuring figures, at the rate of two or three a week, perhaps, when, though physically asleep, I have been, nevertheless, conscious to a greater or less degree, of my room and its contents. On this subject I shall have a word to say later. For the moment, while I do not venture to "suggest," as the lawyers say, that these sleepy, irresponsible, family figures were really the "astral bodies" of my relatives in a more or less somnolent condition, it seems to me that they may very well have been some beings, "elemental" or otherwise constituted, which either assumed of themselves, or received from me, the necessary colouring to make them appear to be my relatives.

And secondly, be it remembered, I was frequently quite aware that I was in the sleep-world, though I knew of no name to give it. It was not an uncommon thing for me, even at that early period, either from disgust at the sickening conduct of these dream-puppets, or for any other reason, to say: "Well, now I am going to wake myself up"—and approaching what, for want of better terms, I will call my astral bed in my astral nursery, to get into it, and plunging my head into my pillow, stick my fingers into my eyes, till sometimes, almost immediately, sometimes with more prolonged and desperate efforts, I woke up, to find myself lying, of course, in my physical bed.

I might add, while speaking of this subject of the night-life of children, that I was very much interested in the remarks of a small sister of mine on one of the few occasions I have ever seen her. We are separated in age by more than twenty years, so that I do not have any opportunity of hearing more. At lunch, one day, she volunteered the observation that she had recently asked her nurse in a dream whether she was asleep or not. This was, of course, a case of that stage of dream-consciousness in which the dreamer does not take things any longer for granted, a stage which marks, needless to state, the true beginnings of self-consciousness and of separate life in the dream-

world; just as the "not taking things for granted" is the beginning of self-consciousness and of philosophy in the physical world. But the argument which she based on this fact was more interesting still. She at once jumped to the conclusion that the physical life might also be a dream, and that, consequently, she was dreaming there while sitting at lunch. Of course, in one sense she was right, she had accidentally hit on the important truth that the physical world is only relatively real. But that is not the most interesting point. The most interesting point is that the dream-world must have been very real to her, that she should have argued from a belief in its *un*reality (a belief which had probably been duly impressed on her in the nursery), to a suggestion of the unreality of the physical world; in fact, it looks as if, in her eyes, both worlds were equally real or unreal, whichever one likes to call it.

I am afraid she was told not to be silly and to go on with her lunch. And her small brother and sister wanted (forsooth!) to pinch her, to prove that the physical world was real, which reminds one of Samuel Johnson's characteristic reply to Bishop Berkeley's idealistic philosophy, a reply which has been the laughing-stock of metaphysicians ever since. The regrettable thing is that her early philosophising may thus be squashed, but I do not think it is very likely to be so, as she was born when the Sun was in the middle of the sign Sagittarius, and, consequently, is an almost too "unsquashable" little person. Perhaps she will some day give THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW the benefit of her views on the astral world, and on things in general.

ROBERT CALIGNOC.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

VERBUM Dei est Christus qui non solum sonis sed etiam factis loquitur hominibus. God's Word is Christ, who speaks to men by deeds not words

AUGUSTINE.

THE EVOLUTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS

(CONTINUED FROM VOL. XXXI., p. 542)

THE SUPER-PHYSICAL CONSCIOUSNESS

WE have already seen that irruptions from what is called the "sub-conscious" may appear in the waking Consciousness, and that these may be caused by impacts on the astral and mental vehicles of forces playing on their respective planes. We have now to consider these manifestations a little more in detail. Any sound psychological system must take these into account, and find a place for them within itself, since they are too numerous and too persistent to be ignored.

In the artificially induced trance state, wherein the brain is cut off from the normal action and reaction between itself and its environment, it becomes an instrument, however inadequate, of the super-physical Consciousness. Isolated from its physical environment, rendered incapable of responding to its accustomed stimuli from outside, cut off from its lower attachments while remaining united to its higher, it continues to answer to the impacts from above, and can do this the more effectively since none of its energies are running outwards. This is the essence of the trance state. In the forcible closure of the avenues of the senses, through which its forces pour out into the external world, these forces remain available as servants of the super-physical Consciousness. In the silence thus imposed on the physical plane, the voices of the other planes can make themselves heard.

In the hypnotic trance, a quickening of the mental faculties is observed: memory is found to embrace a far larger area, for the faint pulsings left by far-off events become audible when the stronger pulsings from the recent are temporarily stilled; people forgotten in the waking state are remembered in the trance; languages known in childhood, but since lost, reappear; trivial events re-arise. Sometimes the perceptive powers range over a

larger area; distant occurrences are seen, vision pierces through physical barriers, far-off speech becomes audible. Fragments of other planes are also occasionally glimpsed, much mixed up with the thought-forms of waking hours. A whole literature exists on this subject, and can be studied by the investigator.

It has also been found that the results of deeper trance are not identical with those of the more superficial. As the trance deepens, higher strata of the super-physical Consciousness manifest themselves in the brain. The famous case of Léonie I., II. and III. is well-known; and it should be observed that Léonie I. knew nothing of Léonie II. and III.; that Léonie II. knew Léonie I. but did not know Léonie III.; that Léonie III. knew both Léonie I. and II. That is, the higher knows the lower, while the lower does not know the higher—a most pregnant fact.

In the mesmeric trance, the higher phenomena are more easily obtained than in the hypnotic, and in this very clear statements may be had of the phenomena of the astral and even of the mental plane—where the "subject" is well-developed—and sometimes glimpses are gained of past lives.

When we see that the exclusion of the physical plane is the condition for these manifestations of the super-physical Consciousness, we begin to understand the rationale of the methods of Yoga, practised in the East. When the methods are physical, as in Hâṭha Yoga, the ordinary hypnotic trance is most often obtained, and the subject, on reawakening, remembers nothing of his experiences. The method of the Râja Yoga, in which the Consciousness is withdrawn from the brain by intense concentration, leads the student to continuity of Consciousness on the successive planes, and he remembers his super-physical experiences on his return to the waking state. Both in the West and in the East, the same cessation of waking Consciousness is aimed at, in order to obtain traces of the super-physical Consciousness, or as the western psychologist would say, from the unconscious in man. The eastern method, however, with thousands of years of experience behind it, yields results incomparably greater in the realms of the super-physical Consciousness, and establishes, on the sure basis of reiterated experiences, the independence of Consciousness as regards its physical vehicle.

The ecstasy and the visions of saints, in all ages and in all creeds, afford another example of the irruptions from the "unconscious." In these, prolonged and absorbing prayer, or contemplation, is the means for producing the necessary brain-condition. The avenues of the senses become closed by the intensity of the inner concentration, and the same state is reached spasmodically and involuntarily which the practiser of Râja Yoga seeks deliberately to attain. Hence we find that devotees of all faiths ascribe their visions to the favour of the Deity worshipped, and not to the fact that they have produced in themselves a passive brain-condition, which enables the super-physical Consciousness to imprint on that brain the sights and sounds of the higher worlds.

Dr. Henry James, in his *Varieties of Religious Experience*, points out that some of the most striking of these irruptions from the "unconscious" are cases of "sudden conversions," in which a sudden thought, or vision, or voice, has changed at once and completely the whole course of a man's waking life. He rightly argues that a force, sufficiently powerful to produce such effects, cannot be lightly waved aside, or contemptuously ignored, by any serious student of human Consciousness. This whole class of psychical phenomena demands careful and scientific study, and promises a rich harvest of results, as to the super-physical Consciousness, to repay the serious investigator.

As against this view, however, it is urged that these facts are observed in connection with morbid nervous states, and that the subjects are hysterical, over-excited persons, whose experiences are vitiated by their condition. In the first place, this is not always true; the eastern Râja Yogîs are persons distinguished for their calmness and serenity, and some of the cases of conversion have been those of worldly and capable men. Let it be granted, however, that in the majority of cases the nervous condition is morbid, and the brain over-strained, what then? The normal brain is admittedly evolved to the point of responding to the vibrations of the physical world, and of transmitting these upwards, and of transmitting downwards mental and astral vibrations connected with these, from the higher vehicles. It is not yet evolved to the point of receiving without disturbance very

violent vibrations from the higher planes, nor of responding at all to the vibrations set up in the subtler vehicles by the external phenomena of their own planes. Very violent emotions of joy, pain, grief, terror, often prove too much for the normal brain, causing severe headache, hysteria, and even nervous collapse. It is therefore no wonder that the very violent emotion which causes what is called a conversion should often be accompanied by similar nervous distress. The important point is, that when the nervous upset has passed, the effect—the changed attitude towards life—remains. The nervous disturbance is due to the inadequacy of the physical brain to bear the violent and rapid vibrations dashing down upon it; the permanently changed attitude is due to the steady pressure of the super-physical Consciousness, continuously exerted. Where the super-physical Consciousness is not sufficiently developed to exert this pressure, the converted person "falls from grace" as the surge of emotion ebbs away.

In cases of visions, and like phenomena, we have already seen that they may occur when a form of trance has been produced. But without this, such phenomena may occur, in cases where the brain is in a state of tension, either from some temporary cause, or from the fact that its evolution has gone beyond the normal. Strong emotion may increase the nervous tension to the point where response to direct astral vibrations becomes possible, and thus an astral happening becomes visible or audible. The reaction from the strain will probably show itself as nervous disturbance. When the brain is more highly evolved than the ordinary brain, has become more complicated and more sensitive, astral happenings may be felt constantly, and this strain may well be somewhat greater than the nervous system is quite fitted to bear, in addition to bearing the ordinary wear and tear of modern civilisation. Hence, again, hysteria and other forms of nervous distress are likely to accompany the visions.

But these facts do not take away from the importance of the experiences, as facts in Consciousness. Rather, perhaps, do they increase their importance, as showing the way in which evolution works in the action of the environment on an organism. The

reiterated impacts of external forces stimulate the growing organism, and very often temporarily overstrain it; but the very strain forces forward its evolution. The crest of the evolutionary wave must always consist of abnormal organisms; the steady, normal, safe, average organisms follow on behind; they are most respectable, but perhaps not so interesting as the pioneers, and most certainly not so instructive as regards the future. As a matter of fact, the forces of the astral plane are constantly playing vigorously on the human brain, in order that it may develope as a fuller vehicle of Consciousness, and a sensitive brain, in the transitional state, is apt to be thereby thrown a little out of gear with the world of its past. It is probable that a good many activities to which thought is at present directed will, in the future, be carried on automatically, and will gradually sink below the threshold of the waking Consciousness, as have done various functions, once performed purposively.

As these changes go on, the subtler vibrations must inevitably show themselves in an increasing number in the most delicately equilibrated brains, those which are *not* normal, inasmuch as these—on the crest of evolution—will be those most capable of responding. Dr. Maudsley writes: "What right have we to believe Nature under any obligation to do her work by means of complete minds only? She may find an incomplete mind a more suitable instrument for a particular purpose."* And Prof. James himself remarks: "If there were such a thing as inspiration from a higher realm, it might well be that the neurotic temperament would furnish the chief condition of the requisite receptivity."†

When we once recognise that forces subtler than the physical must necessitate for their expression a more refined vehicle than the brain organised for the reception of the physical, we shall cease to be troubled or distressed when we find that the super-physical forces often find their readiest expression through brains that are more or less out of gear with the physical plane. And we shall understand that the abnormal physical symptoms accompanying their manifestations in no way derogate from the value of these energies, nor from the importance of the part they will

* Quoted in Prof. James' book, mentioned above, p. 19.

† *Ibid.*, p. 25.

play in the future of humanity. At the same time the wish must naturally arise to find out some method whereby these forces may be enabled to manifest themselves without risking the destruction of their physical instrument.

This way has been found in the East in the practice of Râja Yoga, whereby the exercise of the higher Consciousness is sought by intense concentration. This concentration, in itself, developes the brain as an instrument for the subtler forces, working on the brain-cells in the manner already described in connection with thought (November, 1902). Moreover, it slowly opens up the set of spirillæ of the atom, next in order to those now in activity, and thus adds a new organ for the higher functioning. This process is necessarily a slow one, but it is the only safe way of development; and, if its slowness be resented, it may be suggested as a reason for patience that the student is endeavouring to antedate the atomic development of the next Round, and he can hardly expect to accomplish this with rapidity. It is, however, this slowness of the Râja Yogic practices which renders them somewhat unacceptable to the hurrying West; and yet, there is no other way to secure a balanced development. The choice lies between this and the morbid nervous disturbances which accompany the irruptions of the super-physical Consciousness into an unprepared vehicle. We cannot transcend the laws of Nature; we can only try to understand, and then utilise them.

The Work of the Monad in Building his Vehicles

Let us now consider the work of the Monad in the shaping of his vehicles, when he has, as his representative—as himself on the fifth, fourth, and third planes—Âtmâ-Buddhi-Manas, with the causal body as the receptacle, the treasure-house, of the experiences of each incarnation.

At the close of each period of life, that is to say at the end of each devachanic existence, he must stimulate into renewed activity the three successive nuclei of the bodies he is to wear during his next life-period. First, he arouses the mental nucleus, and as this vibrates according to the vibratory powers, the results of past experiences, stored up therein, it acts as a magnet, drawing towards and arranging round itself appropriate matter from

the mental plane. Just as a bar of soft iron becomes a magnet when a current is sent through a wire encircling it, and as matter within its magnetic field will at once arrange itself round that magnet, so is it with the permanent mental unit. When the life-current encircles it, it becomes a magnet, and matter within the field of its forces arranges itself round it and forms a new mental body. The matter attracted will be according to the complexity of the permanent unit. Not only will finer or coarser matter be attracted, but the matter must also vary in the development of the atoms which enter into the formation of its aggregations. The molecules attracted will be composed of atoms the vibratory energies of which are identical with, or approach nearly to, those of the attracting unit. Hence, according to the stage of evolution reached by the man, will be the development of the matter of his new mental vehicle. In this way, incarnation after incarnation, a suitable mental body is built up.

Exactly the same process is repeated on the astral plane in the building of the new astral body. The astral nucleus—the astral permanent atom—is similarly vivified, and acts in a similar way.

The man is thus clothed with new mental and astral bodies which express his stage of evolution, and enable whatever powers and faculties he possesses to express themselves duly in their own worlds.

But when we come to the shaping of the body on the physical plane, a new element appears. So far as the Monad is concerned, the work is the same. He vivifies the physical nucleus—the physical permanent atom—and it acts as a magnet like its fellows. But now it is as though a man interfered with the attraction and arrangement of matter within a magnetic field; the Elemental, charged with the duty of shaping the etheric double after the model given by the Lords of Karma, steps in and takes control of the work. The materials, indeed, may be gathered together, as a workman might carry bricks for the building of a house, but the builder takes the bricks, accepts or rejects, and sets them according to the plan of the architect.

The question arises: Why this difference? Why, on reaching the physical plane, where we might expect a repetition of

the previous processes, should an alien power take the control of the building out of the hands of the owner of the house? The answer lies in the working of the law of karma. On the higher planes, the sheaths express as much of the man as is developed, and he is not there working out the results of his past relations with others. Each centre of Consciousness, on those planes, is working within its own circle; its energies are directed towards its own vehicles, and only so much of them as is finally expressed through the physical vehicle acts directly upon others. These relations with others complicate his karma on the physical plane, and the particular physical form that he wears during a particular life-period must be suitable for the working out of this complicated karma. Hence the need for the adjusting interference of the Lords of Karma. Were he at a point of evolution at which he entered into similarly direct relations with others on other planes, similar limitations of his power to shape his vehicles on those planes would appear. In the sphere of his external activities, whatever it may be, these limitations must present themselves.

Hence the shaping of the physical body is done by an authority higher than his own; he must accept the conditions of race, nation, family, circumstances, demanded by his past activities. This limiting action of karma necessitates the building of a vehicle which is but a partial expression of the working Consciousness—partial, not only because of the shutting off of power by the coarseness of the material itself, but also because of the external limitations above referred to. Much of his Consciousness, even though ready for expression on the physical plane, may thus be excluded, and only a small part of it may appear on the physical plane as "waking Consciousness."

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

AN idea, like a ghost (according to the common notion of ghosts), must be spoken to a little before it will explain itself.—DICKENS.

THE RECORD OF THE YEAR

The Theosophical Society is before all else an international movement, and any tendency to parochialism in a section or a branch means that that section or branch is shutting itself off from sharing in the life of greater things which the privilege of belonging to our world-wise organisation offers it. We often hear of the difficulties of branches with regard to filling their lecture lists, we hear of many suggestions for furthering the "work of a lodge," for increasing its utility and adding to its experience, but we have never seen it suggested that one of the best means of making the members realise their corporate unity with the greater movement, and of developing their interest in the work of their colleagues throughout the world, is that one meeting a year should be devoted to reading and discussing our President-Founder's General Report on the doings of the past twelve months; and if in addition to this an occasional evening were given to the reports of the several sections as well, we doubt not that the time would often be more profitably employed than is now the case.

Many members do not know so much even as that there is a General Report; they have never seen a list of the branches of the Society throughout the world; they take no interest in anything but their own local branch and its activities, and often not even in that; in this section many do not so much as glance at their own sectional journal, and as for the many journals and periodicals of the movement they do not even know their covers by sight. We suggest to our venerable President that perhaps he might think out some plan for a better distribution of his yearly bird's-eye view of the movement; doubtless the General Secretaries would be only too pleased to carry out any feasible method of assuring him a wider hearing than the present limited audience who listen to his words.

What then has Colonel Olcott to tell us of special interest in his recent yearly survey, which was read at Benares last Christmas Day? The Theosophical Society completed the first twenty-seven years of its existence in November last, and among those who listened to the reports of the sections and the President's general address, there was but one opinion, namely, that the Society had not lived

in vain, and that "the wave of prosperity is still bearing our movement on its crest"; we hope that wave will never cease until it reaches the further shore of our endeavour, the universal recognition of the Wisdom of the ages and the assurance of its continued realisability in our own day.

Some three years ago our President chartered a branch at Boden in the far north of Sweden, within the Arctic Circle, this year he reports the chartering of another branch still nearer the Pole, at a mining camp called Kiruna. "Can you," he says, "members of the Society who inhabit tropical or temperate countries, figure to yourselves those Swedish miners sitting in their snow-proof huts, begrimed with the stains of toil, and gathered together about a lamp to listen . . . while, outside, Nature is hidden by the black veil of a night six months long? Did any pandit, even of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, even *dream* that this Society . . . would ever carry the golden teachings of the Sages, not only to that North Polar region, but also to Dunedin, at the southern end of New Zealand?"

The past twelve months have witnessed the formation of a new section in Italy, which has now twelve branches; the movement in that fair and famous land is full of vigour and promise. The German branches also have at last formed themselves into a section under the secretaryship of a scholar of high literary abilities and deep philosophical convictions; this section now has ten branches. The old European Section, having finished the term of its usefulness under that form of organisation, and given birth to the Scandinavian, Netherlands, French, Italian and German Sections, has now resumed its ancient title of the British Section. Our President's most immediate hope is that a South American Section will be chartered within the coming year, as there are already six branches in existence, and the new branch in Cuba is to be added to them.

In India, we read that 194 branches have been visited, 23 new branches and 3 new centres formed, 522 new members have joined; some branches have acquired land and erected buildings for themselves. "At the Sectional headquarters extensive building operations have been carried on for the Section and the Central Hindu College, which seems to have entered upon a full tide of prosperity and usefulness. Very rapidly Benares is becoming the centre of Indian religious activity on progressive lines, and, possibly, will become what it was in the past, a centre of spiritual illumination for the world"—where we suppose "the world" must be taken in a Patristic sense.

In the United States of America 11 new branches have been

added, and it is reported that the last sectional gathering "was remarkable for its number of delegates, for the far-distant points represented, and for the peculiar harmony, geniality and earnestness which pervaded all present." The American Section is slowly recovering from the effects of the Judge secession and its subsequent follies, and no praise is too great for the brave and devoted workers who have never ceased in their endeavours to rebuild from the ruins, and who are now, with the steady help of our colleague, C. W. Leadbeater, putting the finishing touches on their reconstruction. They have had far greater difficulties to contend with than any other section, and have indeed borne the burden and heat of the day.

As for the reports of the other sections, our President does not summarise them, but a glance at them will show that there is activity everywhere, and not the least important in the British Section, which is still the main centre for the production of general theosophical literature, and the sending out of helpers to other sections.

It has always been a matter of difficulty to form any precise idea of the statistics of membership in the Society; but lately an endeavour has been made at Adyar, under the supervision of Miss Weeks, to bring some order into the chaos of the records; a new register is being compiled from a careful inspection of the application forms, old address books, diaries, letter-files, etc., and a comparison of them with the old registers; so far the new register has been brought up to 1885. Colonel Olcott calculates that up to 1901 some 20,000 names have to be dealt with, and that we now increase at the rate of some 2,000 a year. But the records are very imperfect, some of the most important members of the Society cannot be traced at all in the pages, and many, like ourselves, are without any record of our original membership.

The buildings of the Society at Adyar are still growing. A new building has been added which will serve ultimately as an extension of the Adyar Library. Part of the terrace of the main building, which is over the Western Library, has been converted into an additional spacious hall, which can be used as a reception room. The Colonel's office has also been enlarged on the plan originally designed by Madame Blavatsky.

During the year 58 branch charters have been issued, bringing the total of the charters issued from the beginning of the year 1878 until the present time up to 714. Besides the additions to the sections already mentioned, the British has added 14, Australia 3, Italy 4, Sweden 1, Holland 1, France 3 branches.

With regard to the Adyar Library it is pleasant to learn that our

valuable collection of palm-leaf MSS. and Oriental printed books is growing apace, and that preparations are being made for a new classified catalogue. A number of rare and valuable works have been acquired during the past year. But above all we are glad to see that at last there are definite hopes of utilising this in some respects unique collection, for Colonel Olcott tells us: "I have begun a correspondence with Europe with a view to finding, if possible, a young and competent Sanskrit scholar who may be ultimately employed for the responsible office of Director. We have, as you know, a good prospect of realising in the near future a large sum bequeathed to us in the will of the late Mr. White, of Seattle, and other funds are coming in."

There are now 3,219 MSS. and 4,209 printed books in the Eastern Section, and 6,124 printed works in the Western Section of the Library. The head Paṇḍit, Mr. T. Krishna Shastri, writes: "We can say without any fear of contradiction that our Library is [of its kind] already one of the best in the world. Our collection of Buddhist literatnre is one of the richest. We have already many MSS. that are not found in the 'Catalogus Catalogorum.'"

The yearly record of new literature shows the addition of some thirty works in English, some twenty original works and translations in Danish, Swedish, Spanish, French, German, Italian and Dutch, and some ten translations into the Indian vernaculars. There are also no less than thirty magazines and periodicals, most of which appear monthly, but there is one weekly and one quarterly.

Our venerable President concludes his report with the following affectionate and courageous words:

"A very pleasant incident of my twenty-seventh official year was the notice taken of my seventieth birthday, on the 2nd of August last. The letters and telegrams which came to me from all parts of the world were full of expressions of confidence and brotherly love, together with the hope that I might be spared many many years more to continue the labour of love to which I have devoted myself since the year 1875. I enjoy the too rare privilege of witnessing the complete success of the movement which I helped to inaugurate, together with that great soul, H. P. Blavatsky, and a few others; I have seen it extend itself to forty-two countries and take into its membership some twenty-five thousand men and women of many races and nearly all the great religions; I have seen them working along with me in perfect love and sympathy on the broad platform of eclectic reciprocity, each drawing out of the well of Theosophy the

pure waters of truth to quench their spiritual thirst; I am enabled to look forward to the future of the movement from the vantage-ground of the present, with the conviction that success, full, complete and triumphant, will crown our labours, I have a deep sense of the obligation under which I have been placed by the loyal ungrudging help and sympathy given me by colleagues whose number is too great for me to specify their names without seeming to make invidious comparisons. Feeling my strength undiminished and my vitality as exuberant as it was when I first enlisted in the ranks of this altruistic army, and realising, as no one can better than myself, the unspeakable honour which it is to serve those Masters whom I know to be overlooking and helping on this movement, I leave behind me the Past, with its record of struggles and triumphs, of failures and successes, and, holding out my hands to all those who will gather around and help me, I face the Future without dismay and without the shadow of a fear or doubt."

But the power of the movement is not to be measured by the fact that twenty-five thousand men and women have come into the ranks of the Society, it is rather to be estimated by the fact of their eclectic and independent nature in that they are found scattered throughout the world among all races and creeds; nay, of these twenty-five thousand but twenty-five hundred at best have ever been more than passive spectators, and of these twenty-five hundred not more than two hundred and fifty have really given themselves entirely to it. If then the devotion of even so few can bring it about that the thought of the great things which we love is permeating the thinking world of to-day, and often more deeply the minds of those without our organisation than of those within it, how marvellous must be the conscious knowledge of the Source from which this power is outpoured, and how joyous will be the state in which we can work entirely with this Wisdom instead of as now so often delaying its perfect ministry.

G. R. S. M.

THE wise man is but a clever infant spelling letters from a hierographical prophetic book, the lexicon of which lies in eternity.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

Ancient Footprints of the Wisdom

The Temples of the Orient and their Message in the Light of Holy Scripture, Dante's Vision, and Bunyan's Allegory. By the author of "Clear Round." (London: Kegan Paul; 1902. Price 15*s*.)

Concerning this volume a reviewer in *The Christian World* writes: "This is a very remarkable book—one which should appeal with equal force to widely separated minds. The author, whose name is not on the title-page, but is well known as the Hon. Mrs. Gordon, takes the position substantially of Mr. Andrew Lang, that the ancient religions, investigated up to their source, reveal a common origin in a primitive revelation of the highest spiritual truth, from which, as their after history shows, there has been a general degeneration. Her special fields of illustration are the latest discoveries in Egyptian and Sumerian antiquity."

This is of course our own position, and accordingly when the book itself came in for review we opened it with great expectations, for the warm praises of the review above referred to culminated in the following sentences: "It should also be an excellent book for doubters, for it shows that in the acceptance of religion's main thesis we are following that safe rule of reasoning, *securus judicat orbis terrarum*. Christianity can never henceforth be studied or proclaimed as an isolated faith."

It must, however, be confessed that our expectations have not been realised by a perusal of Mrs. Gordon's book. It shows, it is true, great industry, but from the first to the last page it is little else than a string of quotations, often indeed very interesting, but the substance of which has not been digested, or any attempt made by the writer to show what she definitely intends to prove in each chapter. There is, moreover, no introduction or conclusion.

In her preface, however, Mrs. Gordon writes: "It is felt that, in face of the facts now disclosed, it should be impossible to make the unblushing mis-statement still alas! to be found in certain 'missionary'

magazines, *viz.*: that non-Christians 'pray to a God who never heard or answered a single prayer that was offered to Him.'"

If anything helps to make it clear that such a conception of God appears to the intelligent among mankind as a very fair representation of the Devil, we wish it every success. Mrs. Gordon then goes on to say:

"To the intending Missionary, therefore, these pages are affectionately inscribed with the reminder that Our Lord interpreted to His Friends, 'in *all* the Scriptures the Things concerning Himself.' He probably took from the Teachings of Egypt under the shadow of whose pyramids, as 'the Young Child,' He spent His most tender and impressionable years, as well as from the Hebrew Scriptures which, as 'the Boy Jesus,' He learned from the Doctors in His Father's House through 'hearing them and asking *them* questions,' when, 'according to the Custom,' He became 'a Son of the Law'; and also, from the wisdom of the sages of Persia and the initiates of India with whom (in accordance with a not disproved tradition) He passed the silent years of His early manhood.

"Certain it is that the writings of His most beloved Apostle (to whose authorship the Church ascribes the Fourth Gospel) are steeped in allusions to and breathe the spirit of Divine Wisdom as set forth in the Temple-lore of Egypt, Sumêr and Israel."

These are very bold statements, and though we may quite well believe that intimate connections existed *subjectively* between the teaching of the Christ and the various traditions of the ancient wisdom doctrines, the points of external contact in the person of the historic Jesus require a far more delicate treatment. For instance, the "not disproved tradition" can only refer to the notorious Notovich legend of the Pali text of an Arabic tradition said to have been verbally translated to that sensational journalist at the Himis monastery! There is not an atom of truth in this, as one of our colleagues discovered for himself on a recent visit to Himis.

But what surprises us most, or rather delights us, is that the reviewer in *The Christian World* should have spoken so highly of a book with such a Preface. That is indeed a vast step forwards, and we hope that many other Church and Chapel papers will be bold enough to stride forward into line with their liberal-minded colleague.

G. R. S. M.

Magazines and Pamphlets

Theosophist, January. In "Old Diary Leaves" the Colonel continues his account of his lecturing tour with Mrs. Besant in the year 1894. This forms interesting reading, but does not lend itself to abbreviation for our purposes. Mr. Stuart concludes his paper on the "Forces of Nature, Manifest and Occult," after speaking of H. P. B.'s wonders, with these wise words: "No one is bound to accept any of the instances here referred to without personal experience and observation; but, nevertheless, upon occult hypotheses, they are just what ought to occur. Whether they may be thought of any value or of no value, credible witnesses and eminent men have staked their reputations upon their veracity; and if those witnesses have met with little else but insult and contumely in return, the future will amply justify their impartiality. As more becomes known about the obscure side of things we are now dealing with, the shams and imitations of such phenomena will all gradually be eliminated, the genuine instances will all be confirmed, and will themselves become the proof of the existence of what are yet to figure amongst the greatest powers, formerly known and manifested, but which are now only to be called the Occult Forces of Nature." W. G. John gives a thoughtful paper on the "Control of the Emotions," the main thought of which is the very useful lesson that "there is no environment of life, however easy and full of mere personal pleasure, which does not produce *some* harvest of effort in wrestling with the lower inclinations," and that we have no right to look down from our heights of Pharisaism even upon "people of fashion and pleasure" as if they were learning nothing from lives often truer to *their* ideals than our own have been to ours. The articles on "Siva, His Names and Emblems," and "Why should a Vedantin join the T.S." are concluded, and one of Mr. Leadbeater's Chicago lectures on "The Gospel of Wisdom" is reproduced. The Report of the Twenty-seventh Anniversary Meeting is treated of elsewhere.

Central Hindu College Magazine, for January, comes out in much improved form, of quarto size, and with a very pretty picture of the College on its cover, in which the handsome palace which was the original groundwork is made the most of, with its pavilions, colonnade and broad stone terrace, and the new buildings judiciously disposed with the art of Longfellow's lady who "knew how much it was best to show!" The contents are also above the old average; and the magazine, on the whole, one which no College need be ashamed of.

There is an interesting account of the S. Bernard dog, illustrated by a separate plate not sewn in. The Hospice is thus explained for the Hindu benefit: "A Monastery is a house in which monks live; and monks are Sannyâsîs, men who have given up the world, and who live hard simple lives, and pray and meditate and work." Miss Edith Ward commences a series of descriptive articles upon London, also illustrated. M. S. Shama Sundara Das laments that the art workmen of India are being steadily driven to agricultural labour for want of employment. It is sorrowful enough, but we fear the lament is useless; all over the world, as the tyrannous Teutonic "civilisation" touches an older nation, its arts, its religion, its self-respect, all that makes it a nation, are poisoned at the root. The destruction is no less complete for being unintentional, or even (as in India) against every wish and desire of the conquering race. Our London lecturer, Mr. George Dyne, puts his talent of clear exposition at the service of the College in a very lucid exposition of the Röntgen rays; and Mrs. Lloyd's "Science Jottings" are eminently readable.

Theosophic Gleaner, December, 1902, opens with a good summary of Zoroastrianism from a new contributor, J. Bowlker, Christchurch, New Zealand. Next we have a paper by A. Fullerton, from the *Theosophist*, and (from the same source) G. Krishna Shastri's criticism on Max Müller's denial of Esotericism in the Eastern Religions; and a curious "Open Letter to Christian Ministers, by one of them," pleading eloquently for a spiritual life; which, however, he seems in the latter part of his letter to identify with Vegetarianism, as is the manner of the sect.

The Dawn, November, 1902. What is, to us, a very curious characteristic of the Indian mind is well illustrated by the first paper in this clever magazine, wherein Brajendra Nath Seal, M.A., Principal Victoria College, Cooch Behar, lays down in impassioned language that the secret of the resurrection of India is to be found in the worship of the late Raja Rammohun Roy. There is to be set up a Rammohun Mela, an Indian Fair, with *tableaux vivants*. Busts, statues, and portraits of the Raja are to be multiplied. A Bengali epic already commemorates him as its hero. "No future Indian artist in colours or marble, but will dedicate his talent to the historic or emblematical representation of the scenes and labours of the Raja's earthly life." Nor are relics wanting for veneration. "Many of us have had the privilege of seeing and touching the Raja's *pugree* and *upabita*. We have casts of the Raja's skull, with measurements and a phrenological chart. There are several of his personal effects

. . . human exhibits with talismanic power—charged with human magnetism." Finally, "and we Hindus, in our national way—could we not set up a new Tirtha, a new Pithasthana, a new Maha-mela in the name of our patriarch and lawgiver, the Manu or Prajapati of our Modern Manvantara?"

It would be a serious mistake to make this a matter of vulgar jest. The point is that here you have a Hindu who has passed through the complete course of English education and taken his degree—you have done all that can be done to make an Englishman of him,—and the result of the whole is simply to add a cast and a phrenological chart of his chosen god's skull to his other relics. And then our good Indian friends wonder—and our better friends of our Indian friends wonder—why the English don't take more pains to understand the workings of the Hindu mind! It cannot be; do what we will their answer can only be that of Miss Steel's Tara: "Of a truth I shall be glad to go back. The life of the *Huzoors* is not my life, their death not my death."

Siddhanta Deepika has a good paper on the story of Adam and Eve. Our Indian brother says: "God permitted them to be tempted. Nay, He willed them to taste the fruit, as a father would let a child touch lightly the candle flame. The misery and suffering that flow from our tasting of the fruit of good and evil acts is merely for our chastening and purification; and this can only be done in this existence and no other; and the whole purpose and scheme of creation becomes there evident." What improvement can the missionaries make on that?

Yathartha Bhaskaran is a Tamil magazine from Madras, which has nothing of English but the title-page.

Indian Review, December, 1902. In an interesting account of Delhi a curious misprint raises the well-known Iron Pillar from 22 to 422 feet high, so that the remark that *the* question is: How are there no signs of rust on it? becomes a decided bathos. The papers of interest to us are a very good criticism of a missionary's account of Islam by S. Khuda Bukoh and a solemn denunciation of Mr. Benjamin Kidd's fall from the orthodox materialism of Darwin and Haeckel by G. Venkata Ranga Rao, M.A., who has not found out that the world has moved since he took his degree.

East and West, January, has a valuable paper on Universities in India, by Sir William Ramsay. It is an indictment against our Universities at home also. He says: "It is difficult to get a German, a Swiss, a Russian, or an American, to realise that there is a country

where the teacher cannot be trusted to gauge the capacity—I do not say the knowledge, for that is not the function of any real University—of candidates for degrees. The question with which I have been met has always been :—'How is it possible for one who has not been the teacher of the student to find out *what his powers are.*' . . 'It is of indifference to us *what* a man knows, provided he is able to think, and *make use* of what he knows.'" And Sir William adds: "In all our dealings of commerce we pay a price for what a thing will *do ;* not for its size or weight, but for its *energy*." The papers are all of more or less interest. Professor Ross is instructive, though decidedly unsympathetic, upon Persian Mysticism.

The Vâhan, February. The "Enquirer" has not much of general interest this month ; a series of answers by some of our best writers to the question "Ought not an Ego awaiting reincarnation on the astral plane to be visible to the ordinary clairvoyant, and, if so, why do not all clairvoyants teach reincarnation ?" has best claim on the ordinary reader.

In the *Bulletin Théosophique*, February, Dr. Pascal makes an eloquent appeal to the unattached members to assist the work of the Society by joining a Lodge ; an appeal which might well be addressed to our British members also.

Revue Théosophique Française, January, besides translations, contains an important answer by Dr. Pascal to questions by the Director of the *Independent Catholic Review*, as to whether Theosophists agree with him in denouncing an eternal hell and advocating the final happiness of all mankind.

Théosophie, February. The *pièce de resistance* in this little periodical is an answer from *The Vâhan* as to the value of "Confession and Absolution." There is also one by G. R. S. M., on Revelation.

Theosophia, for January. Our Dutch friends have apparently been too much overcome by Mme. Meuleman's death to think of literature ; and there is nothing original in this number but a short New Year's Editorial.

Der Vâhan, January, gives a long and appreciative notice of Mr. Leadbeater's *Outline of Theosophy*. After the summary of THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, the Editor gives a selection from old numbers of *The Vâhan*, "finding nothing suitable to his readers in the January number"; then Miss Edger's *Theosophical Christianity*, and further extracts from Mrs. Besant's *Dharma* and Mr. Leadbeater's *Clairvoyance*. The "Activities" announce a new magazine to be edited by the General Secretary, Dr. Steiner, under the familiar title *Lucifer*.

Teosofia, for January, after a brief New Year's sermonette by the Editor, gives one of Mrs. Besant's Roman Conferences entitled "Theosophy and some Problems of Modern Life." In addition to other original matter we have a few carefully selected questions and answers, which will probably add to the interest of its readers.

Sophia, January, continues Mrs. Besant's *Esoteric Christianity*, and her lecture *Theosophy and Imperialism*, as also one of Mr. Mead's papers on the Talmud from our own pages.

Theosophy in Australasia, December. More interesting to us than all the original matter (good though that is) is the notice in the "Outlook" of the steady decadence of the Maori people. It quotes a passage which corresponds to what I was saying a page or so back about the Indian art workers; "As old Tikitu of Ngati-Awa left me yesterday he said—Friend, I see before me the day when the Maori shall be no more. And it is because we, the Maori people of New Zealand, have lost the *mana* of our ancestors that we are disappearing so fast. There is no hope for us now, for that *mana* has gone from us for ever, and we shall pass away like the *moa*." That is it,—we bring the "blessings of civilisation," but our breath poisons the *mana*, the soul of the people, and nothing—I repeat it, nothing—can bring it back.

New Zealand Theosophical Magazine, January. This hitherto lively little magazine has suffered a sea-change, and now comes out in the most intense respectability as the Official Organ of the New Zealand Theosophical Society; all such frivolities as stories, poetry, and children's talk, being strictly excluded. Well, our New Zealand friends know best what they like in a magazine; but for our own part, we shall miss the relief we felt when we had worked our way down to it through the pile of issues estimable in every respect, only (as a rule) *not* lively. Taking it according to its new ideal, however, we may fairly congratulate the Editors on the result. S. Studd gives a serious study entitled "Chance or Accident"; M. Judson, "Notes on Atlantis." There is also a paper on Karma, and a short essay on the Passions signed with a Hindoo name, which has an amusing but most natural misapprehension of terms. He speaks of "Cupidity, or carnal appetite." How could a foreigner imagine that cupidity had nothing to do with Cupid?

Also received: *Theosophic Messenger*, for December, 1902; *Revista Teosofica*, November, 1902; a second *Sophia*, the neatly and prettily got up magazine of our Santiago friends; *Teosofisk Tidskrift*; *Theosofisch Maandblad*; *Light of Reason*; *Logos Magazine*; *La Nuova Parola*,

this number containing a translation of the well-known dialogue "What is Theosophy?" *Modern Astrology*, with a defence by Mrs. Leo of the Wisdom Religion; *Mind; Metaphysical Magazine*, containing a characteristic paper by Alex. Wilder on "Philosophic Morality"; *Dharma; Light; New York Magazine of Mysterics; Philistine; Theosophischer Wegweiser*; and the *Psycho-Therapeutic Journal*.

A.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

The Ultra-atomic

THOSE of our readers who are not of a scientific turn of mind have doubtless been somewhat confused by the very frequent references to the latest views on the nature of matter which have appeared in our pages. It is, therefore, with great pleasure that we append the clearest summary of the present state of affairs with which we have yet met, and again we have to thank Sir Oliver Lodge for a brilliantly lucid exposition of which even the most profane in the outermost court will be able to comprehend the far-reaching import. In a recent lecture on "Electricity and Matter," reported in *The Times* of February 6th, the President of Birmingham University, referring to the three fundamental properties of matter—gravitation, cohesion and inertia—said:

> That as to the first we still remained very much in the dark; as to the second the same might have been said ten years ago, but now there were signs that its secret was being given up; while inertia we were beginning to understand. In self-inductance electricity had a property resembling inertia. Twenty-five years ago he would have called it a mechanical analogue; to-day he would say that electricity had real inertia—indeed, that there was no inertia except electrical. In other words, we were now arriving at an electrical theory of matter and explaining it in terms of electrical action, of which, in fact, we knew far more than of matter. A body charged with electricity, if at rest, presented the phenomena of electrostatics; if in motion, those of electricity and magnetism; if in acceleration or change of motion, those of light and radiation generally. Inertia existed all the time. The idea of inertia as due to a moving charge took form in 1881 in a

paper read by Professor J. J. Thomson, of Cambridge, in which he showed that a charge sphere possessed inertia by virtue of the fact of being charged. No great attention was paid to this statement at the time because of the difficulty of detecting any change of inertia due to the electric charge in the case of a sphere of appreciable size. The smaller the radius, the bigger the inertia due to the charge, but no one then thought of anything smaller than the atom. Yet in 1870 Sir William Crookes had suggested that in highly exhausted vacuum tubes, through which an electric discharge was being passed, matter existed in a "fourth state"—neither gas, liquid, nor solid. This idea was rather jeered at at the time, but it had since been shown that Crookes was perfectly right; the cathode rays did not consist of atoms propelled along the tube, but of something much smaller than atoms—ultra-atomic corpuscles that appeared to be the foundation-stones of atoms. It had also been found that, no matter what gas was contained in the tube, it was broken up into particles which were identical; this suggested the hypothesis that matter was composed of these corpuscles, or electrons, as Dr. Johnstone Stoney had called them. In the case of a liquid, the electron charge and the substance were combined and travelled together; in a gas it was as if the charges were dissociated from matter and became disembodied charges or electric ghosts. The speed with which these travelled was comparable to that of light, and hence, small as was their mass, they had a great amount of energy. That they were charged bodies was shown by the fact that they were affected by a magnet, behaving like electric currents. In what they saw going on in a vacuum tube they had the nearest approach to seeing electricity that was likely to be attained.

* * *

Electrons and Electricity

All electric phenomena seemed to depend on electrons. Conduction, for example, took place through substances in three ways, according as the substance was solid, liquid, or gas. In the last the electron played the part of a particle flying free; it might be called the bullet method. Conduction through liquids was the slow travelling of charges loaded with atoms of matter; it might be called the bird-seed method, since the electron was dropped at the electrode, as a bird dropped a seed. In metallic conduction, since the atoms could only vibrate, not move along, the electrons were handed on from one to another. This he called the fire-bucket method. Radiation again till recently was a puzzle. It consisted of waves in the ether, hence it was supposed that a vibrating atom generated waves in the ether, as a bell did sound-waves in air. But after he himself had shown the disconnection of ether and matter, it became necessary to suppose that radiation was caused not by the atom as a whole, but by the electrons it carried, and that only during the period of acceleration. The electrons might not merely be vibrating, but might be revolving round the atom; in that case this orbital motion of a charged body would act as an electric

current and be affected by a magnet. On this assumption Lorentz predicted the influence of magnetism on light which was sought by Faraday as the magnetisation of light and found by Zeeman recently. The electrons had to travel at an enormous speed round the atom, and in consequence some of them were occasionally thrown off tangently—a process which was facilitated by ultra-violet light. Some substances emitted these particles without stimulus—*e.g.*, uranium, polonium, and radium. The last gave very intense and penetrating rays, and appeared to give rise to a kind of electrical evaporation; the emanation included masses of matter which, as Rutherford had just shown, were moving with a speed of the same order as that of light. This property of radio-activity was found in numbers of bodies, even in the leaves of trees and in newly fallen raindrops, and soon the difficulty would be to find something that did not possess it in some degree. On the hypothesis that matter was composed of electrons, their size was known —they were about the one hundred-thousandth part of the diameter of the atom. If the electrons were magnified up to something like the size of a full stop, an atom would be a church 200ft. long, 80ft. broad, and 40ft. high. In an atom of hydrogen there were nearly 1,000 electrons; that number would occupy the church in the same way that soldiers occupied a country, they would keep everything else out. The atom was thus a scene of great activity. In the mercury atom there were 1,000,000 electrons; still, these did not fill all the space, and if the distances between them were calculated, they seemed to be about as far apart in proportion to their size as the planets in the solar system. By their force the atoms came to be impenetrable; chemical affinity also appeared to be electrical in nature, cohesion was turning out to be the same, while, as already said there was good reason to believe that electric inertia was the only inertia in existence.

THE FUTURE

The future—the last evangel, which has included all others. *Its* Cathedral the dome of immensity—hast thou seen it? Coped with the star-galaxies; paved with the green mosaic of land and ocean; and for altar, verily, the star-throne of the Eternal! Its litany and psalmody the noble arts, the heroic work and suffering, and true heart-utterance of all the valiant of the sons of men. Its choir-music, the ancient winds and oceans, and deep-toned, inarticulate, but most speaking voices of destiny and history, supernal ever as of old, between two great Silences:

"Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent."

CARLYLE.

Women's Printing Society, Limited, 66 & 68, Whitcomb Street, W.C.

THE

THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

VOL. XXXII APRIL 15, 1903 No. 188

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE publication of the late Mr. Frederick W. H. Myers' posthumous work, *Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death*, which will shortly be reviewed in our pages, marks a distinct moment in the evolution of "modern science," inasmuch as it registers the capitulation of the self-constituted guardians of scientific "respectability." It is instructive to notice how the most conservative organs of public opinion, which have previously been the most inimical critics of psychic research, and have from their lofty seats of assumed authority lectured the students of this science as though they were unbalanced disturbers of the scientific peace, have at last recognised them as workers for the public good, nay, as the true imperialists of science. At last the opponents of progress have been forced to bow to the inevitable; this we suppose must be taken as a tardy sign of grace, but it is difficult to forget that the workers in this most important field of human endeavour—the science of the soul—had to labour for

Modern Science at last discovers a Soul

so many years in the chilling atmosphere of the severest disapprobation of their so-called "scientific" critics. It is true that this great change would never have been brought about by the mere fact that the data of psychic science have always existed and exist to-day in countless multitude; the facts had to be presented to the formalists in a certain dress. Mr. Myers and his colleagues have been for years busy in this tailoring department; and their aprons have at last been accepted by the philosophers of clothes as decent garments for the nakedness of things psychic. So far, so good; ghosts and hallucinations and souls have at last been admitted into the halls of modern science, if not exactly as they are, still alive, and not merely as corpses for contemptuous dissection. In brief, modern science has at last discovered a soul; she has been a mighty long time about it, but now she has at last woke up to this (to her) astonishing fact, we hope for great things, and most of all that she has learned the useful lesson of tolerance.

* * *

The Humorous Reviewer

THE attention which Mr. Myers' work has received at the hands of the Reviewers has also not been altogether lacking in certain elements, which appeal to the humorous side of an interested but dispassionate observer. Naturally the humour is largely unintentional; but none the less, anyone blessed with that most precious of gifts, who will take the trouble to read half a dozen of the more weighty and careful notices of the book, will find his labour well repaid. But he will glean his richest harvest from the long and lofty columns in which the *Spectator*'s reviewer, from the exalted heights of his own sublime self-sufficiency, looks down upon the outcome of many years' most strenuous labour in a field wherein he himself seems to find it easier to rest content with the dicta of faith in preference to that definite and precise knowledge, however small that knowledge may at present be, which can only be obtained through hard work and rigid intellectual honesty.

One supposes that these reviews represent each some phase or trend, at least, in the general thought stream of our time. But were the judgment of history upon our present to be based upon the way in which the critics in general have handled this book, it is to be feared that the future student of the dawn of the

twentieth century would be led to form a very strange, nay almost an incoherent picture of its life and attitude to the deeper problems of man and nature. It seems, indeed, equally difficult for the materialist and for his antithesis, philosophically speaking, the modern neo-Hegelian, to assimilate the work and conclusions of an investigator like Mr. Myers. It is really hard to say which of the two finds the fact of man's having a soul which survives the body the more difficult to digest, a circumstance that might give rise to some curious Hegelian speculations upon the surface of contact between two so widely contrasted spheres of thought.

* * *

"Why Men avoid Church"

In *The Daily Telegraph* of March 4th there is an instructive article on the very serious question: "Why Men avoid Church?" Among other prominent men, Dr. W. F. Cobb, the liberal-minded rector of St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate, is cited as expressing himself on the subject as follows:

> Dr. Cobb expressed himself as not despondent with regard to winning back the adherence of men to the Church when it was more fully recognised by the clergy that the present age is one of great transition, to which, so far, there had been little sign of adaptation. The formularies of theology were outworn, and men wanted some new inspirations and fresh light upon the constantly recurring problems. As far as the average City man was concerned, he was simply a Pagan, but he had the virtues of Paganism more strongly in him than its vices, as he was keenly alive to justice, fair dealing, generosity and courage. Yet there was never so much genuine faith as at the present time, or so deep a desire for true insight, and one fact which showed this was the constant inquiry he met, or interest that he found, in Theosophy. Indifference there was, of course, but there was less of this than at one time, and the decline of church-going was rather due to the insufficiency that men found in the services, as too often offered them. A very great change had come over society generally in regard to its views on church-going, and it was no longer a matter affecting respectability or position as of yore. Children were brought up under far less rigorous discipline as to Sunday observance, which was now being generally felt in the manner in which the day was spent.

As this is evidence from an entirely outside source, it strengthens our conviction that Theosophy, and of course in Europe and America, Christian Theosophy, is the crying need of the Churches. Theosophy fears no Higher Criticism; Theosophy

welcomes the mystic as an experiencer of things more precious than history; Theosophy looks up to a wisdom that can combine the rigid results of historical research and the right valuation of mystic experience into a true spiritualism and a true humanism that will convince men of the Divine on the ground of knowledge and not of faith only.

* * *

On February 15th the world was somewhat astonished to find an Emperor entering the lists to do battle for theology, in a lengthy letter on the Higher Criticism, a spectacle which had not been vouchsafed it perhaps since the far-off days of Julian. To students of Theosophy such a spectacle is of special interest, for not only have we in William II. of Germany a king who believes in his kingship, but when he enters the domain of Theologics he does so as one who views the matter from the standpoint of a ruler seeking what is the best for his people, what is the safest and wisest plan to adopt in the face of the inroads made by science on theology, of knowledge on faith. His views of policy then are of peculiar interest to us as students of human nature, and of the way of the King in things religious. As to the Emperor's private views of revelation they do not concern us, what does concern us is the view he takes of the legitimate sphere of science in religion, the limitations he would lay down. As the leader writer of *The Times* (February 23rd), however, points out, the counsel of the Emperor is not novel:

An Emperor on the Higher Criticism

> Discoveries are made by men of science or scholars. Preconceptions which had been taught as sacred are shaken or shattered. He who would adhere to the letter becomes perplexed and embarrassed. There is the struggle between intellectual honesty and reverence for things most prized; between the convictions of the savant and scholar and the fear that he may be sapping that which is the bed-rock of the lives of many. It was a problem present to many past ages—notably to the authors of the Renaissance; and a favourite answer was "Do not cause scandal; keep to Latin treatises your doubts or discoveries; do not perplex with them children and simple souls." That is the Emperor's chief injunction to Professor Delitzsch, who is recommended to confine to theological treatises matter which it is not for edification to introduce into a popular lecture or book.

The "children and simple souls" are always invoked to

relieve the pressure of "things as they are" on the "things we have grown used to," as we saw in the recent Ripon Episode. But this timorous solution of the difficulty can no longer suffice, for in this age it is not given to anyone, bishop or emperor, to set bounds to enquiry and prescribe for it its proper methods. The decision on such matters is taken out of our hands, and we are being gradually forced to face the problem openly and in fullest publicity by a wise necessity that knows when the time is full.

* * *

Harnack on the Kaiser's Manifesto

AND that this necessity is upon us may be seen from the reply of Professor Harnack to the Emperor in the March number of the *Preussiche Jahrbücher*, when it must be remembered that Harnack is not only now regarded as a "moderate" in criticism, but he is also a personal friend who is held in high honour by the Emperor and his consort. The following summary is taken from *The Times*, of February 26th :

Professor Harnack begins by reminding his readers that the Babylonian origin of many of the "myths and legends of the Old Testament" has long been recognised. He adds that in the general opinion of scholars "this fact has been recognised as fatal to the popular conception of the inspiration of the Old Testament." He complains that "Church and school, in alliance with one another, have suppressed the knowledge of these facts by banishing them from their domain." But he thinks that Church and school are not alone to blame, since "indolence and alarm met them half-way." The service rendered by Professor Delitzsch's lectures, is, according to Professor Harnack, the public proclamation of facts which have hitherto failed to reach the general ear, so that more accurate views regarding the Old Testament have now been made familiar to large classes of the people. On the other hand, Professor Harnack would emphatically reject the assertion that the Old Testament "has now become worthless."

Dealing more particularly with the Emperor's manifesto, Professor Harnack recognises that his Majesty had no intention of imposing his opinions upon others; "for he knows very well that on these delicate and sacred subjects no word of command can be issued, and he knows that theology cannot slur over these questions, which, on the contrary, must be treated in the most earnest fashion and with courage and freedom." The article continues :

"What the Imperial declaration professes to be is a personal confession of faith, and, as such, it is our duty to respect it. But it would certainly not be in accordance with the wishes of the Imperial author if our only reply

were to be silence. In the Evangelical (that is, Protestant) Church questions of ultimate and supreme importance are always up for discussion, and every generation must anew find its own answers to them. The spiritual, like other elements in our life, depends upon the bracing influence of strain, and only under these conditions is its vitality preserved. How are we to be silent when the most profound and solemn questions present themselves to us in this shape? "

Professor Harnack agrees with the Emperor in believing that religion requires to be expressed in forms, but that these forms cannot be unchangeable. He thinks that Professor Delitzsch has achieved his main object when it is acknowledged that the traditional forms in which the Old Testament has been authoritatively handed down are urgently in need of alteration.

* * *

He then proceeds to deal with what the Emperor said regarding the revelation of religion and the Divinity of Christ. He observes:

Harnack on Revelation

"When the word 'revelation' is employed the distinction between faith and science in their bearings upon religion at once becomes manifest. Science, strictly speaking, cannot admit the conception of revelation at all; it regards that conception as transcendental. Conversely, faith cannot give up revelation. Nevertheless, as things have developed a *rapprochement* has taken place. The Evangelical Protestant faith nowadays recognises revelation—apart from the reverent contemplation of the universe—only in persons. The whole subordinate range of alleged revelations has been abandoned. There is no revelation through the instrumentality of things. The letter of the Emperor also takes up this position; it says that the revelations of God in mankind are persons and, above all, great men. Now insomuch as the individuality and power of great men constitute their secret, the formula for the reconciliation of faith and knowledge is, so far as may be, established. Yet when I and others feel that these personages are revelations of God this is an act of inward experience, which science is not able to produce or to prohibit.

"But the Emperor's letter, starting from this common basis, distinguishes two kinds of revelation—one which is general, and another which is rather of a religious character. This distinction has one very strong feature, since it gives great prominence to the fact that there is no subject which for man is of graver importance than his relation to God and that everything depends upon this relation. Yet, on the other hand, the thinking mind cannot possibly acquiesce in the assumption that there are two parallel revelations, and the Emperor's letter explicitly recognises this by placing Abraham in the one as well as in the other category. There can, therefore, be no question of two (separate) revelations, for surely religion, moral power, and intellectual knowledge are most closely connected. There is, on the contrary, only one

revelation, the instruments of which doubtless differed from each other and continue to differ altogether in respect of their character and their greatness, their calling, and their mission. If Jesus Christ loses nothing of His peculiar character and His unique position when He is placed in the line of Moses, Isaiah, and the Psalmists, He likewise suffers no loss when we regard Him in the line of Socrates, of Plato, and of those others who are mentioned in the Emperor's letter. The religious contemplation of history can only, in fine, attain unity when it delivers and raises to the position of children of God mankind, whom God leads forth out of the state of nature and emancipates from error and from sin. This is without prejudice to the view that the history of God in Israel represents the specific line in ancient times.

* * *

Harnack on Christianity

"The Christian community must reject every estimate of Christ which obliterates the distinction between Him and the other masters. He Himself, His disciples, and the history of the world have spoken in such clear terms on this point that there ought to be no room for doubt; and in His word He still speaks to us as clearly as in the days of old He spoke to His disciples. Yet the question may and must be raised whether the rigid formula, 'The Divinity of Christ,' is the right one. He Himself did not employ it; He selected other designations; and whether it was ever adopted by any of His disciples is, to say the least, very doubtful. Nay, the early Church itself did not speak of the 'Divinity of Christ' without qualification; it always spoke of His 'Divinity and humanity.' 'Godmanhood' is, therefore, the only correct formula, even in the sense of the ancient dogma. This formula implies the almost complete restoration of the 'mystery' which, in accordance with the will of Christ Himself, was meant to be preserved in this question. Of the truth that He is the Lord and the Saviour He made no secret; and that He is so was to be experienced and realised by His disciples in His word and His works. But how His relationship to His Father arose, this He kept to Himself and has hidden it from us.

"According to my reading of history and my own feeling, even the formula 'Man and God' (Godmanhood) is not absolutely unexceptionable, for even this formula trespasses upon a mystery into which we are not allowed to look. Nevertheless, this formula may well remain, since it really does not profess to explain anything, but only protects what is extraordinary from profanation. The Pauline phrase, 'God was in Christ,' appears to me to be the last word which we can utter on this subject after having slowly and painfully emancipated ourselves from the delusion of ancient philosophers that we could penetrate the mysteries of God and the nature of humanity and history.

"'If ye love Me keep My commandments'; 'thereby shall everyone know that ye are My disciples if ye love one another'—it is more important

to meditate on these words and to live in accordance with them than to put into formulæ what is incomprehensible and venerable. And, moreover, the time will come and is already approaching when Evangelical Christians will join hands in all sincerity in confessing Jesus Christ as their Lord and in the determination to follow His words; and our Catholic brethren will then have to do likewise. The burden of a long history, full of misunderstandings and replete with formulæ which are as rigid as swords, the burden of tears and of blood weighs upon us; yet in that burden there is vouchsafed us a sacred inheritance. The burden and the inheritance seem to be inextricably linked together, but they are gradually being severed, although the final 'let there be' (*sic*) has not yet been uttered over this chaos. Straightforwardness and courage, sincerity towards oneself, freedom and love—these are the levers which will remove the burden. In the service of this exalted mission the Emperor's letter is also enlisted."

* * *

What is Christianity?

With most of this we agree, but when Harnack says "the Christian community must reject every estimate of Christ which obliterates the distinction between Him and the other masters," we recognise the wall of separation, the something that isolates, in brief, Christianity and not the Wisdom of the Christ. It is a rejection of the true worship of Christship in humanity, of masterhood as masterhood; it is natural enough, but it is just here where we part company with Harnack; as he parts company with the views of the "ecclesiastical layman," his sovereign, at a certain point of exclusiveness, so do we part company with the view of the great historian and theologian of Christianity when he refuses to admit the study of other religions as being on an equality with his own. It is the best for him, it needs must naturally be the best for all Christians; but to assert that it is absolutely the best *in traditional historical terms*, instead of proclaiming that the Christ-wisdom, as set forth in many forms by the Christ of humanity, is the life and light of men, and that, too, in terms such as all men who are seeking the Self within can accept without feeling disloyalty to their own beloved teachers, is, in our opinion, a falling short of already realised possibilities.

A MODERN MYSTIC: GEORGE MACDONALD

In spite of its mystical character Plato's method is rationalistic in the extreme sense of the term. There is no contradiction between the terms mystical and rationalistic. Rationalism and mysticism are extremes that meet. In fact, idealistic rationalism, and the deductive method peculiar to it, invariably pre-suppose as their starting-point the immediate and *à priori* perception of an absolute Principle, a perception which we call mystical, precisely because it is immediate and unanalysable. Platonic idealism, like its offshoots the systems of Plotinus, Spinoza, and Schelling, begins with a mystical act, and culminates in a religion. . . . God who *has* absolute Truth, because He *is* absolute Truth, and the uncultured man, who does not even suspect its existence, do not search for truth; the love of truth is peculiar to the man who is filled with light from on high.—Weber, *History of Philosophy*.

If there is anything in religion at all it must rest on an actual individual communication between God and the creature He has made.—George Macdonald.

"He that hath ears to hear let him hear!"

This well-nigh despairing exclamation rings through the teachings of the Masters everywhere; in Judæa, in India, and wherever else one Messenger whose heart and voice were thrilling with the carrying of Divine Truth, walked among a people slow to understand, quick to misjudge, keenly responsive to low ideals, aims and motives, indifferent to, or contemptuous of, all that was lofty, pure, and disinterested, deaf indeed to all but the coarsest vibrations of their age.

How his isolation amongst the world of men weighed on the sensitive, loving spirit of the Master of Nazareth may be clearly discerned in the lines of the Gospel stories. When everywhere, alike among friends and foes, his words fell upon ears incapable of perceiving anything but the most material signification, he was goaded at last to an almost bitter energy of expression in warning his followers against casting their pearls before swine.

"And he raised his voice and cried, 'He that hath ears to hear let him hear.'"

The deacons of a certain Congregational Church in London, who, in the year of grace 1853, requested the resignation of their young pastor, in order that his place might be supplied by one more orthodox in the letter of their creed, manifested thereby the fact that, so far as spiritual things were concerned, they having ears heard not. Incidentally they also helped to demonstrate a truth which Dr. Macdonald himself expressed in later years in a simple phrase of singular beauty: "All doors open out, but when you go out you go in";* for going out of the ministry of the Congregational Church, he went in to minister to the world.

We cannot doubt that, even in those early days, this true disciple lived near enough to the heart of the Master whom he idolised, to accept this crisis in his life—which might have seemed, and no doubt did seem to many, an evidence of complete failure in his life-work—in the spirit of the absolutely free man, the man whom the Truth has made free, for it is written of him that "the mystical silence of the Divine Life dwelt with him from the first;" and in one of his books, which appears to hold most of his own personality, this is the summary which he gives of the teachings of Jesus: "First, that a man's business is to do the will of God. Second, that God takes upon himself the care of every man. Third, therefore, that a man must never be afraid of anything. And so—Fourth, be left free to love God with all his heart, and his neighbour as himself."†

Dr. Macdonald has written many books since *Within and Without* was published in 1856. Usually they are the stories of people in very humble walks of life, in what would be considered as ignoble, and even desperate circumstances. "We owe to Genius," says Emerson, "always the same debt, of lifting the Curtain from the common, and showing us that Divinities are sitting disguised in the seeming of gypsies and pedlars"—and, indeed, of stonemasons, fishermen, poverty-stricken Scotch lairds, and cobblers, as truly to be called "God-intoxicated" as Spinoza, or as the Saxon cobbler and mystic, Jakob Boehme. Whilst recognising the signification of the affirmation that "everywhere

* *Lilith.* † *Robert Falconer.*

hath He hands and feet," yet it is plain that Donal Grant voices the feeling of his Creator when he confesses that "he never loved Wisdom so much as when she appeared in her peasant garb."

Far indeed, far as Goethe, is Dr. Macdonald from believing that it is of little consequence by what door we come into life; but the door which he honours, and entrance by which he deems a happy beginning for earth experience, is not the door reverenced by the mass of men, the door identified with the results of industrial success, or dignified by a name called "great" because its owners in times past have climbed the social tree over the bones of fellow men. In the world of *this* thought, as in that of the Kingdom of Heaven, the first is made last and the last becomes first. Janet Grant, the old cotter's wife, passing her eventless days in the bosom of the hills, with her Bible and porridge pot, is pictured as the true aristocrat, "the best and noblest," instead of giddy, shallow Lady Florimel, the daughter of the Marquis, or of graceful Christina Palmer, the thoughtless society girl. With Tennyson Macdonald would surely say:

Ploughmen, shepherds have I found, and more than once, and still could find,
Sons of God, and kings of men, in utter nobleness of mind.

It is on his native Scotch heath (he was born at Huntly, Aberdeenshire) that Dr. Macdonald seems to find his greatest inspiration, and happiest expression. About most of his English stories there hang a certain stiffness and awkwardness that tend to repel; the artist is dealing in an unsympathetic material, and the *naïveté* and childlikeness of the plots and *dénouements* seem to display themselves in a manner that almost offends amidst the stolidity and practical triviality of the conventional Anglo-Saxon. The innate mysticism of the Kelt, the wild love for, and companionship with, Nature, the high poetic strain of thought, which rebels against being tied down to rules of rhythm and metre, these, which are his birthright, mixed with a great simplicity, and a passionate repulsion from all things in the least degree base, unclean or untrue, these—measured not in the least by conventional standards, but always by the laws of the Kingdom—are the qualities that most distinguish the writings of George Macdonald.

In picturing baseness he draws the lines with a touch free from the faintest suggestion of politic hesitation or compromise, and he is quite merciless to all kinds of pretence, to self-interested virtue, and the kind of goodness which is merely a tribute to respectability, and not the spontaneous aspiration of the heart towards the loveliness of the Christ ideal. Nor, in spite of his gentleness, is he at all without the power of a righteous indignation, he offers no "mush of concession" to the god of small things. Realising as he does the wonderful opportunities, the glory of the service, set before the pastor of souls, he has much ado to control his amazed indignation alike at the coldness of a commercial clergy, and the lifelessness of churches whose one vigorous idea is the clinging to fossilised forms. A strong light is cast on the history of priesthood in all ages by a casual observation in a book which tells the story of a clergyman of the English Church.

"Nothing," he observes, "is so deadening to the Divine as an habitual dealing with the *outsides* of holy things."*

"It is plain," he says elsewhere, "that whatever may have been the case once, nowadays the imposition of hands confers neither love nor common sense."†

Several of his books contain strong pictures of the mental effect and results of churchgoing of the ordinary kind, whether the church be one belonging to the establishment of England or of Scotland, or to some one of the Independent bodies.

Religion in its true meaning, the relation of the soul with God, is so much—is everything—to this writer, while its conventional expressions and rigid forms are so little, that he is perplexed to understand how "anyone who has been educated in Christianity, yet has not become the disciple of Jesus Christ, avoids becoming an atheist."‡

Stones offered in the place of bread could never either satisfy or deceive so sensitive a spiritual nature, and in more than one of his books we find pictured the sufferings of a religious soul bidden by the voice of authority to worship that lower than itself, that "God," who is the product of a fevered imagination energised by fear; so that, "the more the devout nature longed

* *Thomas Wingfold*, p. 487. † *Robert Falconer*, p. 206. ‡ *Paul Faber*, p. 216.

to worship the more she felt it impossible to worship that which was presented for her love and adoration."*

In the same book he is moved to express himself as follows: "I suspect that worse dishonesty, and greater injustice, are to be found amongst the champions, lay and cleric, of religious opinions than in any other class. If God were such an one as many of those who would fancy themselves His apostles the world would be but a huge hell."†

One of these self-chosen apostles is thus described in words which must surely have awakened familiar recollections in the heart of many a reader, for, "in religion he regarded everything not only as settled, but as understood: he seemed aware of no call in relation to truth, but to bark at anyone who showed the least anxiety to discover it."‡

"When one thinks," he writes, "of the appalling amount of rage exhausted by poor humans upon wrong, the energy of indignation, whether issued or suppressed, and how little it has done to right wrong, to draw acknowledgment or amends from self-satisfied insolence, he naturally asks what becomes of so much vital force. Can it fare differently from other forces and be lost? The energy of evil is turned into the mill-race of good, but the wrath of man, even his righteous wrath, worketh not the righteousness of God. What becomes of it? If it be not lost, and have but changed its form, in what shape shall we look for it?"§

In this place the question remains unanswered, but elsewhere we find the energy of indignation in the face of hypocrisy and wrong quite naturally transmuted into the spirit of prayer: "Lord Christ, not alone from the pains of hell and of conscience, not alone from the outer darkness of self, and of all that is mean and poor and low, do we fly to Thee, but from the anger that arises in us at the wretched words spoken in Thy name, at the degradation of Thee and Thine, in the mouths of those who claim especially to have found Thee, do we seek Thy feet. Pray Thou for them also, for they know not what they do."‖

To Dr. Macdonald, as to the loveliest of his brain children,

* *Paul Faber*, p. 171. † *Ibid.*, p. 146. ‡ *Sir Gibbie*, p. 106.
§ *What's Mine's Mine*, p. 433. ‖ *Robert Falconer*, p. 107.

little Sir Gibbie, "there is no being in the sky so righteous as to be more displeased than pitiful over the wrongness of the children whom he has not yet taught their childhood."*

It is often observed even by those who carry most diligently in their hearts the ideal of human brotherhood, how much easier it is to love humanity than people, particularly persons. There is the touch of nature in this mention of a preacher who "dwelt particularly on the love of the brethren. Though how some of them were to be loved except with the love of compassionate indignation, even his most rapt listener could not have supposed himself capable of explaining."†

In general Dr. Macdonald's criticisms of the Church north of the Tweed are in a lighter vein than those quoted, yet never less sincere or to the point, even when barbed with humour. So in one of his earlier works he mentions a sermon which "happened to have no relation to the light around or within them, but only to the covenant made with Abraham, such a legal document constituting the only reliable protection against the character, inclinations, and duties of the Almighty, whose uncovenanted mercies are of a very doubtful nature."‡

"The crater was preachin' to his ain shadow," remarks Tammas, the austere, godly, sorely-tempted stone-mason, to Alec, among the whin bushes, when the kirk was out.

"If there be a God," says one of his characters frankly, "do you think he would choose any strait sect under the sun to be His interpreters?"§

And again, "Son of man, the word of God liveth and abideth for ever, not in the volume of the book, but in the heart of the man that in love obeyeth Him."‖

This may sound to some trite, but let us hear our author's own definition of a truism, and then question whether to our individual consciousness this truism is yet the "strength and loveliness" it might be. A truism Dr. Macdonald defines as "a truth that ought to have been buried long ago in the lives of men, to send up for ever the corn of true deeds, and the wine of loving-kindness, but which, instead of being buried in friendly soil, is

* *Sir Gibbie*, p. 76. † *Alec Forbes*, p. 378. ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 162.
§ *Thomas Wingfold*, p. 476. ‖ *Ibid.*, p. 257.

allowed to lie about, kicked hither and thither in the dry empty garret of their brains, till they are sick of the sight and sound of it, and, to be rid of the thought of it, declare it to be no living truth, but only a lifeless truism. Yet in their brains that truism must rattle until they shift it to its rightful quarters in their hearts, where it will rattle no longer, but take root and be a strength and loveliness."*

What the real Church is is shown in a few words in the book from which these last quotations are taken, where the building in which the curate ministers is described as "rising from the churchyard like a rock from the Dead Sea, a type of the true Church, around whose walls lie the dead bodies of the old selves left behind by those who enter."†

But though Dr. Macdonald sees with wide-open eyes the falsity ingrained in the easy optimism of the indolently untrue; sees that "the mind of the many is not the mind of God," recognises with anguish which only faith prevents from being despair, the great gulf between the Christ in us, "God's idea of us when He devised us," and the "false greedy whining self, of which most of us are so fond and proud," yet he has the most unbounded charity and hope for the sinner; no Jeremiads are his, no Carlylean invectives for any culprit, no hopeless word, save perhaps for those who reached also the limit of the forbearance of his Master, for the deliberate, wilful hypocrites. Deeply as he abhors the crime of drunkenness, and unshrinkingly as he pictures its effects, he yet has a divine pity for the drunkard, and believes that he must still be easier to save, though far degraded and almost dehumanised, than the man whose position, business, money, social aims, engross all of himself, whose hands, heart and head are alike given up to self-idolatry.

"The Spirit of God," he says, "lies all about the spirit of man like a mighty sea, ready to rush in at the smallest chinks in the walls that shut him out from his own."‡

"Ambition is but the evil spirit of aspiration, and no man ever followed the truth which is the one path of aspiration, and in the end complained that he had been made this way or that. Man is made to be that which he is most capable of desiring, but it

* *Ibid.*, p. 257. † *Thomas Wingfold*, p. 349. ‡ *Robert Falconer*, p. 209.

goes without saying that he must desire the thing itself, and not its shadow."*

And speaking of the ideal he says: "Whether it may be reached in this world is a matter of *no* consequence; whether a man has begun to reach out after it is a matter of the utmost awfulness of import."

"To the true heart every doubt is a door," for, "to throw away what is not true because it is not true will always help the heart to be truer."†

And the same assertion, with its qualification, is illustrated elsewhere as follows: "There are some who would blame him for not being sure, and bring text after text to prove that he ought to have been sure. But, oh, those text-people! They look to me, not like the clay sparrows that Jesus let fly, but like bird-skins in a glass case stuffed with texts. The doubt of a man like my uncle must be a better thing than their assurance."‡

"Right is the deepest satisfaction of every creature," he says in the same book.

And of repentance, that much misunderstood quality, of which so much that is unprofitable and unwise is spoken, he has this beautiful thing to say: "The true idea of repentance is the shining of light in the heart—the conscious light of life—despite even of shame and self-reproach."§

And again: "How little the Father whose judgment is the truth of things cares what any one of His children may at any time have been or done the moment that child gives himself up to be made what He would have him to be."‖

And so: "At the root of all true human bliss lies repentance."¶

But that this does not mean that a repentant and forgiven man escapes the results of his sins on the material plane, according to the vulgar interpretation of the word forgiveness, is abundantly clear, not only through the personal teaching of the books, but also in the lives and fates of their characters. "No man can order his life, for it comes flowing over him from behind," is said in one place.

* *Sir Gibbie*, p. 139. † *The Vicar's Daughter.* ‡ *Flight of the Shadow*, p. 234.
§ *Thomas Wingfold*, p. 299. ‖ *Salted with Fire*, p. 160. ¶ *Thomas Wingfold.*

"Ye dinna surely think," asks Janet Grant, "that the Lord's forgiveness is to let folks off without repentin'? That would be a strange fawvor to grant them. He will not hurt more than He can help, but the grue maun come before the grace."*

And where is better expressed the idea of kârmic ties than in this passage: "The relations on the surface of life are but the symbols of far deeper ties which may exist without the corresponding external ones."† And so, "Love unpaid is the worst possible debt, and to make it impossible to pay it is the worst of wrongs."‡ "What we can neither prove nor comprehend forms the infinitely larger part of our being."§ This thought comes home with singular force to the Theosophist.

And because these things are so it comes that: "We must be constantly giving ourselves away, we must dwell in houses of infinite dependence, or sit alone in the waste of a godless universe."‖

A popular misconception of some of the most often quoted and familiar, as they are some of the most majestic words, connected with the laying-off of the physical body, is corrected as follows. Speaking of "the idea that the living man is the seed sown, and that when the body of this seed dies then the new body with the new man in it springs alive out of the old one—that the death of the one is the birth of the other," our mystic writes: "Far more enlightened people than Duncan never imagine, and would find it hard to believe, that the sowing of the seed spoken of might mean something else than the burying of the body; not perceiving what is surely plain enough, that that would be the sowing of a seed already dead, and incapable of giving birth to anything whatever."¶

When godly dogmatic Tammas Haggart and George McWha, who is considered to take life with unbecoming lightness, fall into an argument concerning the practicability of the complete resurrection of a one-leggèd individual, the following suggestive conversation takes place: "'George! George!' said Tammas, with great solemnity, 'luik ye efter yer sowl, an' the Lord'll luik efter yer body, legs an' a'. Man, ye're no' convertit,

* *Sir Gibbie*, p. 185. † *Flight of the Shadow*, p. 43. ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 240.
§ *Wilfrid Cumbermede*, p. 57. ‖ *What's Mine's Mine*, p. 239. ¶ *Malcolm*, p. 184.

an' hoo can ye unnerstan' the things o' the speerit? Aye jeerin' an' jeerin'.' 'Weel, weel, Tammas,' rejoined McWha, 'I wad only tak the leeberty of thinkin' that, when He was aboot it, the Almichty micht as weel mak a new body a' the hither, as gang patchin' up an auld ane'."*

Elsewhere of death he says: "On either side we behold a birth, of which, as of the moon, we see but half. We are outside the one, waiting for a life from the unknown: we are inside the other, watching the departure of a spirit from the womb of the world into the unknown. . . . The couch of the dying as we call them may be surrounded by the birth-watchers of the other world, waiting like anxious servants to open the door to which this world is but the wind-blown porch."

This recalls a passage in the Bṛihad Âranyaka Upanishad, the Drama of the Mysteries, where it is said of the embodied soul that: "When he falls into weakness, whether it be through old age or sickness, then like as a mango, or the fruit of the wave-leafed fig, or of the holy fig-tree, is loosened from its stem, so the spirit of man is loosed from these bodily members, and returns again by the same pathway to its former dwelling-place in the Life. Then, like as when the King is coming forth, the nobles, the officers, charioteers, and magistrates, make ready to serve him with food and drink and shelter, saying: The King is coming forth, the King is at hand; so all the powers make ready to wait on the Soul, saying: The Soul is coming forth, the Soul is at hand. And like as when the King will go forth, the nobles, officers, charioteers, and magistrates gather about him; so verily at the time of the end all the life-powers gather round the Soul, when it has gone so far that a man is giving up the ghost."†

"What better way," muses Ian Macruadh, "is there of going out of the world than by the door of help? No man cares much about what the people of the world call life. What is it whether we live in this room or another. The same who sends us here sends for us out of here. . . I know many men who would no more cleave to this life than a butterfly would fold his wings, and creep into his deserted chrysalis case. I do care to live—

* *Alec Forbes*, † Charles Johnston's Translation,

tremendously, but I don't mind where. He who made this room worth living in may be trusted with the next."*

The next thought follows naturally: "How little are we our own! Existence is decreed us; love and suffering are appointed us. We may resist, we may modify; but we cannot help loving, and we cannot help dying. We need God to keep us from hating. Great in goodness, yea, absolutely good God must be, to have a right to make us—to compel our existence, and decree its laws."†

KATHERINE WELLER.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

A MYSTERY

THE old man was strangely wearied. He saw the door close behind his last pupil with a sigh of relief that afternoon. Even the piano had no more attraction for him. The sheets of his beloved oratorio lay in the walnut desk at his elbow. He left them there. The apathy and listlessness that lay upon him could not be overcome even by the music of his own creation.

"Why are you sitting in the dark, and all alone, grandfather?" said a cheerful voice.

Nettice, his pretty grand-daughter, stood at his side, arousing him from his deep reverie. Nettice was rather surprised. It was so unlike old Mr. Fortescue to let any precious moments pass which he could make available for his great musical work. Yet the piano had been silent ever since the exercises and scale-playing of little Eddie Green had ceased.

"I am rather tired now, child," the old man answered. "I shall be able to work a little after tea, I think."

"Tea is ready now," said Nettice. "I came to fetch you. We have some new honey, grand-dad, your favourite kind."

But even honey did not tempt Mr. Fortescue that day. The dainty tea spread out on snowy napery did not give him his

* *What's Mine's Mine*, p. 316. † *Ibid.*, p. 366.

usual pleasure. He enjoyed nothing, though, heroically, he tried to do justice to Nettice's delicacies.

He went, later, to sit by his ailing wife. Mrs. Fortescue had been an invalid for many years, ever since she had fallen downstairs in the early years of her married life. Her spine was injured, and she had to lie down always. This had fretted her nerves greatly and made her somewhat captious at times. Through all the long years of her semi-captivity, however, she had been cheered and encouraged by the unfailing fund of spirits in her husband. To-night she felt instinctively that, at last, the patient spirit had given way; the seemingly exhaustless fund of cheerfulness had failed; the old man's listlessness frightened her.

"Something has happened, James," she said. "What is it? You are not at all yourself."

"Nothing has happened, Jennie dear," he answered gently, aroused by her anxious tone. "I am simply a little tired, that is all. And discouraged too," he added, after a slight struggle to keep the dreary words back.

"But you needn't be," she cried, gaining energy curiously as he lost it. "Why, James, you received five pounds only yesterday for those two songs, and you have earned nearly sixty pounds this year by your compositions."

"What is that?" he said gloomily. "After devoting a whole life-time to the work, my beloved work, it would be strange indeed if I could not earn a few pounds by my labour."

"You are likely to earn more than a few pounds, dear, when the oratorio comes out," said the old lady, brightly. "Come, James, you are not yourself at all to-night. I thought something was wrong with you when you did not begin upon the oratorio directly that tiresome boy had gone. Nettice told me you were so tired when she brought me my cup of tea. She said you wanted cheering up. That is so strange, is it not, James, when you are the cheerful spirit in this house?"

Mr. Fortescue laughed and, with an effort, regained a semblance of his old spirit.

"I am a grumpy old thing," he said. "A bit out of sorts, Jen, probably a little out of order as regards digestion. But, seriously, I don't think I shall touch the oratorio to-night. I

seem to have come to a full stop somehow. Ideas won't flow when I reach a certain point, and then my enthusiasm oozes away strangely. I have a presentiment that I shall never finish it."

"Oh! nonsense," said his wife briskly. "You've never talked like this before, James. Oh! for my sake, try and finish it. You know the famous holiday on the continent you used to promise me. I was to have a couple of nurses, you know, to take care of me. Don't you remember, James?"

She was white-haired and old, but her heart was still young. Colour flushed into her withered cheeks and her eyes grew bright with shining hope as she uttered her child-like speech. The old man's voice was husky as he bent and kissed her.

"I remember it all," he said. "We were both young when we planned it all at first, and we would not modify our great schemes even after you met with your accident. But, Jennie, you are more than three-score years old now, and I am nearly four-score. We have lived our allotted time, my dear, and our call hence cannot be long delayed."

His wife was now thoroughly alarmed. The brightness of her eyes faded as their shining was dimmed with the gathering tears. Her voice trembled when she spoke again.

"I suppose you are right," she said. But a choking disappointment thickened her tones. "Oh! James, I have been a burden on you. I have handicapped you all our married life. You had talent and genius, but our poverty cursed you. Doctors took all our substance, and to eke out a respectable living you had to teach the elements of the art that you had conquered in all its higher branches."

"Instead of a burden, you have been my solace, Jen," he said. "I won't have you speak like this. At the beginning I laboured at my art for you. Was it your fault that I caught the cold which spoilt my voice, so that my hopes of being a great singer failed? Of course not. And if I had to work at music teaching for the support of my family, who ought to have done it, pray, if not I?"

"You did it bravely," she said. "All our children are well placed in life in their own trades. All are comfortably married

and their children are growing up around them. It is your own pride, James, that will not let them combine to help you to publish your works. Of all they would do for you, you would accept nothing but the loan of little Nettice to live with us and look after me."

The independent old man smiled. His listlessness departed as a glow of pride shone in his eyes.

"If I have genius, it must out some day," he said. "If not, then it is just and right that I should fail. My compositions used to be my pride, but they have brought me little more than daily bread hitherto. For that, nevertheless, we should be thankful. I trust we are."

"Daily bread is not fame and wealth," objected his wife. "Oh! James, go and play your oratorio, I want to hear it. It will cheer you up and cheer me too. Nettice is going to her mother this evening. The baby is expected every day. I wonder whether it will come to-night?"

"I wonder whether it will," said Mr. Fortescue, as he went out to fetch the sheets of his beloved composition. In his wife's room was a second piano, the gift of Nettice's father. On this the oratorio had been mainly composed. The silver-haired old lady loved nothing better than to see her husband busy over his beloved work, the labour of his leisure, and the hope of his life.

It was a long drama, the theme of which was weird and wonderful. The old man was never satisfied with the composition, lovely as it seemed. He was for ever altering, changing, readjusting parts of it; always re-writing and improving. To Nettice and her grandmother no improvements seemed possible in the lovely renderings he gave. But to Mr. Fortescue's ear something was always imperfect, something was continually unfinished.

He brought it up and was soon wrapt in his performance. His wife listened, entranced as usual and satisfied. She knew much of it by heart. To her it was a marvel that James, with his exquisite skill, had succeeded so badly in life. He sold his worst songs for fair sums at times, but his best compositions never went off. His desk was full of most lovely things that had been offered again and again to music publishers and rejected

until their author was sick of seeing them back on his hands. He could have succeeded far more, he knew and his wife knew, could he but have degraded his loved art so far as to write trash. But this he could not do.

Meanwhile he obtained his living by means of teaching. He had a fair *clientèle*, and, years ago, had schooled himself to be content with what the fates had vouchsafed.

And very grudging had the donations of fate to James Fortescue been. A bitter smile would curl his lips when he reflected on what *was*, and what he hoped might have been.

At the selfsame place, where, of late, he had stopped, he ceased his playing that night.

"It is strange, Jen, very strange," he said, "that I have no inspiration beyond this point. My brain seems blank and barren. It will yield no more ideas. Oh! for a new, fresh brain! Oh! for the vim, the vitality, the energy I had once. The experiences of life are with me. I have the ripeness that the fulness of time has given. With these I can imbue my creations, but with the needed freshness I cannot, Ah! wife, that it were possible to renew our youth! I have spent mine and all the strength of manhood in perfecting my music, and now that I am old and must leave it, I find I am but at the threshold of its marvels. That is why I have not succeeded better. I had but the body of music, its outward form, and not its spirit."

"I am sure you had its spirit, too," said the wife with energy. "Now you are tired. That is why you speak so strangely. Perhaps, who knows? in the next world it may be given you to perfect your music so as even to satisfy yourself."

In the old man's ears her words sounded like a subtle prophecy, glowing with hope, ringing with triumph. Yet she had spoken but quietly. He sprang up with a glad cry.

"You have given me the lacking idea," he cried. "Now I can finish my oratorio. I had come to the part where hope failed Dagmar, now I shall restore his hope to him. Inspiration is with me again, Jen, and you have given it me, dearie."

"I am so glad," she breathed. Then he went from the room to break the rough ground of his new idea upon the other piano. She knew that, as soon as he had given the idea fair

shape, he would return and play the bars over to her, altering and changing portions as fresh things suggested themselves. She listened to the wild, glad notes that sounded for some time in the room below, and she was glad that her chance words had so inspired the old musician. Hope, triumph, conquest after valiant strife, spoke in his music, then he was suddenly silent.

"He is writing it down," she thought with a placid smile. "I wish he would come up and cheer me, though. I am getting dreary without Nettice and without him. I should like to hear those last few bars again."

She fell to humming soft strains from the score, which she almost knew by heart. She was certain, as all James' children were, that the oratorio would be an enormous musical success. But there was also a doubt. Nettice's father was a man of the world, and he half fancied that old Mr. Fortescue was in advance of his time. He had not heard all the oratorio himself, but its theme seemed to him to be as yet above the heads of all but a select few of the people. This would not spell great success.

"I wish Nettice would come," said the old lady again, almost an hour later. "I wonder how her mother is, and whether the new baby is born yet. I hope it will be a boy. Nettice would be so pleased to have a little brother. I shall ask them to call him James if they have a boy. Five girls and no boys would be too bad. If a boy comes this time, how fussy his four sisters will be!"

She grew restless. It was so unusual for her to be left alone like this. Their funds did not permit of maids. Nettice was aided by a charwoman in the mornings. Then, for the rest of the day, she and her grandfather tended the invalid grandmother. Now, nobody was with her. It was strange James did not come. Nettice's absence was to be accounted for.

Ah! a step at last, Nettice's foot. The girl entered briskly. "Grannie, are you quite alone?" she said, kneeling down by the couch. "I have such good news. All has gone well. You have another grandson, and I have a little brother."

"I am so glad," uttered the invalid. "Find your grandfather, Nettice, and tell him. He has been in the music room such a long time, now. I cannot understand it. I have not

heard a sound from him since eight o'clock, when there was a really terrifying crash of discords as if he had struck his hand upon the keys."

"Eight o'clock!" said Nettice. "That was the exact minute that baby was born. And have you been alone all this while?" she said, glancing at the clock, which showed half-past nine.

She sped downstairs. The exultation which had filled her heart over the birth of her little brother suddenly faded from her queerly. A presentiment as of something weird and strange hanging over her, crept into her heart, chilling her curiously. At the door she stopped with a feeling of awe as if she were in the presence of something terrible. She felt as though she were in church or by a tomb. Impatiently, she tried to shake off the oppression that held her as she opened the door.

The room was brightly lighted and her grandfather was there. But he had fallen asleep. His head lay upon his arm, which was stretched out over his beloved piano-keys.

"Grandfather!" began Nettice, stepping forward. But she stopped with a cry. The old man neither moved, nor spoke, nor heard her. A glance showed Nettice what had happened. Mr. Fortescue was dead. At the moment his wife had heard the crash which had blended into an unearthly cry of triumph in her strained ears, his soul had passed from its fleshly temple. And this, too, at the exact moment that another little soul had arrived to take up its dwelling in an earthly tabernacle—a body fashioned of his own race. He would never see his grandson—the baby so anxiously expected.

How Nettice broke the news to her grandmother she did not know. It was done somehow, and the terrible time of the next few days lived through. At the inquest, heart-failure was certified to be the cause of death, and the old man's strange presentiments were commented upon.

He would not finish his beloved oratorio after all. His widow, certain she could not long survive her sorrow, grew resigned in the comforting thought that she should soon join him. She took the unfinished oratorio and sealed it up.

"I will keep it always," she said. "It shall never be given to the world now. When I am dead and you are burying me

in James' grave, this oratorio must be buried with us. And all his other music! He was too good for this world. How he used to long once for success and fame! I hope his heart's desire will be given him in heaven."

"I hope so, too," said Nettice, who, with her grandmother, had gone home. The old home was broken up after the death of the grandfather. What Mrs. Fortescue wished to keep she kept; the rest was sold. She went to live with her son, Nettice's father. He was a draper. His father had, out of his slender resources, set him up in a modest business, and every year now that business was increasing. It was not art, it was a sordid sort of profession, his mother thought with a touch of scorn. But it was solid. It spelt money, comfort, prosperity. Gradually her exaggerated ideas took better proportions. The baby, too, became her one delight.

They called him James at her desire. She had him always with her as he grew. She could not bear the baby away from her.

"He has a trick of his grandfather's eyes," she declared. "His eyes are like his grandfather's in colour and in expression. His smile is like his grandfather's, too."

In fact, she was always finding likenesses in the baby to her dead husband. The others could not see the similarities so often as she could, but they always humoured her fancies.

For months after the grandmother came to live with them music was a thing unheard of in the Fortescue's house. The sound of a piano awoke all her memories and sent the silver-haired invalid into tremors of grief, from which she did not easily recover. Little James was two years old before he heard the sound of music.

Nettice was playing softly one day, at her grandmother's own request. The old lady had taken a sudden fancy to hear some of her husband's songs. And the little boy sitting with her, lifted his head with a start and listened intently to his sister's playing. His intentness was so marked that all laughed at him. He had the exact air of one suddenly recalling a lost memory.

"More, more, pitty, pitty," he said, tugging at Nettice's skirt when she ceased. He displayed extraordinary eagerness. His fingers touched the keys as if they knew them well. He

actually, whether by accident or not, played a chord correctly in the key of D.

"He is musical!" cried his grandmother. "He has inherited his grandfather's talent! Oh! how glad I am. He must be trained to music."

But the little one needed no training seemingly. From that day he was always at the keyboard. At three years old, before he could read or knew his letters, he could play difficult music.

His father tried to shut the piano away from him, but in vain. The boy was an enthusiast, a musical prodigy, an infant phenomenon. Nothing in the musical line was too hard for him. Everyone wondered at the marvel.

None wondered more than his grandmother. One day the old lady had a shock. James was nearly five years old that time.

"Play to me," she said to him. "Improvise, James."

And James did. No sooner had he played the first few bars than the old lady screamed out:

"What are you playing to me, James? Where did you get the oratorio, your grandfather's last work?"

The little boy stopped.

"Granny, don't 'terrupt," he said, vexedly, "I was playing out of the beautiful music in my head."

He played on. His thread of half-forgotten melody had been broken. He regained it. His grandfather's oratorio it was. He played it through with feeling, expression, all the delicacy of touch, the grandmother so well remembered. Nettice stole in silently and listened.

The music ceased abruptly with the same wild crash of chords that had ended its last time of playing.

The grandmother clasped her hands nervously. She looked at Nettice with frightened eyes.

"Did you give him the oratorio, grannie?" asked the latter in astonishment. "How well he played it! I could have fancied it was grandfather returned."

"I 'member no more," said the little boy, with a puzzled frown on his fair, chubby face. "There *is* more, but me 'member nothing more."

"Nettice, Nettice," whispered the grandmother. "What

does this mean? I never gave him the oratorio, but someone must have done so. See whether the seal has been broken, dearie. It was in my little desk with your grandfather's letters to me before we were married."

Nettice looked. The oratorio was there, with its seals unbroken. It had never been touched. Little James, too, declared he had not learnt his pretty music from any paper. He knew it, he said.

"It is the most mysterious case I ever heard of," commented his father, when the wonderful thing was told him. "This is heredity with a vengeance, and no mistake. But fancy inheriting the oratorio!"

And there the mystery stayed. No one ever solved it. How the child had learnt that oratorio without ever seeing its score is, to this day, a marvel in that family.

He justified the promise of his youth. His father gave him a first-class musical education and he rose to the first rank. His oratorio was published, for he finished the score later. It brought fame and success to the youthful musician even while he was in his first youth. For it was, undoubtedly, his own, as well as his grandfather's.

But to the end of her long life, the old grandmother wondered and mused and marvelled. The mystery fascinated her continually. She circled round and round it in her mind but never solved it.

"He is so like my James," she said continually. "As he grows up, I see my husband again in him. But he is his grandson, so this is to be accounted for. But how did he learn the oratorio? Perhaps his grandfather's spirit released at the minute of his birth came to him and taught it to him, so that unconsciously he learnt it."

And once the weird fancy took her that young James might be old James indeed returned. If so, indeed, he had his heart's desire, for the vitality and energy of youth were once more restored to him, and he had the new fresh brain she heard him yearn for. But she was wandering in her dotage when she fancied this, and no one thought she meant it seriously.

KYTHE WYLWYNNE.

THE TALMUD BALAAM JESUS STORIES*

That the identification of Balaam with Jeschu† in a number of the Talmud stories we are considering cannot possibly be held in doubt, will be amply seen from the passages which we are now about to bring forward. The precise way in which the identification was arrived at, is, however, somewhat difficult to discover. It may be that we have the starting-point of this curious name-transmutation still preserved in a Midrash on the famous Balaam story in Numbers; on the other hand, the origin of this strange name-change may be found in the domain of name-caricature and word-play. Let us first consider the extraordinary Midrash connected with the Numbers' Balaam story.

"'He that blesseth his friend with a loud voice' [Prov. xxvii. 14]. How strong was the voice of Balaam? Rabbi Jochanan said: (It was heard) sixty miles. Rabbi Jehoshua ben Levi said: Seventy nations heard the voice of Balaam. Rabbi Eleazar ha-Gappar says: God gave strength to his voice, and he went up from one end of the world to the other because he was looking about and seeing the nations adoring the sun and the moon and the stars and wood and stone. And he looked about and saw that a man, son of a woman, will arise, who seeks to make himself God and to seduce all the world without exception. Therefore, he gave strength to his voice, that all nations of the world might hear (it), and thus he spake: Take heed that you go not astray after that man, as it is written [Num. xxiii. 19], 'God is not a man, that he should lie,'—and if he says that he is God, he is a liar; and he will fall into error and say that he is going away and will come (again) at certain spaces of time, (then) he hath said and will not do it. Look what is written [Num. xxiv. 23] 'And he took up his parable and said, Alas, who shall live when he makes himself God!' Balaam intended to say: Alas, who

* This series of articles began in the June number, 1902.

† For the literature see Krauss, *Leben Jesu*, pp. 267, 268.

shall live from that nation which gives ear to that man who makes himself God ?"*

R. Jochanan (bar Nappacha) was a distinguished ornament of the Talmud schools at Sepphoris and Tiberias, and died in 279 A.D. at the age of eighty. Jehoshua ben Levi was one of the Rabbis of the Lud school and flourished in the first half of the third century ; while R. Eleazar ha-Gappar (the Pitch-seller) was a contemporary of the famous "Rabbi," R. Jehuda ha-Nasi (Jehuda the Prince), or Jehuda the Holy, who was the final redactor of the Mishna; he flourished somewhere about 200-220 A.D. This story then is presumably to be placed somewhere about the beginning of the third century.

The story is in the form of a naïve prophecy after the event (of which we have thousands of examples in allied Hebrew literature) and makes Balaam quote his own words (Num. xxxiii. 19) as holy scripture. But immediately afterwards R. Eleazar is made to drop the prophetical form of the argument against Christian dogmatics and frankly to tell us what Balaam "intended to say."

The quotation, from Num. xxiv. 23, "Alas, who shall live when he makes himself God !"—is remarkable, for our Authorised Version gives an absolutely different rendering: "Alas, who shall live when God doeth this !" And that the Rabbinical exegesis of this passage differed entirely from the received interpretation of the English Authorised Version may be seen from the following glosses as found in the Babylonian Gemara.

"'Woe to him who lives because he takes [*sic*] God.' Resh Lakish said: Woe to him, who vivifies himself (or who saves his life) by the name of God."†

Resh Lakish (R. Simeon ben Lakish) was a Palestinian Rabbi who flourished about 250-275 A.D.; he is clearly interpreting this passage in connection with the Jesus stories, for it is precisely by the "name of God," the Shem, that Jeschu vivifies himself, and vivifies others, in the Toldoth Jeschu.

Rashi (*ob.* 1105 A.D.) commenting on this passage, says:

"'Balaam who vivifies himself by the name of God,' making himself God. Another reading has it, 'who vivifies himself as to

* *Jalkut Shimoni* on Num. xxiii. 7, under the name of Midrash Jelammedenu,

† *Bab. Sanhedrin*, 106*a*.

the name of God,' that is, Woe to those men that vivify and amuse themselves in this world and tear the yoke of the Law from their necks and make themselves fat."

Here Rashi not only makes what was given as said by Balaam about another an act committed by Balaam himself, but further adds that the act committed by Balaam was in reality no other than his making himself God. The only doubt apparently which Rashi had in his mind was whether the prophecy referred to Balaam (*i.e.*, Jeschu) only, or whether it might also be considered as embracing the Christians as well, for presumably they alone can be meant by those who "tear the yoke of the Law from their necks."

Moreover in the Palestinian Gemara in expansion of the same famous verse in Numbers which contains the most important pronouncement of the traditional Balaam ben Beor,* and which constituted the main argument of the Rabbis against Christian dogmatic claims, we read:

"R. Abbahu has said: If a man says to thee 'I am God,' he lies; 'I am Son of Man,' he shall rue it; 'I ascend to heaven,' this holds good of him, 'He has said it and will not effect it.'"

R. Abbahu of Cæsarea was the pupil of R. Jochanan, who died in 279 A.D. The argument put in his mouth is clearly meant as a complete refutation of Christian dogmatic claims by the quotation of one of the most solemn pronouncements of the Torah.

And if such inconvenient quotations from the Torah were met by the more enlightened of the Christian name, as we know they were by the Gnostics, by the argument that the inspiration of the Torah was of very variable quantity and quality, that it came sometimes from a good, sometimes from a mixed, and sometimes from an evil source, the Rabbis replied with still further quotations from the same Torah. Thus we read:

"R. Chia bar Abba said: 'If the son of the whore saith to thee, There be two Gods, answer him, I am He of the Sea, I am He of Sinai.' [That is to say, at the Red Sea God appeared to Israel as a youthful warrior, upon Sinai as an old man, as

* Num. xxxii. 19, A.V.: "God is not a man, that he should lie; neither the son of man, that he should repent; hath he said, and shall he not do it? or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good?"

beseems a lawgiver; but both are one.] R. Chia bar Abba said: 'If the son of the whore say to thee, There be two Gods, answer him, It is here [Deut. v. 4] written not *Gods* but *the Lord* hath spoken with thee face to face.'"

R. Chia, or more fully Chia Rabbah, was son of Abba Sela, and flourished about 216 A.D.; he was a pupil of "Rabbi" (= Jehuda ben Simeon III.) to whom the final redaction of the Mishna is attributed.

It is now evident that the main claims of dogmatic Christianity, that Jesus was God, that he was Son of Man,* and that he had ascended to Heaven physically in a miraculous manner, and would return again, were met on the side of the Rabbis with quotations from the Torah, which they considered to be the infallible word of God, and that the main passage on which they relied was the prophetic declaration of Balaam, made, as they believed, under the direct inspiration of Yahweh.

But if we are asked to believe that here we have a sufficient basis to account for the astounding identification of the subject of subsequent haggadic prophecy with the prophet himself, we can hardly be persuaded that this is the case. Such a topsy-turvy transformation is a *tour de force* beyond even the capability of the legerdemain of Talmudic legend-making.

The only thing that could have given the smallest justification for such an identification would have been some striking similarity between the doings of Balaam and of Jeschu; whereas the very opposite is found to be the case, as we have already seen, and as we are expressly told in the Babylonian Gemara.

"'And Balaam, son of Beor, the soothsayer' [Josh. xiii. 22]. Soothsayer? he was a prophet. Rabbi Jochanan said: At first a prophet, at last a soothsayer. Rab Papa said: This is what people say: She was of prominent men and princes (and then) she prostituted herself for mere carpenters."†

* This title, as used in Christian tradition, seems to me to be entirely shorn of all its characteristic meaning if taken, as modern scholarship takes it, to be simply a Greek literal translation of an Aramaic idiom which was in common use as a synonym of "man" pure and simple, thus signifying that Jesus was *the* man *par excellence*. I am, therefore, inclined to think that the Greek term was of "Gnostic" origin. We know that in Gnostic tradition "The Man," or "Man," was a title of the Logos; "Son of Man" was therefore a very appropriate designation for one who was "kin to Him," that is, one in whom the "Light-spark" was bursting into a "Flame."

† *Bab. Sanhedrin*, 106*a*

According to the tradition of ancient Israel Balaam ben Beor was a soothsayer who was on one famous occasion compelled to prophesy truth by the power of Yahweh. Balaam-Jeschu, on the contrary, was a prophet ; so at any rate the apparently oldest tradition of the Talmud period had it. In the third century R. Jochanan still admitted that Jeschu was "at first" a prophet, but contended that afterwards he fell away and was no longer inspired by the Spirit of God. This we see is the exact reverse of the ancient Balaam's case. Could anything, then, be more puzzling than the name-identification Jesus-Balaam in spite of this?

And here the saying attributed to Rab Papa, the founder of the Talmud school at Neresch, near Sura in Babylonia, who died 375 A.D., must delay us for a moment. This saying is universally regarded as referring to Mary, in which case it would confirm the tradition quoted above in a previous paper, that Jesus was "near those in power." But does this saying really refer to Mary? Rab Papa is apparently quoted as further explaining the statement of R. Jochanan as to the prophetical status of "Balaam." When then he says "she was first of high estate and then she prostituted herself for carpenters," can "she," by any possibility, refer to the teaching of Jesus and not to Mary, who is nowhere mentioned, and who in any case would come in most awkwardly? If this hypothesis can in any way be entertained, R. Papa's saying would then mean that the teaching of Jesus formed first of all part of a true prophetical movement, but afterwards it got tangled up with the carpenter story of popular propaganda and all those other dogmas which the Rabbis so strenuously opposed.

Be this as it may, if there were not some hidden link in the chain of transformation which eventuates in the Balaam-Jeschu identification, it is almost inconceivable that it could ever have held together for a moment. Let us now see whether this hidden link is after all so difficult to discover. We have already seen that the main charge of the Rabbis against Jesus was that he had corrupted and ruined Israel. In Hebrew the name Balaam means precisely destroyer or corrupter of the people.* Have we not

* See article "Balaam" in *The Jewish Encyclopædia*. "The Rabbis, playing on the name Balaam, call him 'Belo 'Am' (without people; that is, without a share with the people in the world to come), or 'Billa 'Am' (one that ruined a people)."

here then the missing link, and a most natural explanation of this otherwise incomprehensible name-change.

And if this be so, it is interesting to call to mind the clever conjecture that Nicolaos (*νικᾶν* and *λάος*) in Greek is the exact equivalent of Balaam in Hebrew. And with Nicolaos before us we are at once reminded of certain Nicolaitans who came under the severe displeasure of the Jewish Christian circle to whom the over-writer of the canonical Apocalypse belonged (Rev. ii. 6 and 15). These Nicolaitans have been a great puzzle to the commentators, but many scholars are of opinion that under this name the Pauline Churches are aimed at.* Can it, then, be possible that the Nicolaitans were for the Jewish Christians the Balaamites, the innovators who were throwing off the yoke of the Law and introducing new ideas contrary to the orthodoxy of Jewry? If this be so, the identification Jeschu-Balaam may be conjectured to have been one of the immediate outcomes of Pauline propaganda, and we have again found the origin of yet another Rabbinical nickname of Jeschu in doctrinal controversy.

But the "leading astray" presumably went back even further than the days of Pauline propaganda; and we believe that the original charge against Jesus is to be found in the following passage preserved in the Babylonian Gemara.

"'There shall no evil befall thee' [Ps. xci. 10]. (That means) that evil dreams and bad phantasies shall not vex thee. 'Neither shall any plague come nigh thy tent'; (that means) that thou shalt not have a son or disciple who burns his food publicly, like Jeschu ha-Notzri."†

What is the meaning of this strange phrase, "to burn one's food publicly"? Dalman‡ says that this means "to renounce openly what one has learned." Laible§ is of opinion that "public burning of food is a contemptuous expression for the public offering of sacrifice to idols. That the Christians in their assem-

* See Van Manen's article "Nicolaitans" in the *Encyclopædia Biblica;* in which, however, the Leyden professor, while stigmatising Balaam=Nicolas as a mere guess, does not in any way refer to the Talmud problem we are discussing. That the Nicolaitans=the Balaamites, however, is strongly supported by Kohler in his article in *The Jewish Encyclopædia*, to which we have just referred.

† *Bab. Sanhedrin*, 103*a*.

‡ *Op. cit.*, p. 34*.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 52.

blies offered sacrifice to idols was as firmly the opinion of the Jews of old time, as it is that of many at the present day [!]. Naturally, therefore, it was concluded that Jesus must have commenced it."

In this connection we are further reminded that the charge brought against the Nicolaitans by the final redactor of the Apocalypse is "eating things sacrificed to idols and committing fornication"; upon which Van Manen comments: "not because they made a mock of all that is holy and trampled honour underfoot, but because they, like 'Paul,' had set aside the Jewish laws regarding foods and marriage, freely using food that had been set before heathen deities, and contracting marriages within the prohibited degrees, which in the eyes of the author of the Apocalypse were unchaste unions, just as in the eyes of the writer of I. Cor. v. 1 the marriage of the Christian who had freed himself from scruples with his deceased father's wife (not his own mother) was so, or as in the eyes of so many Englishmen the marriage with a deceased wife's sister is at the present day."

There is, however, no consensus of opinion with regard to the meaning of the phrase "burning one's food publicly." The Rabbis, we must remember, applied the term "idolatry" in the loosest fashion to everything that was not a strict Jewish custom or belief; and it is hardly to be believed that the early Christians, least of all Jesus himself, could have been accused of "idolatry," in the literal meaning of the word, even by their most bitter opponents. I am, therefore, inclined to think that there may be some other meaning of this "burning of one's food publicly."

The main point of the accusation is evidently contained in the word "publicly." It was the doing of something or other "publicly," which apparently might not only have been tolerated privately, but which was presumably the natural thing to do in private. Now the main burden of Christian tradition is that Jesus went and taught the people publicly—the poor, the outcast, the oppressed, the sinners, to all of whom according to Rabbinical law the mysteries of the Torah were not to be expounded unless they had first of all purified themselves. These ignorant and unclean livers were '*Amme ha-aretz* (men of the earth) and the Torah was not for them. And if it was that no '*Am ha-aretz* was

admitted to the schoolhouse, much more strictly were guarded the approaches to those more select communities where the mysteries of the "Creation" and of the "Chariot," the theosophy of Judaism, were studied. To some such community of this kind we believe Jeschu originally belonged; and from it he was expelled because he "burnt his food publicly," that is to say, taught the wisdom to the unpurified people and so violated the ancient rule of the order.

In connection with this there is a remarkable passage, preserved in the Babylonian Gemara, which demands our closest attention. It runs as follows:

"When our wise men left the house of Rab Chisda or, as others say, the house of Rab Shemuel bar Nachmani, they said of him: 'Thus our learned men are laden' [Ps. cxliv. 14]. Rab and Shemuel or, as others say, Rabbi Jochanan and Rabbi Eleazar (were of a different opinion). One said: 'our learned' in the Law, and 'are laden' with commandments [*i.e.*, good works], and the other said: 'our learned in the Law and in the commandments,' and 'are laden' with sufferings. 'There is no breaking in,' that our company shall not be like the company of Saul, from whom Doeg, the Edomite, has gone out, and 'no going forth,' that our company shall not be like the company of David, from whom Ahithophel has gone out, and 'no outcry,' that our company shall not be like the company of Elisha, from whom Gehazi has gone out, 'in our streets,' that we shall not have a son or a disciple who burns his food publicly like Jeschu ha-Notzri."*

Rab Chisda was one of the Rabbis of the Talmud school of Sura in Babylonia and died 309 A.D. R. Shemuel bar Nachman (or Nachmani) was a teacher in the Palestinian school at Tiberias, but twice went to Babylonia. He was a pupil of R. Jonathan ben Eleazar, who was a pupil of R. Chanina, who was a pupil of "Rabbi." R. Shemuel was, then, presumably a contemporary of R. Chisda.

Rab or Abba was the founder of the school at Sura on the Euphrates, and died 247 A.D.; Mar Shemuel was head of the Babylonian school at Nehardea, and died 254 A.D.

* *Bab. Berachoth*, 17*a* ff.

R. Jochanan was a Palestinian Rabbi who flourished 130-160 A.D.; R. Eleazar flourished 90-130 A.D.

The words of the text taken from the Psalms runs as follows in the Authorised Version: "That our oxen may be strong to labour; that there be no breaking in or going out; that there be no complaining in our streets."

Doeg, says Cheyne,* "had been detained (so one tradition tells us) 'before Yahwè'—*i.e.*, by some obscure religious prescription, and had cunningly watched David in his intercourse with the priest Ahimelech. Soon after, he denounced the latter to the suspicious Saul, and when the king commanded his 'runners' to put Ahimelech and the other priests to death, and they refused, it was this foreigner who lifted up his hand against them."

Doeg is called by the strange title "the mightiest of the shepherds."

Ahithophel, the Gilonite, was a councillor of David and was much esteemed for his unerring insight; he, however, revolted against David and cast in his lot with Absolom's rebellion. He met his death by hanging (II. Sam. xvii. 23)

Gehazi (=Valley of vision) was cast out by Elisha and smitten with leprosy for fraudulently obtaining money from Namaan at the time of the latter's miraculous cure by the prophet.

With these *data* before us let us return to our Talmud passage. It is very evident that the whole point of the story has to do with heresy, with "going forth," or with some scandal or breaking of the established rule or order of things, or with paving the way for so doing. We have seen that in the Talmud stories Balaam is a substitute for Jeschu; can it, then, be possible that in Doeg, Ahithophel and Gehazi we have also to do with name-substitutions?

The answer to this question will perhaps be made clearer by quoting the following passages from the Mishna.

"R. Akiba says: He also has no part in the world to come who reads foreign books, and who whispers over a wound and says: 'I will lay upon thee no sickness, which I have laid upon Egypt, for I am the Lord, thy physician.'"

* See article "Doeg," *Enc. Bib.*

This interesting passage is followed by one of even greater interest.

"Three kings and four private persons have no portion in the world to come. Three kings, namely, Jeroboam, Ahab and Manasseh. R. Jehudah says: 'Manasseh has a portion therein, for it is said [II. Chron. xxxiii. 13], "and he prayed unto him; and he was entreated of him, and heard his supplication, and brought him again to Jerusalem into his kingdom."' It was objected to him, He brought him again into his kingdom, but he did not bring him again into the life of the future world. Four private persons, namely, Balaam, Doeg, Ahithophel, and Gehazi."*

These passages are old, for they are found in the Mishna. To take the saying ascribed to R. Akiba (fl. 100-135 A.D.) first. The Gemara† says that by "foreign books" are meant *Siphre Minim*. The term Minim was for long taken to refer exclusively to Jewish Christians or Christians generally; but this has been hotly disputed of late years by many. It seems certain that though Jewish Christians may be sometimes included in this term, Minim does not mean them exclusively. Nor does Minim always mean "heretics" in a bad sense, it sometimes means "heretics" in its original signification, that is to say simply the members of some particular school. That, however, most of the Rabbis considered these Siphre Minim, in a bad sense, to include the Gospel, is evident from a gloss in the Munich MS.‡ where the word Evangelium is caricatured as follows:

"Rabbi Meir calls it, *'Āwen gillājōn* [blank paper, lit. margin, of evil], Rabbi Jochanan calls it, *'Awōn gillājōn* [blank paper of sin]."

R. Meir was one of the great redactors of the Mishna and flourished about 130-160 A.D.; R. Jochanan was his contemporary. *Gillājōn* means literally a "margin," that is a paper which is left unwritten upon, and is therefore blank.§ It must be confessed, however, that such apparently meaningless jesting is quite below the level of Rabbinical caricaturing with which we are acquainted, and I am inclined to think that Dalman has not

* *Sanhedrin*, xi. 90*a*; *Mishna*, x. 1, 2. † *Sanhedrin*, 100*b*.
‡ *Shabbath*, 116*a*. § Dalman, *op. cit.*, p. 30.*

got to the bottom of the matter. I can, however, offer no better conjecture myself.

The formula of healing is an interesting one. Whether or not we are to take "Egypt" literally, or as a substitute for the "body" as it was among certain of the Gnostic schools, must be left to the fancy and taste of the reader; the phrase "I am the Lord, thy physician," however, reminds us strongly of the "Healers," and the "Servants" of the Great Healer, and suggests memories of some of the derivations conjectured for the names Therapeut and Essene.

We may pass over the three kings in our second Mishna passage, but we cannot pass by the four private persons, Balaam, Doeg, Ahithophel and Gehazi, for the combination is so extraordinary that even the most careless reader must be struck by it. What has Balaam ben Beor to do *dans cette galère?* Whose "company" did he leave? Balaam ben Beor may be said rather to have joined forces with the Israelites; he certainly did not leave them. Balaam came in, he did not "go out."

The point of the story is that there are certain persons who have no part in the world to come. R. Akiba has just told us of what kind the orthodox Jew considered these to be; they were heretics who looked to other Scriptures as well as the Torah, as we know the Gnostics did most freely, and the general Christians as far as the Gospel Scripture was concerned; they were further healers and wonder-makers, which indeed many of the Essenes, Therapeuts and Gnostics set themselves to be, and which general Christian tradition asserts Jesus and the "Apostles" were.

But why should Balaam head the list of the condemned when it is precisely the prophetical pronouncement of Ben Beor that the Rabbis were using for all it was worth against Christian dogmatic claims? Balaam here clearly stands for Jeschu; and if this be so, then it is reasonable to suppose that Doeg, Ahithophel and Gehazi stand for the names of some other teachers who had fallen under severe Rabbinical displeasure. Who they were precisely we have now no means of discovering, and the supposition that they refer to Peter, James and John* is con-

* See Streane, *op. cit.*, p. 57.

siderably discounted by the following strange passage from the Babylonian Gemara:

"Elisha went to Damascus—for what did he go? R. Jochanan has said, that he went for the conversion of Gehazi. But he was not converted. Elisha said to him: Be converted! He answered him: Is it thus that I am converted by thee? For him that sinneth and maketh the people to sin the possibility of repentance is taken away."*

Rabbi Jochanan flourished 130-160 A.D. It will at once strike the attentive reader that the words put into the mouth of Gehazi are identical with those of the answer of Jeschu to Joshua ben Perachiah as found in the famous twice-told story of Jeschu's excommunication.†

The answer is an extraordinary one, and may be taken to mean that the evil (from the point of view of the Rabbis) was irremediable. The thing had spread too far; even if the leaders were now to return to the strict fold of Jewry, the people would still continue to hold the new views which abrogated their servitude to the galling yoke of the Law.

The mention of the name Damascus, moreover, in connection with Gehazi, at once brings Paul to mind, and disturbs the balance of the Peter and James and John supposition as the under-names of Doeg, Ahithophel and Gehazi.

If by any means, then, Gehazi may be held to be a "blind" for Paul, we have to ask ourselves what has Elisha to do in this connection? Does "Elisha" represent some chief of the Sanhedrin? It may be so, but we should also recollect that the Essene communities and similar mystic associations were always looking for the return of Elisha. They were in connection with the line of descent from the "Schools of the Prophets" and expected their great prophet to return again in power to announce the advent of the Messiah. It is hardly necessary in this connection to recall to the reader's recollection the John-Elias of the Gospel story or to refer the student to the elaborate Gnostic tradition of the incarnation of the soul of Elisha in the body of John under the direct supervision of the Master, as found in the *Pistis Sophia*—later accommodations to the necessities of a his-

* *Bab. Sanhedrin*, 107*b*.

† *Sanhedrin*, 107*b*, and *Sota*, 47*a*.

toricising evolution. The recollection, however, of these and similar ideas and facts makes us hazard the conjecture that "Elisha" in our Mishna passage may be a "blind" for the official head of the chief Essene community, or at any rate of that "company" who looked to Elisha as its spiritual head. It was from this company that "Gehazi" had "gone out." Whether or not the other "companies" of Saul and David may refer to associations of a somewhat similar nature, I must leave for the consideration of those who are fully persuaded that the literal meaning of our Talmud passage, as far as the four private persons are concerned, was the one furthest from the intention of its Rabbinical authors.

G. R. S. MEAD.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

A VISION OF THE ASTRAL PLANE

ON the evening of January 4th, 1903, I had been discussing the "astral plane" with my boy Paul, after dinner. I then read some light magazine stories till I went to bed, shortly after ten o'clock. It was the night of the floods, and the atmosphere seemed strangely sultry and oppressive for the time of year. I was kept awake for some time by the wind, and I felt unaccountably nervous. My last waking impression was of hearing the church clock striking eleven.

* * * *

It seemed that I had been dead about two days, having spent the interval in oblivion. When I woke I could recall the circumstances of my death, which seemed a thing of the past, not worth troubling about. I felt a vague pity for my wife and family, and some surprise that death was so easy, as I had hardly appeared conscious of it. It was merely something I was glad to have got safely over, and my whole faculties seemed concentrated in curiosity as to my new surroundings, as I knew instinc-

tively that I was on the "astral plane," and felt a great eagerness to verify what I had read of it in Theosophical literature.

I immediately found myself in a large room crowded with well-dressed people, where a sort of conversazione appeared to be going on. All was life and movement, and everybody appeared cheerful. Presently a lady came up to me and asked me whether I was not a Theosophist. I replied that I was, on which she welcomed me, saying: "There are a good many of us here." Several people then came up and shook hands. I had seen some of them at Theosophical meetings, but had not known them personally, except perhaps in the case of one lady who seemed familiar to me but whom I cannot now recall. We all talked together, and I said: "Since you are Theosophists you will be able to tell me exactly where I am. As everything seems so pleasant I suppose this is one of the higher sub-planes." I had, in fact, made up my mind it must be the third sub-plane (see *The Astral Plane*, p. 43). To my surprise they said "Oh dear, no. This is only the sixth sub-plane." At this I was greatly disappointed, as I had imagined I should have found myself somewhat higher. At this point I am under the impression that Mr. —— came up. I said: "Well, anyhow this is not the lowest plane, is it?" He replied: "No, there is a lower plane—elsewhere." I had asked them whether all present were Theosophists, and was told that this was not the case.

After this I think that some of my new friends offered to show me round, for I found myself in a kind of market-place where people were bargaining over goods of all sorts. It was pointed out to me that these people were acting most foolishly, as they could become possessed of anything they wanted, including money, by simply desiring it, although money was of no use to them when they had it. Yet in spite of this they were still haggling and chaffering as they did when on the physical plane. A man offered to sell me a brace of pheasants and I jokingly said I would take them, putting my hand into my pocket for the money, on which I found my pocket full of gold coins. I was, however, led away by one of my guides.

We then walked along what looked like a road in a fine residential town. The others were in front, walking rather

quickly, and I was following at some distance behind with a lady. I remarked that it seemed curious that one should walk exactly as on earth, for I had always imagined that on the astral plane one would rather float.

It also struck me as remarkable that I had seen nothing of the queer astral forms I had read of—nothing startling or alarming, and I began to look carefully towards the gardens and houses at the sides of the road and along the road itself. Directly I did so I perceived the oddest little figure approaching down the centre of the road. It was like a diminutive thin monkey about ten inches high. Its face was covered with red hair, with longer red hair projecting from the sides of the head, and it was dressed in a jacket, trousers, and a tall hat. It strutted along like a little man, and its appearance was so irresistibly comic that I stopped and went into convulsions of laughter. The lady seemed much surprised and asked me what I was laughing at. I said "I am laughing at that funny little elemental. Don't you see it?" I pointed to the creature, which had just passed us without taking the slightest notice of us. "No," she said, "I can't see it. Your sight must be more developed than mine. I have been here some time and have never seen anything of the kind."

I next found myself in a large building. Through circular arches supported by high columns I could see a landscape outside. Many persons were present, including Mr. ——. I was asking every question I could think of concerning the astral condition. As everything seemed to be going on exactly as on earth I asked whether one's astral body could be hurt accidentally. For instance, could one's arm be broken?

"No."

"What would happen if you were thrown off a horse?"

"You would feel humiliation."

I asked many other questions, the answers to which I cannot recall. I then heard a chant from outside, and Mr. —— came over to me and said: "Come and look at one of the funniest sights to be seen here." I went with him to one of the arches and looked out. A funeral procession was passing. First came mutes in deepest mourning, then a coffin, I think in a hearse, followed by a number of mourners in black. They were all

chanting a hymn which seemed familiar. It should have begun "There is no death," but they were singing "There *is* death."

I turned to Mr. —— and asked him the meaning of it. "How could there be a funeral here?" I said. He laughed and told me that the whole thing was a mockery and that there was no real body in the coffin. He said: "You would never think that people who have themselves had practical experience of what they call death could behave in this way, but anything is possible here."

After this I seemed to pass through many pleasing and exciting experiences, of which I remember nothing except that I speculated as to the period of earth time they occupied. Then the thought came to me how much I should like to relate them to my wife.

* * * *

Suddenly I found myself awake in bed. It seemed some time before I could realise that I was again forced back into physical life, and then I was overcome by the sense of regret at being compelled to return to it.

When I looked at the clock it was 3.55 a.m.

In some manner this appeared quite unlike an ordinary dream. The impressions were more vivid, and I seemed in full control of my thoughts and actions all the time. I never for a moment lost the conviction that the experiences were purely astral. The following morning I wrote down the above account while the incidents were fresh in my mind.

LEONARD MONTAGUE.

LITTLE, indeed, does it concern us in this our mortal stage, to inquire whence the spirit hath come; but of what infinite concern is the consideration whither it is going. Surely such consideration demands the study of a life.—SOUTHEY.

THE GLAMOUR-LAND

He follows on for ever, when all your chase is done,
He follows after shadows, the King of Ireland's son.

In the late autumn snow had fallen; it lay unmelted on the highest of the hills; it often lay there when on lower ground not even a light frost crisped the earth. But now it was very cold, and the trees were glittering with hoar frost and delicate spikes of ice. The sea ran far inland and made a salt-water lake, almost land-locked. Blue was the key colour of the place. The sky glowed blue and cloudless; the smooth water was gentian blue; seawards there was a huge bar of sand and shingle, heaped high, and running almost the whole way across the arm of the inrushing sea; therefore whether the tide was high or low the waves broke and leaped and swirled on it, so that the sea looked like a great lake, land-locked on three sides, and bounded on the fourth by a tossing, spouting, milk-white cataract of foam, as the great breakers raged and tumbled over the bar of sand. There were no vague tones nor shadowy outlines; the blue and white were vivid, brilliant. Blue sea—blue sky—blue shadows on the white hills; white snow, white frost on leafless boughs, white foam a-glitter in the sun. Blue—blue—blue—and unspeakably blue the shining wells of the sky, into which one might send one's thought forth in quest of Truth, and return anon bewildered and without booty, for the whole Truth was never yet gleaned from without nor yet from another man. White were the seagulls feeding on the foreshore; only a little seaweed-plastered jetty was rich brown and amber-yellow; crouched at the foot of the jetty, sheltered from the keen wind, were some children who added a touch or two of red to the picture, for one of the girls wore a crimson coat, and one of the boys a scarlet woollen cap.

These children were "telling stories," and it was the red-

capped boy's turn. He was not a very popular teller of tales; yet he gripped his hearers because he wove his stories of the things which he knew in his heart, and not of the things he had heard. Now the other boys told of pirates and brigands, whether they had practical experience of them or not; for which reason one only of their number knew what he was talking about; he afterwards became a great writer, for he drew upon the bank of knowledge, though how he came by his knowledge he could not tell. His swashbucklers and sea-wolves breathed the breath of life; and people who spent their time in wearily wrestling with office work and household accounts found them very refreshing company.

Redcap stood in the middle of the circle; the frosty wind fluttered his flaxen curls beneath his scarlet headgear. He was telling tales of Glamour-Land, the customs of which country he knew well; the group listened. The boys were not wholly absorbed; the girls, who are generally quick to hear the Songs of the Glamour, were the more interested. When the speaker ended his tale the girl in the crimson coat drew a long breath and gave her verdict: "Lovely!" The tale-teller did not heed her; he was one of those people who care nothing for the breath of fame and praise. He who understood pirates so well, nodded approvingly. Throughout his life this boy knew good work when he saw it, because his own was so good. One of the boys offered criticism.

"It's all beastly rot," he said, with the simple directness of boyhood. "There isn't any such place."

Redcap crushed him with swift scorn.

"That's all *you* know about it," he said. "That place I tell you about is *real*, and this place isn't; this place"—he waved his arms patronisingly at the sea and sky—"is an e—vil—en—chantment—of the Black Witch; one of these days the Wise Queen will snuff her and her enchantment out—puff! like that!"

He snapped his fingers; the listeners looked uneasy and momentarily doubted the stability of the earth.

The boy who had criticised repeated his former remark: "It's all rot." Inwardly he hoped the Wise Queen would not snuff out the enchantment before tea time; for he knew there were hot cakes, and he could not honestly view them as

evil enchantments. But where did the red-capped boy get his ideas about the relative reality of the seen and unseen?

Eight years later that boy's father died; his mother married again, and thereafter great trouble and poverty fell upon a family that hitherto had been happy and prosperous. This boy, then a lad of eighteen, given to great dreams and visions of the Glamour-Land, was torn away from all he loved, and hoped for, and dreamed of; he was sent to work at dull drudgery for a weekly pittance in a house of business in London. There, sick for the sights and sounds of Glamour-Land, he nearly broke down both mentally and physically. He was poor, friendless, proud and unsociable; but that was nothing. If he could have had one daily glimpse of the Glamour Country, one note of its songs, he could have borne the rest. He fenced himself about with a wall of practical cheeriness and hard-headed common-sense, and lived inside it, in a hell of his own. In a narrow, black street the child of the blue land of sea and wide distances lived and suffered for five dreadful years; then he chanced to find a room over some offices which looked upon the river, and suffered a little less. He began to earn more money; he was promoted. He did his work very well; he was to be depended upon; he was steady, alert, and "on the spot," said his employers. He was thoroughly practical. Once some reference was made to his prospects by a man who was his superior in the business house where he was employed; this man told him he was "bound to get on," it was "rare to see a young fellow so steady, and with his heart in his business." The young man (he was then twenty-three) laughed, a little laugh that was as chill and dreary as the wuther of the north wind in frozen rushes by a bleak ice-coated mountain tarn.

"When you don't care for anything you have to do, one thing comes as easy as another," he said. "Besides you can 'give your mind' to heaps of things. If you like a piece of work it is hard to pull away from it to something else; but if one is much like another to you, and all equally dull, then, if you've a decent amount of self-control, you can do them all fairly effectively."

While his superior was trying to understand his extraordinary

sentiments, he said: "Good-night, sir," and went out. He walked back to his room.

This befell just before he found the room overlooking the river; it was a sultry, ill-smelling summer night; the straight line of the houses rose before him in their terrible hideousness. There was a little church in the street, in which they sang anthems. A choir practice was going on. He could hear the voices plainly:

"By the rivers of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered Zion. If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning."

The man hid his face in his hands and sighed; his heart was sick with great longing and intolerable weariness.

"God!" he said. "Let me go mad with memory rather than forget."

Yet after all it seemed undesirable to go mad, therefore he rose and went to a little cheap Club; the members were many of them "thoughtful people" with "views"; most of their views were theoretically partly true, and practically partly false and wholly impossible to carry out; it was not always possible to put one's finger on the flaw in them. The members of that Club talked a great deal; a man was talking very earnestly, as he who desired to remember entered there. He was a reformer, and willing to make any personal sacrifice to further his regenerative views. He said:

"A wider charity is what men need. That is the root of the matter."

"Nothing has been so fruitful a cause of pauperisation," said a red-haired man who was listening for the sole purpose of disagreeing with him. This man was the type of person who can never extend his views beyond the meaning which he has decided to apply to a word.

"I do not mean Charity in that sense. I mean rather Love, which I have heard is Wisdom in activity, that which perceives a common basis of life. This is Wisdom, this is Love, this is Charity."

"Statistics prove—" began the man, who while the other spoke had been thinking of his own views as to the meaning of charity.

"Statistics have no more to do with Charity than they have with Truth. They are the worst form of lying extant. Charity, in my sense, is the deepest of all wisdom. Faith, Hope, Charity, these three—and the greatest of these is Charity."

Then another voice uplifted itself.

"I think St. Paul was wrong there," it said. "The greatest of these is Faith."

It was the young man from the north.

"Faith! What do you mean by faith?"

"The sense of the unseen, and the trust in it," said he who used to tell the stories of Glamour-Land. "The man who never loses the sense of that which he does not see, can move the world. All the force side of nature is allied with him. It is the unseen that is the motive power everywhere. The man who, in an east-end slum, a city office, a factory, a gambling hell, a music hall, or in the 'trivial round' of society, can realise that, has allied himself with the sun and the sea, with the wind and the light, with the powers that lie behind them all, and cause the whole to be."

Having thus spoken he wandered out, as he had wandered in.

"That's a queer young fellow," said the red-haired man, "I think he's cracked."

"No," said one of the listeners, "I think not. He's a practical chap; quiet, solid, steady-going fellow, and no fool. A good man of business too. I've never seen him taken like that before."

He spoke as though he was the victim of some malady. If this was the case it did not assert itself again. The man worked on steadily, and rose in the estimation of his employers, who were very sober, business-like people. When he had been nearly twenty years in London he met the boy who told the pirate stories by the blue sea. The boy was now a man, and he told his tales to a wider public; he was married to the girl who wore the crimson coat. He recognised his former brother of the craft, and was very kind and glad to see him; he asked him to his house, and insisted on his coming there. He saw, what no one in his guest's world saw, that such prosperity as was his, was

not the full measure of that which the promise of his youth once seemed to deserve. He asked him why he had toiled in a London office; why he had ceased to tell the tales of Glamour-Land of the Wise Queen, and the Black Witch. The other was silent awhile. At last he said: "I couldn't. That part of me is dead, and buried by the sea up yonder."

His host said no more at the time; he referred to it once again, very carefully and tactfully.

"No," said his guest. "I told you I couldn't. Firstly, because my mind is like a hollow pipe, for other people's thoughts to blow through. I can't think in this place; I can only long and do my work. Secondly, because I don't properly know any of the things I used to know when I was young."

He talked awhile longer; then he rose, said good-bye, and never returned to that house again. He went back to the room which overlooked the river; for fifteen years he had lived therein. He sat by the window, and muttered to himself:

"They that wasted us, required of us mirth; saying: Sing us one of the songs of *Zion*."

It was the hour between light and darkness; the river was clear silvery greyish-blue, and the lights struck down into it like daggers of quivering pallid fire; the bridge showed thread-like arches of vague darkness through the blue mist; little busy tugs sped up the water-way, dragging long, thin, black barges; a big waggon piled high with gleaming yellow straw creaked along the bank, coming townwards from the country. There was the half light that brings out a thousand shifting tints; lights began to dot the shore and the boats lying at anchor.

On a sudden the scent of wild thyme smote through the room; there was a hill near his old home that was carpeted with it in summer time; and behold! the Glamour-Land he had not seen for twenty years lay below him, in the very heart of the city. It was perhaps the shadowy silver-blue that opened the way; faint vague blue unlike the gentian glow of the sea-lake, yet reminiscent of it. The room was palpably full of the perfume of wild thyme. The man rose. For ten years he had hungered for the beauty of his old home, and there had been no money to take him there, nor welcome for him had he journeyed thither,

For ten years the money had been there, and a temperate welcome to boot, but the desire lay half dead, numbed with overlong thwarting, weariness and pain. Now he suddenly realised he could go back if he would. The next day he asked for and obtained a holiday, and started northwards.

It was evening when he arrived; he went to a little inn, and after dinner he walked to the jetty and stood upon it looking at the water leaping on the bar, and the glowing line of the sun-touched hills. He looked and he looked and he looked, and behold! there was nothing there which he desired. The hunger of twenty years was for something which this beauty recalled to him—nothing more. The Glamour-Land was not here. The purple of the darkening sea, the tossing of the water, foaming ghost-white on the great bar, the clear, golden line of the hills, woke in him only a great hunger for that of which they made him think; for which they caused him to long; and of what he thought, for what he longed he did not know. It eluded him; it fled before him like a flickering elf-flame, never to be grasped or known.

"How can we sing the Lord's Song in a strange land?"

He said the words aloud; as a stranger in that country, the place in which he was born and reared. The next day he went back to London, to the room that overlooked the river. He sat alone; he was alone in the house; the offices below were closed; the place was quiet; the roar of London sounded distant, it was like the far-off breaking of the waves on the bar; the river water was lapping against the walls that pent it in. As he walked homewards he had crossed the bridge, and stopped to buy watercress of an old man. This old man was one who, through the ignorance which is the heritage of every man, had, in an hour of that folly which we call sin, become outcast from the rank wherein he was born; now, ill, old, and very poor, he sold watercress, groundsel and lead-pencils on the bridge by day, and slept in a common lodging-house by night. This man was the one soul on earth to whom he who once told the tales of Glamour-Land ever spoke of the longing that consumed him. The old man also had a hopeless longing of his own; he desired one hour back of the seventy years that lay behind him; one hour to fashion as he

chose ; one hour which had darkened and made a hell of forty years. The man from the north stopped and bought cress of him. As he took the cress he spoke :

"I used to think I longed for my old home," he said. "I went back there yesterday after twenty years."

"What did you find ?"

"The country I seek is not there," answered the other ; his voice sounded tired as though with much journeying of soul and body.

"Ah ! you'd better not have gone. It is better to believe there is something which would make you content if you had it."

"I'd rather know the truth."

"You are young still," said the pencil-seller. "If I believed I were young and strong, loved and honoured, I should believe a lie. But I should prefer to believe it."

"It is probably just as true as your present beliefs about yourself, whatever they may be. Don't you think so ?"

He walked on. Now the cress lay on the table and withered ; he sat by the window and listened to the lapping of the tide. For twenty years he believed he knew what he desired, if he had been free to seek it ; now he knew otherwise. He did not know where Glamour-Land was, and yet—"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem," he murmured, "may my right hand forget her cunning."

Into the silence of his soul there broke many voices speaking as one voice ; and they spoke after this manner :

"When we, who guard the Songs of the Glamour, will that they shall be sung, they are sung. They ring through the world, though none know whence they sound, nor the manner of their sounding. Some say they come from here, and some from there. And it is nothing to us whether our singers be kings or slaves, saints or sinners, fools or sages, men or women, for it is we who sing through their lips, and it is the world that hears when the time is ripe. We have before this day caused those who were blind, and dumb, and deaf, to sing the Songs of the Glamour, and some of these never knew they sang. Moreover, you have sung them here in the city's heart for twenty years and more, while you thought your lips were mute and your heart hungry with

desire of Glamour-Land. And because you had nothing for which you longed, you learned to look for nothing your hands could grasp, but to hold all things readily and loose them easily at the appointed hour. Wherefore we, who know how it is with a man's soul, drew from you the common desires of men as pith is drawn by a shepherd boy from a reed when he would pipe therewith; thereafter we fashioned these your body and soul into a pipe whereon we might pipe the Songs of the Glamour, and the world has heard them. You felt their notes ring throughout your soul, while your ears were deaf, strain them as you would."

"And I?" he asked, "am I then nothing?"

"Nothing," they made answer, "nothing—or all that is."

Whereat he fell to musing on their words, until the lapping water, the roaring city, and the beating of the heart within his body, seemed alike to be but the pulsing of a life that swept outward from the Unknown God of the Worlds.

MICHAEL WOOD.

GLIMPSES OF THE EIGHTH MUSE

(CONTINUED FROM p. 73)

BUT I must hurry on. From early childhood to the age of about eighteen, a period which I may call my "Dark Ages," very little worth recording, so far as I can now remember, occurred. The merchant was growing and attending to his home business, and that is the end of the matter. I only recollect passing one literally infernal night, when I was about nine years old, at the private school of which I was then a weekly boarder—a night

In which the bounds of heaven and earth were lost —

and one which I am never likely to forget, though it would be quite impossible for me to describe it. The utter blackness and misery of the thing would require a more realistic pen than mine to bring it home to the reader. I was very conscious the whole

time and seemingly aawke, though I doubt if I really can have been so. But the minutes went so slowly that that single night seemed almost a life-long affair, and I clearly remember the horror of it still. It made a fearful impression on me for some days, and I was always afraid of its recurrence. But it never did recur. Naturally enough, in accordance with my bringing up, I "fell to prayer," which was perhaps about the best thing I could do, and I remember that I finally derived some considerable benefit from the repetition of the words: "Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe."

The only recognition of a condition of this sort which I have ever seen explicitly made (there are of course plenty of allegories of it from Aristophanes to Bunyan), is to be found, curiously enough, in Mr. Leadbeater's *Astral Plane*, where the author quotes the following words from an Egyptian papyrus of considerable antiquity: "What manner of place is this unto which I have come? It hath no water, it hath no air; it is deep, unfathomable; it is black as the blackest night, and men wander helplessly about therein; in it a man may not live in quietness of heart."

If I found myself there now-a-days, I should certainly try to return to the physical plane for a moment, and take advantage of my return to rouse myself, and get up, and have a cold bath, and dress, and do one or two other little things. But that sort of conduct is not allowed at a private school. The School Rules know nothing about the astral plane, and the Matron cares less about the seventh sphere. So if small boys do accidentally find their way on to it, they must tread the winepress alone.

While I was at Oxford, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-three, the Secretary of the Psychical Research Society paid our College a visit, and gave a lecture, with the result that a lot of us joined some rather mythical country branch of the Society. I say "mythical," because although we gave in our names, I do not remember that we heard any more of it. We took freely to table-turning, obtaining a hotch-potch of somewhat interesting results, which I have no intention of describing here, and which it would be rather difficult to weave into an artistic whole. The general impression I obtained of the "spirits," who

seemed for the most part to be denizens of a sphere which I have already touched upon, and shall presently mention again, was by no means favourable. They appeared to me largely to belong to the canting, professionally immoral, or yokel class, though I must admit that I occasionally struck on something higher, and, not infrequently, on something humorous, which, in the novelty of those earlier days, naturally possessed more interest for me than it does at present.

Towards the end of my time at Oxford, and during the two or three succeeding years, I began to become very slightly clairvoyant and clairaudient, when the body was either drowsy or more than half asleep, even succeeding, on one or two rare occasions, in "intelligently anticipating events" in this manner. My "'double' down in Hades" seems to have become jealous of the occasionally correct predictions which I obtained from the "spooks," and so he started making a prediction or so of his own. For instance, he informed me beforehand (either by shouting in my ear as I awoke in the morning, or by showing me clairvoyantly a slip of newspaper, I forget which*) the rather unfavourable results of at least one, and, I believe, of two examinations for which I entered, two or three days before those results were published; though he had never taken the trouble to inform me, as he might have done, when the result was about to be extremely favourable; except, perhaps, in one case, when I was thirteen, and then only by means of an overpowering presentiment.

Before one of these later examinations, he asked me in pathetic tones, just after I had got into bed one night, why I did not "put away those horrid books," an incident which reminds one of the story told of Wilkie Collins. It is said, though of course I cannot vouch for the truth of the account, that one night, when the novelist was sitting up very late, engaged in working at one of his books, his "double" appeared to him and, solemnly entering a protest against the late hours he kept, urged

* As I have kept no record of any kind, and consequently am compelled to trust to memory all through for my facts, one or two slight errors of detail may creep into the story. But I have taken some pains to reduce these errors to a minimum. More than this cannot justly, I think, be expected; and would not be expected, were the subject a materialistic one.—R. C.

him to go to bed. This excellent piece of advice was met with a point-blank refusal, when a struggle ensued, in which the "double" succeeded, most craftily, in upsetting the inkpot and in thereby gaining his object. Perhaps if I had obeyed the advice of my "double," he might have had a more favourable result to shout in my ear a few weeks later. My heart was a little irregular at the time, and it was sometimes during an extra-special kick given by that organ that he managed to wedge in his remarks. (I make this admission specially for the benefit of those who take a materialistic view of clairaudience and similar phenomena.) The fact is, however, that I was simply not a normal clairaudient, but required some momentary physical upset to hear the sentence, or the *tag-end* of the sentence, which must have been uttered, as a whole, on another plane.* As Shakespeare says so finely, or rather, makes Lorenzo say, in "The Merchant of Venice":

> Such harmony is in immortal souls;
> But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
> Doth grossly hedge us in, we cannot hear it.

I think, however, it was not till about three years ago, when I was "working up" for the long and serious illness mentioned allegorically in the earlier part of this narration, that my dreams began to take upon them that peculiarly vivid, and (to me) interesting, character, which has marked them, in a more or less steadily increasing degree, ever since; culminating in moments of the completest and fullest consciousness, in which I certainly seem to have dealings with beings who are either permanently, or temporarily like myself, inhabiting other planes than the physical. But, before I give any examples of the glimpses of night-life I have obtained during this period, I may just give one instance of the faculty I must have possessed, even as early as my nineteenth year, for doing what a well-known American

* If it is true, as the materialists would doubtless maintain, that the irregularity of my heart was the cause, and not, as I should say, merely the condition, of these phenomena, the question arises why I so often heard only the tag-ends of sentences, the beginnings of which had obviously been uttered out of my hearing. I very seldom heard complete sentences, but very frequently caught the closing words of some remark. This is no difficulty for those who hold that the sentences heard by the clairaudient are really uttered on another plane, and a considerable difficulty for those who abide by the opposing view.

psychologist has called, if I am not mistaken, "tapping the *Zeitgeist*."

During the two or three months which elapsed between my leaving school and going up to Oxford, my father took me for a short trip to Switzerland. We went straight up to Mürren in the Bernese Oberland, and our bedroom windows looked out more or less in the direction of those "three silent pinnacles of agéd snow," the Jungfrau, the Mönch, and the Eiger. Though possessed, in a general way, of a good constitution, I was in a perfectly miserable state of health from a special cause, and I think I would gladly have exchanged, at that period, this "tun of flesh" for a few hours on any part of the astral plane, except perhaps the seventh sphere. Be that as it may, that first night at Mürren, I dreamt that I was curling up inside the Jungfrau in a railway train.

The next morning, though (knowing nothing about the possibilities of engineering) I never for a moment believed that such a thing as a railway up the Jungfrau was really possible, I told my father the dream, when he informed me, in reply, of a fact that I did not know and had never heard of, *viz.*, that the construction of such a railway was actually being contemplated. I believe that the railway in question is now open, but I do not know how far it really corresponds with the railway of my dream. As to the explanation, sceptics will, of course, say that I had heard or read somewhere of the intended engineering feat. In endeavouring to meet an argument of this sort, one's mind first reverts to Touchstone, the fool i' the forest. He says something somewhere, if I remember right, about a "lie direct!" One's second instinct is to observe that, while the explanation offered is more difficult than the difficulty itself, still of course all things are possible to him that disbelieveth. Should, however, the gentle sceptic, as even *he* sometimes does, seek to shift his ground, and murmur something soothing about the extraordinary powers of the subconscious mind, I do not see that there is any longer any difference between us worth quarrelling about.

Of the more vivid type of what may be called the semi-predictive dream of some interest I will give three examples, all of which occurred to me about three years ago. About a fortnight before

it was announced that Sir William McCormac would go out to South Africa, I dreamt that I was sitting at a long table, and that some one immediately on my right spoke to me. I said: "Who are you?" The person replied: "McCormac, my name's McCormac!" I asked again: "What are your *initials?*" he answered at once: "W-I-L-L-I-A-M." I cried: "Why, that's William!" and then I went on: "Where do you live? Tell me your address, that I may be able to find you," or words to that effect. He simply shouted in reply: "Oh, I live in Paris! *My* address is in Paris!" and, I think, though at this distance of time I cannot absolutely vouch for the fact, that he added: "Come and see me in Paris!"

In the morning, I remember asking my wife about William McCormac. I seemed to have heard of the surname, and I think I had a vague idea that he was President of the Royal College of Surgeons. But I thought the Christian name I had received was incorrect, though afterwards, of course, I found it was not so. A few days later Sir William McCormac's name was in everybody's mouth. Entering a Free Library casually one afternoon, I came across a short biography of the hero of my dream, in an evening paper. According to the account there given, Sir William McCormac was a student for some time in Paris, and actually served, in a surgical capacity, in the Franco-Prussian War. When I fell ill at the end of 1900, and became as it seemed then to some people, the "mere despair of surgery," I should not care to swear that the occasional recollection of my dream did not have at least a minute influence in determining me to come to Paris, should I ever recover sufficiently. Anyhow, I did come to Paris a year later, where the stimulating air had immediately a semi-miraculous, and, apparently, a permanent, effect. I have never been able to thank the great surgeon (if indeed it was he), for his hint, because I have never, to my knowledge, met him since, either here, or on that other plane, where he now permanently resides. But a more useful hint could never have been given.

Two other cases of dreams, which occurred about the same time, and may very well have been meant for predictions, may be mentioned here.

I dreamt one night that I was standing in the "Pleasure Gardens" of the sea-side town where I was born. However, the tiny stream which flows through those Gardens was now a river, tranquil, stately and luminous, moving majestically on between luxuriant banks, while the land lay before me like a map. As far as I could see, the river was straight, but for one vast loop it made from the point where I was standing. I knew instinctively, without being told, that it was the River of Life, and I seemed to be just about to leave the actual course of it and strike across country, with the intention of joining the river further down, so as to save the time I should have lost by following it more closely. There was some one at my side. I could not see him, for my eyes were fixed on the river. But I knew who he was, and he seemed to tower above me and to have a wand in his hand, with which he pointed. "You are going to take a 'short cut' now," was all he said, and I awoke. I asked the magician the next morning (for, in fact, we were both lecturers at a College in London), about my dream. He did not claim to remember anything about the incident, but admitted that he was, as a matter of fact, "astrally" active, and even went so far as to say that his head and shoulders had been seen to appear by a person in a waking state, when his physical body was elsewhere. He was one of the few examples I have ever known of a man whose profession was natural science and whose hobby was occultism, which he seemed to have picked up while travelling in Egypt. Though a biological lecturer and ardent geologist, he volunteered to cast my horoscope about this time. After duly considering this, he warned me of my impending physical collapse, from which, however, he did not seem to think my recovery was certain. As to my dream, it is obvious to me that, very soon after it, I did leave the main course of the River of Life for some time, and that I have had a very rough cross-country march. If I have now found the course of the river again, it remains to be seen what I have gained by taking the "short cut." That is, to my mind, the most plain, unforced interpretation of the matter.

Those "who go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters," may like to hear the next of this set of dreams, and I remember that it was a peculiarly vivid one.

However, as it has not yet had, to my knowledge, any fulfilment whatever, it may prove of as much service to some other voyager over the "wet ways" as it ever will to me.

I dreamt I was standing in the coffee-room of an ordinary, middle-class hotel. There were numerous small cloth-bedecked tables in the room, which stretched away to my right. I stood near one which was placed up against a wall half-way between the door and a window opposite. A newspaper lay on the table. I took it quickly up, for I was aware there was some important news. Every moment the excitement about this piece of news seemed to increase in the room, till it became so intense that a waiter rushed up from behind me, and, in his eagerness to see the paper I was reading, snatched it out of my hand. I was just about to remonstrate with him most strongly, when a gang of newsboys ran by outside the window in the rain, yelling and bawling at the top of their voices: "Loss of the *Ismailia!* Loss of the *Ismailia!*" and I awoke with the cry (a case of almost first-rate sleep-clairaudience) still ringing in my ears.

It is necessary, for a reason that will presently be clear, that, before going on to describe one or two cases of sleep-experiences (I cannot any longer call them "dreams"), of still greater and more intense luminousness, I should say a few words about my adventures under laughing-gas.

In the summer of 1895 I took laughing-gas for the first time in my life, and as I "came round" from it, I had a few moments of such extraordinary mental and moral ecstasy (I seemed to myself, for some seconds, to be, so to speak, omniscient and intensely philanthropic), that when, two years later, I came across a book entitled *The Will to Believe*, by Professor William James, of Harvard, and read pp. 294-298, I was so struck by finding that other people had had experiences similar to my own (I had previously thought mine to be unique) that I sent an account of my sensations under the gas to Professor James, who published it in the *Psychological Review*, of March, 1898. I will not here quote from this account. I prefer to give a short extract from Professor James' note on the subject, and I will drive the nail home by also citing suitable passages from authors so widely different in their nature as St. Paul, Rudyard Kipling, Tennyson, Wordsworth, and Mr. Leadbeater. Professor James says:

"With me, as with every other person of whom I have heard, the keynote of the experience is the tremendously exciting sense of an intense metaphysical illumination. Truth lies open to the view in depth beneath depth of almost blinding evidence. The mind sees all the logical relations of being with an apparent subtlety and instantaneity to which its normal consciousness offers no parallel; only as sobriety returns, the feeling of insight fades, and one is left staring vacantly at a few disjointed words and phrases, as one stares at a cadaverous-looking snow-peak from which the sunset-glow has just fled, or at the black cinder left by an extinguished brand."

I am astonished, after a rapid glance through two of the epistles attributed to St. Paul, to see how much importance is laid in these epistles upon this revelation. I have not read these epistles since my early Christian days, when I did not understand, and had no one to explain to me, the *real* meaning of the distinction, for example, between the celestial and the natural body. Be that as it may, the passage to which I wish specially to direct attention is the opening verse or two of 2 Cor. xii. The writer of this passage (who, as the context, I think, proves, is speaking of his own personal experience of what is, doubtless, the Devachanic plane of the Theosophists), seems to have entered a condition somewhat similar to that which Professor James describes, except that he (the writer of the epistle), entered it naturally, without any artificial stimulus, just as, in more modern times, was done, to take a notable instance, by Tennyson, and, in his own quiet way, by Wordsworth. The Christian mystic says:

"It is not expedient for me, doubtless, to glory. I will come to visions and revelations of the Lord. I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago, (whether in the body, I cannot tell: or whether out of the body, I cannot tell, God knoweth;) such an one caught up into the third heaven. And I knew such a man, (whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth;) How that he was caught up into Paradise and heard unspeakable words which it is not lawful for a man to utter. Of such an one will I glory: yet of myself I will not glory, but in mine infirmities." (A.V.)*

* I have quoted from the A.V. in the absence of a better version accessible to me. The words translated "not lawful" are οὐκ ἐξόν, which I am strongly inclined

What a big jump to Rudyard Kipling's *Kim*, p. 411! The Lama is at the end of his search.

"Yes, my Soul went free, and, wheeling like an eagle, saw indeed that there was no Teshoo Lama nor any other soul. As a drop draws to water, so my soul drew near to the Great Soul which is beyond all things. At that point, exalted in contemplation, I saw all Hind, from Ceylon in the sea to the Hills, and my own painted Rocks at Suchzen; I saw every camp and village, to the least, where we have ever rested. I saw them at one time and in one place; for they were within the Soul. By this I knew the Soul had passed beyond the illusion of Time and Space and Things. By this I knew that I was free."

Everyone knows about Tennyson's trances, but perhaps not everyone knows that he describes one of them at length in *In Memoriam*. The poet has stayed out in the garden one evening after everyone else has gone indoors, and is engaged in reading over Arthur Hallam's letters once more.

So word by word, and line by line,
The dead man touch'd me from the past,
And all at once it seem'd at last
The living soul was flash'd on mine.

And mine in this was wound, and whirl'd
About empyreal heights of thought,
And came on that which is, and caught
The deep pulsations of the world.

Aeonian music measuring out
The steps of Time—the shocks of Chance—
The blows of Death. At length my trance
Was cancell'd stricken thro' with doubt.

Vague words! but ah, how hard to frame
In matter-moulded forms of speech,
Or ev'n for intellect to reach
Thro' memory that which I became.

to think mean simply "impossible." All who have had any experience of the higher planes of nature seem uniformly impressed with the "impossibility" of transcribing their experiences in terms of our physical vocabularies. The whole phrase, therefore (ἃ οὐκ ἐξὸν ἀνθρώπῳ λαλῆσαι), is merely a repetition of the preceding expression ἄρρητα ῥήματα, according to this way of interpreting the passage. However, it is, of course, possible that the writer was "under orders" to be silent about the details of experience, if indeed ἐξόν can bear this meaning. I need not add that I have no intention of dogmatising as to the exact spiritual height indicated by the words ἕως τρίτου οὐρανοῦ.

And then Wordsworth, the gentle Wordsworth, whom no one would ever have suspected of taking the kingdom of heaven by violence, tells us the same story without the high colouring to be found in the accounts given by more forceful characters. In *Tintern Abbey*, one of his masterpieces, we suddenly stumble upon the following :

> Nor less, I trust,
> To them I may have owed another gift,
> Of aspect more sublime ; that blesséd mood,
> In which the burthen of the mystery,
> In which the heavy and the weary weight
> Of all this unintelligible world,
> Is lightened :—that serene and blesséd mood,
> In which the affections gently lead us on,—
> Until, the breath of this corporeal frame,
> And even the motion of our human blood
> Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
> In body, and become a living soul :
> While with an eye made quiet by the power
> Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
> We see into the life of things.

And Mr. Leadbeater, again, in his book on the Devachanic Plane, after speaking of the "intense bliss, indescribable vitality, enormously increased power, and the perfect confidence," felt by anyone in this region, says :

"He finds himself in the midst of what seems to him a whole universe of ever-changing light and colour and sound, such as it has never entered into his loftiest dreams to imagine. Verily it is true that down here 'eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive' the glories of the heaven-world : and the man who has once experienced them in full consciousness will regard the world with widely different eyes for ever after."

I have taken the trouble to cite a few high opinions about this psychical condition, because I have never been able to induce more than one or two people to take my own statements about it seriously. However, I have taken "gas" three times since 1895, and chloroform once, and, each time I took "gas," I had, without fail, similar experiences. They were, however, more theological, if I may so say, and less metaphysical than on

the first occasion ; and the almost involuntary exclamation, " my God ! I've seen God's glory ! " was the only utterance I could find which would adequately convey my feelings, on recovering power of speech after one of these excursions into the so-called Unknown. The exclamation was an attempt to describe an all-possessing, over-whelming blaze of light with which I had been literally drenched, without, however, being, as I expected to be, dazzled by it. It was like those representations of "God's glory," which one occasionally sees in old Bibles, etc., generally with some unintelligible Hebrew letters inscribed in the centre. In fact, so much did it resemble these representations that I at once recognised the likeness, and was, therefore, almost surprised not to see the Hebrew letters. I am inclined, accordingly, to argue that our traditional representation of " God's glory " must have had for its originator some one who had seen this " light " himself, or else that the tradition has been handed down to us from times when the " light " was more generally familiar than it is now. The same argument applies to our artistic tradition about another light of which I shall speak later.

I may explain, further, and even insist upon the point, that I did not merely *see* this light. It seemed to take hold of me, and I felt the most unspeakable thrill of exhilaration I have ever known. It is, probably, unnecessary to add that it is one thing to enter this state under the influence of a drug or a stimulant, and quite another to enter it naturally, during ordinary physical life. No doubt, for aught I know to the contrary, a fair percentage of the inhabitants of the civilised world could enter it under the former conditions, if they cared to take the trouble to do so ; and, in any case, I suppose, will do so after death. It is, however, I have no doubt, a work of considerable merit to enter into this state in a natural way, as did the writer of the epistles to the Corinthians in old time, and Tennyson and Wordsworth in more recent years.

The effect of chloroform I found to be slightly different. I attained very quietly to what seemed to me to be a state of perfect bliss and of great intellectual insight, before losing consciousness, while in taking " gas " I never reached the Devachanic stage till after beginning to regain consciousness. Put the fullest

meaning you can into the word "celestial," and then multiply it by the biggest number you can think of, and you know what my feelings were before "losing consciousness" under chloroform. Put the fullest meaning you can into the word "regret," and go through a similar arithmetical process, and you will know what my feelings were on "coming" completely "round" from chloroform. I may add, by way of conclusion to this topic, that I was interested to be able to confirm the truth of an idea which Mr. H. G. Wells introduces into one of his short stories, the name of which I have forgotten. In the story I am thinking of, he makes a man, who succeeds in leaving his body during life, experience a feeling of great increase of size. I was certainly very large on coming round from chloroform, two or three times my usual size, it seemed. As the effects of the chloroform went off, however, I grew smaller and smaller, ever narrowing my limits and withdrawing towards the body, till I seemed to regain my normal proportions.

ROBERT CALIGNOC.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

READINGS AND RE-READINGS:

COLERIDGE'S "AIDS TO REFLECTION"

"ADD to your faith knowledge and to knowledge *manly energy*." This is the significant translation made by Coleridge of the Greek word ordinarily translated "virtue." For a lover and student of words such as Coleridge, it must have been with a sense of regret that he found himself compelled to substitute for the beautiful word "virtue" the clumsy paraphrase "manly energy," and there is much of interest in the reasons that led him to make the change.

Oliver Wendell Holmes once observed that certain words, after a period of use, become, as it were, polarised; they cease to mean what they originally meant and instead of allowing, like pure glass, the light of meaning to pass unchanged through them, obscure and distort it. As a remedy he suggested a periodical depolarisation of words, which should restore to them their original transparency. Such a remedy, however, is not only

difficult to apply, but sometimes the evil is past cure. Wordsworth made a splendid attempt to rehabilitate the word "duty" and to raise it to what Ruskin called the peerage of words from which it had fallen. And we may be sure that Coleridge would have attempted a similar restoration of "virtue" had he believed the task possible.

In reading *Aids to Reflection* the careful reader will be struck by Coleridge's insistence upon the idea of manly energy. It is as if he had struck the keynote of the book in that single paraphrase of virtue. There was clearly in his mind a set of associated ideas revolving about the name virtue, which he disliked and suspected. These strange and unfriendly associations of weakness, fatigue, incapacity—all the negations of energy—had so obscured its original meaning that only the entire rejection of the word would serve his purpose. But the change that had taken place in the word must first have taken place in the minds of men. Nor is it difficult to discover the reason of the change. With the exclusive insistence upon the simplest aspect of the life of Christ and the elevation of this aspect to the be-all and end-all of life, every other expression of life naturally fell under a ban. Negation became a duty. But if "virtue" gathered associations with mawkishness, "duty," too, lost its positiveness and became the associate of negations, deadness, and hard ugliness. But the slow realisation of the equal demand of life on all the energies in their highest form, drew men's minds more and more from the chilling neighbourhood of "virtue," and more and more towards "manly energy," in reality towards virtue itself.

From his choice of a paraphrase for virtue we may see that Coleridge was one of the earliest to be thus drawn. He belonged to that "acute but honourable minority," the breath of whose nostrils was spontaneity as against habit, liberty as against slavery, sweetness and light as against mechanical Philistinism, affirmation as against negation. There is to such minds something repellent in the association of the life of the spirit with things menial and monotonous. That the sons of God should be degraded into Carlyle's gin-horses; that "virtue" should be restrained within exercises; that the free spirit, blowing whither it listeth, should submit to habit and work by routine; that the

soul should become, in St. Beuve's phrase of Franklin, "rusé pour le bien,"—taking the Kingdom of Heaven by ingenuity: all this is out of tune with the idea of the life of the spirit, and with the songs that the morning stars sang together. For such as these it is not negation at all, nor the formation of habits, good or bad, nor of restraints whether for good or for ill; but, on the contrary, affirmation, spontaneity, freedom: in a word, manly energy. For them, a man is always right in what he affirms—the affirmation being of the will—and never right in what he denies—negation being of that mass of wants, that vacuum abhorred of Nature, known as the personality. They would be neither creatures of habit, dominated by their own past, nor idealists, dominated by their own future; but free and unprejudiced, in themselves complete, able to act in harmony and in perfect fitness with the swiftly changing circumstances of life. And this life of the spirit, as described faintly even at best by poets and seers, and in the lives of men of action, draws the minds of all men by its beauty and freedom. For never wholly overgrown in the hearts of men lies the silent conviction of its truth, and to truth we respond with an inward leaping, just as the silent sleeping seeds move strangely at the call of the sun in spring.

But what of those few adventurers who have set out on this dangerous lonely journey of the life of the Spirit of Man, this voyage into the new world beyond the dim horizon? What has been the fate of those bold souls who ventured rudderless and unequipped into the unknown seas? The way is strewn with wrecks. Of all enterprises the most dangerous, perhaps the most impossible, is this very life of the spirit, this spontaneous, free and beautiful life in the eternal now. In most minds, however, the suggestion of danger in any path either raises foolish images of exciting perils by land and sea, or marks the way as one to be shunned. These latter thank God that they have been born to a quiet life; while the former, like the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, wander to the ends of the earth in the vain search for adventures that subtly wait within. But of the life of the spirit, the innumerable failures are no denial. They are there to testify to the peril, but no less to the reality of the way.

It is thus with some sense of the wellnigh incommensurable value of Coleridge's work, and at the same time of its almost complete hopelessness, that, after a study of his life, one enters on the reading of his *Aids to Reflection*. For blazing in magnificent light as his ideas may be, we cannot forget that they blaze as beacons upon a wreck. It is not suggested that Coleridge's was therefore a vain life, or that Coleridge, in Carlyle's coarse excessive phrases was "a great and useless genius, sunk in putrescent indolence: a mass of richest spices putrefied into a dunghill." Nor even that, as Lamb more graciously described him, he was "an archangel, a little damaged." He was in fact only a man, a man of the noblest ideas, with a purpose and a will set upon the stars, but without the means and almost contemptuous of the slow, laborious means by which the stars are to be reached: the lover, but the victim, of spontaneity.

As the work of such a man, *Aids to Reflection* deserves the more than passing regard of students of the inner things. The book in many respects is at once a commentary on, and in some places an expansion or even a corrective of, the modern Theosophical writings on the training of the mind. With these, too, the centre of ideas in words seems sometimes to have shifted a little from the positive towards the negative pole, and a little Coleridge is needed to restore the balance. What perhaps the present writings insist upon most of all—training, regular exercise, conscious formation of habit—these seem at first entirely opposed to Coleridge, but the truth is that these things are only the preparation, the retirement into the desert, the fasting and the wanderings which shall fit the soul for spontaneity and the life of the spirit. These things which Coleridge despised were just the means that so pitifully failed him, and the later books therefore throw as much light upon Coleridge as Coleridge upon them.

Turning now to the book itself, we find Coleridge's purpose and method precisely and clearly defined. He portrays for himself an ideal reader and states his intentions towards and for him. *Aids to Reflection* is then for those "who are desirous of building up a manly character in the light of distinct consciousness," and its objects are to direct attention to the value of the Science of Words, to establish the distinct characters of Prudence, Morality

and Religion, to substantiate the "momentous distinction" between Reason and Understanding, and to show that the mysteries of Christianity are Reason in its highest form. These four objects, as one soon perceives, are in reality contained in the first; for in his speculations on Christian doctrines, in his distinctions of Reason and Understanding, his method is almost wholly dialectical and based on the fine discrimination of words. The old quarrel about Prudence, Morality and Religion, and their respective areas, is almost blown over; and Coleridge's Christian apologetics, powerfully as they affected the Church of the following generation and interesting as in themselves they are, fail to answer the questions we are asking to-day. Hence, for us, the main value of Coleridge's work is his insistence upon the value of the study of words; upon its value, above all, to those who seek to acquire the art of Reflection.

And on this subject Coleridge speaks, not only with authority, but with an enthusiasm that infects his readers. He was a born lover of language—"this embodied and articulated Spirit of the Race"; he handles and groups words as delicately as artists choose and mix colours; he has the literary consciousness at its highest. His enthusiasm leads him sometimes to place too high a value upon words, but in reality it is the under-emphasis of the other factors that is at fault. His Aaron's rod swallows up, for the time, the rods of the other magicians. Nor is this over-emphasis of words unnecessary in our day, rather it is more necessary than ever. One conspicuous defect of present-day literature is its failure to discriminate in words, its almost complete lack of fine taste in expression. And it is curious to observe the almost angry aversion of the typical modern mind to precision in word or sentence. Even the attempt to define is met by the petulant objection that definitions are either impossible or useless. The "virile" writer of to-day, taking the man in the street for his judge and critic, will have none of them. With his contempt for metaphysics—though he knows nothing of metaphysics but his own moonshine, which he properly despises—the modern writer puts far from him that attitude of mind which metaphysics induces. For him the best word, whatever may be the intellectual world it inhabits, is simply the handiest; or, if on occasion

he wishes to "write fine," he knows no better way than to reverse his direction and to take the most remote words. Thus his language is an unpleasing combination of plain and coloured words, words from the streets and words from the worlds of poets' imaginations.

That is, however, only the outward effect of the neglect of words. A more serious, because more causal, injury is wrought upon ideas. For if ideas act upon words, words also react upon ideas. Every new impulse in thought tends to overflow the old borders of language, and to make for itself new channels of expression. Where the minds upon which the impulse comes are rich and vigorous, the resulting expression is beautiful and orderly, but where the minds are indolent and careless, the new vocabulary is marked by idiosyncrasy and ambiguity. With weak and ill-defined boundaries words fail to retain ideas, and when the impulse of ideas is past, in no long time the new vocabulary appears fantastic and empty of ideas.

In respect to this danger to modern movements of ideas, the example and inspiration of Coleridge are of great and immediate value. The intellect, Coleridge affirms, grows by definition : its characteristic work and function is definition. It does not matter that the definitions actually produced are imperfect, or that the hope of perfect definition moves like the horizon. What does matter is that the defining activity should be continuously exercised, and that words at the moment of use should have a defined value. Perhaps it would be extreme to say that the "distinct consciousness" which Coleridge aims at producing is the product of definition alone ; but certainly there can be no distinct intellectual consciousness without it. There is also an intimate ethical relation between words and actions. Quoting Hobbes, "it is a short and downhill passage from errors in words to errors in things." Therefore Coleridge enunciates the aphorism : "Let distinctness in expression advance side by side with distinctness in thought."

Elsewhere he has an interesting definition and analysis of the aphorism : "Exclusive of the abstract sciences, the largest and worthiest portion of our knowledge consists of aphorisms ; and the greatest and best of men is but an aphorism." George

Meredith remarks somewhere that a nation in the fisticuff stage of development has no appreciation of aphorisms—those jewels, five words long, that on the stretched forefinger of old Time sparkle for ever. And at the other extreme there is the testimony of the Hindu systems of thought to the final choice of literary form, the ultimate perfection and annihilation of form, in the aphorisms of their philosophical writings. Conceive the world of thought spread out like a map, and having its great divisions marked and divided. The art of definition Coleridge compares with the exact surveying and marking out of territorial boundaries: an aphorism is the briefest statement of the nature of the territory, while a word is the symbol of the aphorism. It is natural perhaps that a man should most exalt that which i most natural and easy to himself, and the definition of word as a means to the development and control of the mind is Coleridge's best contribution to this subject.

In the remainder of this paper I shall trace a single line through the broad area of his system, summarising briefly and, where I can, in his own words his more striking additional "aids to reflection." The nature of reflection itself, he says, may best be seen by examining the early use of the word. In James i. 25, the Greek word translated reflection signifies the "incurvation" or bending of the body in the act of looking down into; as, for instance, in the endeavour to see the reflected image of a star in the water of a deep well. Thought is thus not creative but revealing. It does not of itself generate ideas, but brings the experiences of the deeps of consciousness into the light of present consciousness. The purpose of reflection is therefore to awaken the mind to the knowledge of the soul.

But this exercise and right use of reflection is not only difficult, but, at the outset, unattractive and even repellent. Who goeth to himself goeth among both angels and beasts. The most formidable impediment to men's turning their mind inwards upon themselves is the fear of what they shall find there, and, again, the lurking desire to remain what they are. For it is seldom that an evil tendency is brought forth into distinct consciousness without at the same time bringing it before an awaking conscience. Therefore are most men "skulking fugitives from

their own conscience" and "the eyes of the fool are in the ends of the earth."

And when this fear and desire are overcome there still remains the difficulty of the task. A reflecting mind is not a flower that grows wild or comes up of its own accord. (How perfectly Coleridge prescribed for himself when prescribing for others!) Yet the spiritual life is perilous if not impossible without it, and he is to be condemned who teaches men the principles and precepts of spiritual wisdom before their minds are called off from foreign objects and turned inward upon themselves. Never yet did there exist a full faith in the Divine Word which did not expand the intellect, while it purified the heart. It is on the wings of the Cherubim—the intellectual powers and energies—that we must first be borne up to the pure empyrean.

We have seen that the method upon which Coleridge most insists is the habitual and careful discrimination of words, but he would add, the habitual and careful practice of the ideas thus discriminated. Knowledge is not enough in itself. As God tells Ezekiel of his people: "And lo thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice and can play well upon an instrument, for they hear thy words and do them not." Practice is necessary even to right reflection. There is but one sure way of giving freshness to commonplace maxims, and of restoring truths to their first uncommon lustre, to reflect on them in direct reference to our own conduct.

Of the object of reflection Coleridge affirms that it must be sensible. In our present state, he says, it is little less than impossible that the affections should be kept constantly to an object which gives no employment to the understanding (St. Paul's "mind of the flesh," the concrete mind), and yet cannot be made manifest to the senses. The mind may easily be deceived with shadows, and to be only vaguely right is worse than being definitely wrong. Nothing manly can proceed from those who for Law and Light would substitute shapeless feelings, sentiments and impulses.

The rule of meditating daily on some text he also condemns, as knowing too well how apt these self-imposed rules are to degenerate into superstition and hollowness. What Coleridge

however, did not know well enough was that the absence of rule is not only apt, but almost certain, to degenerate into indolence. It is not so much the sudden tides of energy that strike us in him, as their sudden ebbs. His nature was not as he described it "indolence capable of energies" but rather "energy incapable of endurance," and here in his contempt of daily discipline we may perhaps see its cause.

But there are other cross-roads in the way of Reflection where Coleridge is free to be wise. On asceticism, for example, he makes these shrewd observations: "Folly is easier than wisdom and to torture the flesh is so much less difficult, demands so much less exertion of will than to reflect, and by reflection to gain knowledge and tranquillity. Were truth and knowledge attainable by toilsome pilgrimages and painful penances few would be without them." We run little danger of asceticism in its cruder kinds in these days. A modified and subtler form of asceticism, however, still lingers even in the best, under the name of Puritanism, and to this form the words of Coleridge are still fresh.

Still more applicable is his advice on sentimentality, or sensibility as he called it. This, together with dead conformity, is so manifestly negative of his "manly energy" that he is almost intolerant in his condemnation. Toleration, he says, is a herb of spontaneous growth in the soil of indifference; but the weed has none of the virtues of the medicinal plant reared by Humility in the garden of Zeal. You that boast you live conformably to the appointment of the Church, and that no one hears your noise, we may thank the ignorance of your minds for that sort of quiet. Dubious questioning is much better evidence than that senseless deadness which most take for believing. He who begins by loving Christianity better than truth will proceed by loving his own sect better than Christianity, and end in loving himself better than all. But it is for sensibility that he reserves his hottest fires. For Sterne and his Sentimental Philosophy he has nothing but bad names, though he was one of the few great Englishmen to appreciate Rabelais. Many there are, he says, whose sensibility prompts them to remove only the clamorous evils; provided the dunghill is not before their door, they are well content to know that it exists, and perhaps as the hot-bed

on which their own luxuries are reared. Where virtue is, sensibility is the ornament and becoming attire, but, without virtue, sensibility becomes the "pander of vice."

He holds firmly the doctrine of an end. Without a conceived goal men live at hazard. They have no certain harbour, nor direct their course by any fixed star. But to him that knoweth not the port to which he is bound, no wind can be favourable. There is a proper object to aim at, and if this object be termed happiness (though its perfection excludes hap or chance), then Coleridge believes in final happiness. Meanwhile, so far as the choice of pleasures is concerned, he would advise men to follow the maxim: Seek the most pleasure with the least pain. If only you do not seek where you yourself *know* it will not be found, the very pleasure may lead to nobler experiences. In matters of pleasure the question to ask is, therefore, not What kind? but How much?

I have now followed a single thread through Coleridge's system of Reflection. Much matter of high value and interest I have been unable to touch even in passing, but the line thus traversed through his territory may awaken in some the desire to explore more thoroughly. I conclude with an admirable rhetorical passage, full of insight and applicable now as then: "In whatever age and country it is the prevailing mind and character of the nation to regard the present life as subordinate to the life to come, and to mark the present state, the world of their senses, by signs, instruments, and mementos of its connection with a future state and a spiritual world, where the Mysteries of Faith are brought within the hold of people at large, not by being explained away in the vain hope of accommodating them to the average of their understanding, but by being made the objects of Love by their combination with events and epochs of history, with national Traditions, with the monuments and dedications of ancestral Faith and Zeal, with memorial and symbolical observances, with the realising influences of social Devotion, and above all by early and habitual association with acts of the will, there Religion is. There, however obscured by the hay and straw of human will-work, the foundation is safe."

A. J. O.

THE EVOLUTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS

(CONCLUDED FROM p. 81)

THE WORK OF THE MONAD IN BUILDING HIS VEHICLES

THE next point in connection with this building that we must consider is the special work of organising the vehicles as expressions of Consciousness, leaving apart the general building by desire and thought, with which we are so familiar. We are concerned here with details, rather than with broad outlines.

We know that while qualities are imparted to matter during the descent of the Second Logos, the arrangement of these specialised materials into relatively permanent forms belongs to His ascent. When the Monad, through his reflection as the Spiritual Man, assumes some directive power over his vehicles, he finds himself in possession of a form in which the sympathetic nervous system is playing a very large part, and in which the cerebro-spinal has not yet assumed predominance. He will have to work up a number of connecting links between this sympathetic system which he inherits and the centres which he must organise in his astral body, for his future independent functioning therein. But before any independent functioning in any higher vehicle is possible, it is necessary to carry it to a fairly high point as a *transmitting vehicle*, that is a vehicle through which he works down to his body on the physical plane. We must distinguish between the primary work of the organisation of the mental and astral vehicles that fits them to be transmitters of the energy of the Spiritual Man—energy which is not expressed as Consciousness until it reaches the physical brain—and the later work of developing these same vehicles into independent bodies, in which the Spiritual Man will be able to function on their respective planes. Hence there are two tasks to be performed: first the organisation of the mental and astral vehicles

as transmitters of energy to the physical body; secondly, the organisation of these vehicles into independent bodies, in which Consciousness can function without the help of the physical body.

The astral and mental vehicles then must be organised in order that the Spiritual Man may use the physical brain and nervous system as his organ of Consciousness on the physical plane. The impulse to such use comes from the physical world by impacts upon the various nerve-ends, causing waves of nervous energy to pass along the fibres to the brain; these waves pass from the dense brain to the etheric, thence to the astral, thence to the mental vehicle, arousing a response from the Consciousness in the causal body on the mental plane. That Consciousness, thus roused by impacts from without, flows down in answer from the causal body to the mental, from the mental to the astral, from the astral to the etheric and dense physical; the waves set up electric currents in the etheric brain, and these act on the dense matter of the nervous cells.

All these vibratory actions gradually organise the first inchoate clouds of astral and mental matter into vehicles which serve as effective fields for these constant actions and re-actions. This process goes on during hundreds of births, started, as we have seen, from below, but gradually coming more and more under the control of the Spiritual Man; he begins to direct his activities by his memories of past sensations, and starts each activity under the impulse of these memories stimulated by desire. As the process continues, more and more forcible direction comes from within, and less and less directive power is exercised by the attractions and repulsions of external objects, and thus the control of the building up of the vehicles is largely withdrawn from the without and is centred in the within.

As the vehicle becomes more organised, certain aggregations of matter appear within it, at first cloudy and vague, then more and more definitely outlined. These are the future chakras, or wheels, the sense-centres of the astral body, as distinguished from the astral sense-centres connected with the sense-organs and centres of the physical body. But nothing is done to vivify these slowly growing centres for immense periods of time, and

that vivification can only be done from the physical vehicle, wherein the fiery force of Kundalinî, the vivifying energy, resides. Before Kundalinî can reach them, they must be linked to the sympathetic nervous system, the large ganglionic cells in that system being the points of contact. When these links are made, the fiery current can flow through. While they can only be vivified from the physical vehicle, the building of them as centres and the gradual organisation of them into wheels, can be begun from any vehicle, and will be begun in any individual from that vehicle which represents the special type of temperament to which he belongs. According as a man belongs to one typical temperament or another, so will be the place of the greatest activity in the building up of all the vehicles, in the gradual making of them into effective instruments of Consciousness to be expressed on the physical plane. This centre of activity may be in the physical, astral, lower or higher mental body. In any one of these, or even higher still, according to the temperamental type, this centre will be found in the principle which marks out the temperamental type, and from that it works "upwards" or "downwards," shaping the vehicles so as to make them suitable for the expression of that temperament.

A special case may be taken to facilitate the understanding of this process—a temperament in which the Lower Manas predominates. We will trace the Spiritual Man through the Third, Fourth and Fifth Root Races. When we look at him at work in the Third Race, we find him very infantile mentally, even though the mind is the predominant note of his type. The surging life around him, that he can neither understand nor master, works strongly upon him from outside, and powerfully affects his astral vehicle. This astral vehicle will be retentive of impressions, in consequence of the temperament, and the desires will stimulate the infantile mind to efforts directed to their satisfaction. His physical constitution differs from that of the Fifth Race man; the sympathetic system is still dominant, and the cerebro-spinal system subordinate, but parts of the sympathetic system are beginning to lose much of their effectiveness as instruments of Consciousness, belonging, as such instruments, to the stage below the human. There are two bodies in the brain especially connected with the sympathetic system in their inception,

although now forming part of the cerebro-spinal—the pineal gland and the pituitary body. They illustrate the way in which a part of the body may function in one manner at an early stage, may then lose its special use and function little, if at all, and at a later stage of evolution may again be stimulated by a higher kind of life, which will give it a new use and function at a higher stage of evolution.

The development of these bodies belongs to the invertebrate rather than to the vertebrate kingdom, and the "third eye" is spoken of by biologists as the "invertebrate eye." It is found still as an eye among vertebrates, for a snake was lately found in Australia which showed on the top of the head a peculiar arrangement of semi-transparent scales; when these were cut away a complete eye was found underneath —an eye complete in its parts although not functioning. That third eye was functioning among the Lemurians in the vague and general way characteristic of the lower stages of evolution, and specially characteristic of the sympathetic system. As our man advanced from the Lemurian into the Atlantean Race, the third eye ceased to function, the brain developed round it, and it became the appendage now called the pineal gland. As a Lemurian, he had been psychic, the sympathetic system being largely affected by the surgings of the undeveloped astral body. As an Atlantean, he gradually lost his psychic powers, as the sympathetic system became subordinate and the cerebro-spinal grew stronger.

The growth of the cerebro-spinal system would be more rapid in this Atlantean than in those of other temperaments, because the main activity would be in the Lower Manas, and would thus stimulate and fashion it; the astral body would lose its predominance sooner, and would become more rapidly a transmitter of mental impulses to the brain. Hence, when our man passed on into the Fifth Race, he would be peculiarly ready to take advantage of its characteristics; he would build a large and well-proportioned brain; he would utilise his astral chiefly as a transmitter, and would build his chakras from the mental plane.

To return to the second of the two bodies mentioned above —the pituitary body. This is regarded as developed from a

primeval mouth, in direct continuity with the alimentary canal of the invertebrates. It ceased to function as a mouth in the vertebrates, and became a rudimentary organ; but it has retained a peculiar function in connection with the growth of the body. It is active during the normal period of physical growth, and the more actively it functions, the greater the growth of the body. In giants it has been found that this organ is peculiarly active. Moreover, the pituitary body sometimes again begins to function in later life, when the bony framework of the body is set, and then causes abnormal and monstrous growth at the free points of the body, hands, feet, nose, etc., giving rise to disfigurement of a most distressing kind.

As the cerebro-spinal system became dominant, the earlier function of these two bodies disappeared; but these organs have a future as well as a past. The past was connected with the sympathetic system; the future is connected with the cerebro-spinal system. As evolution goes on, and the chakras in the astral body are vivified, the pituitary body becomes the physical organ for astral, and later, for mental clairvoyance. Where too great a strain is made upon the astral faculty of sight, while in the physical body, inflammation of the pituitary body sometimes results. This organ is the one through which the knowledge gained by astral vision is transmitted to the brain; and it is also used in vivifying the points of contact between the sympathetic system and the astral body, whereby a continuity of Consciousness is established between the astral and physical planes.

The pineal gland becomes connected with one of the chakras in the astral body, and through that with the mental body, and serves as a physical organ for the transmission of thought from one brain to another. In thought transmission the thought may be flashed from Lower Manas to Lower Manas, mental matter being used as the medium for transmission; or it may be sent down to the physical brain, and by means of the pineal gland may be sent, *viâ* the physical ether, to the pineal gland in another brain, and thus to the receiving Consciousness.

While the centre of activity lies in the dominant principle of the man, the vivifying of the chakras must be done, as said, from

the physical plane. The object of this vivifying is not to make the astral vehicle a more efficient transmitter to the physical body of the energies of the Spiritual Man, but to enable the astral vehicle to act as an independent body in which the Consciousness can function on the astral plane. There may be different centres of activity for the building up of transmitting vehicles, but it seems necessary to start from the physical plane in order to vitalise functioning bodies on other planes. Hence the high importance of physical purity in diet and other matters.

The Paths of Consciousness

The question arises: Does Consciousness always travel along the same path to reach its physical vehicle? Life, we know, sometimes travels directly through the atomic sub-planes from plane to plane, and sometimes traverses a plane by passing through each sub-plane from the seventh to the first before reaching the atomic sub-plane next below. Which of these paths does Consciousness follow? In its normal working, in the ordinary process of thinking, the wave comes steadily down through each successive sub-plane, from the mental through the seven astral sub-planes to the physical etheric, and so to the dense nervous matter. This wave sets up electrical currents in the etheric matter, and these affect the protoplasm of the grey cells. But when the peculiar flashes of Consciousness occur, as in flashes of genius, or as in sudden illuminative ideas which flash into the mind—such a flash as comes to the scientific man when out of a great mass of facts there suddenly springs forth the unifying underlying law—then the Consciousness pours downward through the atomic sub-planes only, and thus reaches the brain. This is the illuminative idea which justifies itself by its mere appearance, like the sunlight, and does not gain in compelling power by any process of reasoning. Thus reasoning comes to the brain by the successive sub-planes; authoritative illumination by the atomic sub-planes only.

Knowledge and Memory

Another question often asked is: How does knowledge gained on higher planes reach the brain, and why is it not accompanied by a memory of the circumstances under which it

was acquired? Anyone who practises meditation regularly knows that much knowledge that he has not gained by study on the physical plane appears in the brain. Whence comes it? It comes from the astral or mental plane, where it was acquired, and reaches the brain in the ordinary way above described; the Consciousness has assimilated it on the mental plane directly, or it has reached it from the astral, and sends down thought-waves as usual. It may have been communicated by some entity on the higher plane, who has acted directly on the mental body. But the circumstances of the communication may not be remembered for one of two reasons, or for both. Most people are not what is technically called "awake" on the astral and mental planes; that is, their faculties are turned inwards, are occupied with mental processes and emotions, and are not engaged in the observation of external phenomena. They may be very receptive, and their astral and mental bodies may easily be thrown into vibration, and the vibrations convey the knowledge which is thus given, but do not draw attention to the person making the communication. As evolution goes on, people become more and more receptive on the astral and mental planes, but do not therefore become aware of their surroundings.

The other reason for the lack of memory is the absence of the connecting links with the sympathetic system before mentioned. A person may be "awake" on the astral plane and functioning actively thereon, and he may be vividly conscious of his surroundings. But if the connecting links between the astral and physical systems have not been made, or are not vivified, there is a break in Consciousness. However vivid may be the Consciousness on the astral plane, it cannot, until these links are functioning, bring through and impress on the physical brain the memory of astral experiences. In addition to these links, there must be the active functioning of the pituitary body, which focusses the astral vibrations much as a burning glass focusses the rays of the sun. A number of the astral vibrations are drawn together and made to fall on a particular point, and vibrations being thus set up in dense physical matter, the further propagation of these is easy. All this is necessary for "remembering."

ANNIE BESANT.

CORRESPONDENCE

Some Remarks on the Philosophy of Mrs. Besant's "Thought Power, its Control and Culture"

To the Editor of The Theosophical Review

Sir,

It is with a certain amount of diffidence that I venture to submit certain considerations to the notice of your readers on the interesting and instructive work entitled *Thought Power, its Control and Culture*. This diffidence is due to the fact that many people are unable to separate in thought any difference of opinion from polemical animosity, and are unable to conceive an honest disagreement, as to philosophic or religious truth, save in terms of relation common to the writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Such individuals are growing fewer daily as the horizon of thought gradually broadens, but it would be foolish to deny their existence, and I, therefore, take this opportunity of stating that with the practical part of the work in question I am in entire agreement. It is unnecessary to add that I have a great respect also for the writer of it.

While agreeing, however, that the practical part of the work is useful, instructive and potentially beneficial to all who may study it, the philosophic bases on which it is built appear to be open to serious question. Perhaps this statement may appear inconsistent, but in reality this is not the case, as it is surprising how little our belief in abstruse questions of metaphysics affects the practical side of life. A man may believe in One or many Gods; in material or spiritual causation; in the existence of noumenal matter; or deny such existence; and yet appreciate the advantages of clear thought and mind control. From the Idealistic point of view there is no necessity to alter the practical superstructure. It can be moved, like an American house, bodily, to new foundations, without injury and, in my opinion, with advantage.

There are several points on which agreement with the writer is

impossible, and, speaking for others besides myself, I may say that the chief points of difference are the following :

1. The existence and possible knowledge of noumenal matter.
2. Material causation.
3. The real existence of abstract ideas.

1. We are told on p. 13, that the knowledge of things-in-themselves, *i.e.*, noumena, is possible "when the envelope in which Consciousness has been working, falls away, and the consciousness which is Knowledge identifies itself with all the Selves . . . and sees as the not-self only the matter connected with all selves severally," and again on p. 23 that "the Idea in the world of noumena . . . may also be known."

Now the assumed matter in the Noumenal World is supposed to be required by some philosophers to account for phenomena. This so-called matter has none of the qualities of the matter of everyday experience and serves—to use a scholastic phrase—as the "support of accidents"; in other words as the "bond of qualities." It can never be an object of knowledge, because the ego can only know what appears to it, and this must always be a phenomenon—an appearance to consciousness. This would be true, *à priori*, however many senses any being might possess. To say, therefore, that noumena may be known appears a manifest contradiction. Few thinkers go as far as this; and it is more commonly stated that noumenal matter is only "inferred to exist." The expression "an appearance to consciousness," used above, prompts the enquiry, "What then appears, if not the 'matter' objected to?" The answer is that nothing appears but the appearance, which in this Great Illusion is called "reality." The cause of it will be dealt with later, but to avoid dealing with abstractions, let us take a concrete instance.

In ordinary language I am now writing on a table. In other words certain sense impressions are presented to my consciousness, such as shape, colour, hardness, etc. These sense impressions form a group of qualities, and to this group the name of "a table" is given. In other words, the table is a "construct," built up by the ego from the modifications of consciousness called "sense impressions." The construct "table" is, therefore, the substance of the qualities which exist in it, but, inasmuch as this "substance" or "construct" exists *within the self*, the qualities also so exist; and their essence is in being perceived by the ego or consciousness. The "substance" or "construct" is phenomenal, and to suppose it noumenal is unnecessary

and does not confer any additional reality on the table. In saying that the construct exists "within the self," and it being obvious that any differentiated self is but a part of the All, we say no more than that the so-called material world is "the Divine Thought in expression," which term covers the spirit-action of the Supreme hypostasised as "the Logos." We are thus enabled to see the truth of the words, "All things exist in Me, not I in them."

The example of the table given above, is equally applicable to the physical body, including all the organs of sense. These are all constructs within the self, and we give the name "mind" to the sum of their subjective activities at any moment of time. When we control the mind, therefore, we are active causes in evolution and we truly modify the body and sense organs as well as acquire spiritual growth. We are truly spiritual agents, sharing in a limited sense in the Divine power of causation. The question of "intermittent existence" does not arise, when all things are in the Divine Thought. This doctrine can only be held by those Subjective Idealists, who hold those things only *to be* which are present to any individual mind; and I am not concerned with the defence of these views.

2. It is pointed out on p. 49 that "only when a man recognises objects as causes of pleasure or pain, does his human education begin." Objects being "constructs" within the self, can "cause" nothing. They are "matter" in the only knowable sense of the term, and are senseless and inert. Many Theosophical writers have shown scant courtesy to "matter" and have alluded to it as "brute matter" and in other uncomplimentary ways. Whether noumenal matter is meant is uncertain, but the worst term I feel justified in applying to the latter is "non-existent." Phenomenal matter, being but a construct of sense impressions or modifications of consciousness, "whose essence is in being perceived," can be treated kindly; but a regard for truth compels me to describe it as without consciousness or motion. We cannot *perceive* consciousness, or other separated selves, we can only *infer* their existence; and in the highest sense this inference is erroneous, as the Real Self is One. Neither can we assert that our own constructs or sense ideas *move*, as we are only conscious of changes of sense impression. These changes are not caused by *moving bodies*, but by the Divine Law, which renders perception possible, and is the cause of their routine or ordered sequence. It is true we give to certain changes of perception the name "motion," but this is only a concept, by which these changes are described. The same is

true of vibration, gravitation, chemical action, etc. Let us now examine a concrete case or two.

It is commonly stated that fire can cause pain, but it is not so clear that it can do so, when critically examined. That fire may be the *occasion* of pain no one denies, but the *cause* of the pain is the action of an ego in bringing a portion of its body into contact with flame. The cause of the pain is not the action of matter, therefore, but of spirit. If I am struck by a bullet, the bullet is not the *cause*, but the occasion of the injury to my body, as the unburnt cartridge can do me no harm, but when fired from a rifle it may be otherwise. The firing of the rifle is the act of an ego—in other words, of "spiritual causation." In the same way with the causes of our perceptions and constructs. We are told on p. 11 that "we do not know the things themselves, but only the effect produced by them in our consciousness." These "effects" *are* the things, and they do not *produce themselves*. The "producer" of the construct table is not a table, but a carpenter, probably assisted by other workmen, who are egos and are efficient spiritual causes of the construct "table," which appears as such to me, through the essential identity of all egos or selves in the One Self. If it be asked what was the cause of the materials out of which the table was made, it is answered that the materials, like all else, exist in the Divine Thought, and through That, potentially, in all egos, and have no need of other cause. It is through this Cause that separated egos, likewise, perceive all things within their limits, which are really their *states of evolution*. To call the cause of "matter" by the same name is quite unwarranted; and to duplicate all objects of sense is a violation of the Law of Economy. "*Entia non sunt multiplicanda præter necessitatem*." If this law be broken, there is no reason why everything should not be multiplied to infinity in the Noumenal World, as no one would be any the wiser, in default of possible verification.

3. The question of abstract ideas remains. The author informs us that there is an "Abstract Mind," p. 20, and also "that Manas is the reflection in the atomic matter of the third, or mental, plane of the cognitional aspect of the Self—of the Self as Knower." I do not know if it be possible to frame an idea of any Abstract Mind, but I have never met anybody who could up to the present. It is true that mind may, for purposes of study, be considered apart from an ego, but a little analysis will show that to conceive of its separate existence, or abstracted from all egos, is impossible. If we attempt to conceive

an abstract mind we are only really examining our own thoughts about our own minds, and joining with this the conception of separateness we are doing no more than what Euclid did, when he stated that parallel straight lines can never meet, ignoring whether such things as straight lines, parallel or otherwise, had any existence save as concepts. Euclid's definition is, at any rate, consistent in conception (in which sense the mathematical sciences are all true) but the Abstract Mind has no definition at all.

As for Manas being a "reflection" in matter of any sort, the idea seems to be an inversion of the fact. Manas is unthinkable as existing in its own construct "matter," but matter is quite conceivable and is known to exist in consciousness—which, indeed, is its essence. Ashvagosha, in the *Awakening of Faith*, states that "the three Domains (*i.e.*, the *triloka*) are nothing but the self-manifestation of the Mind (*Âlaya-vijñâna*, which is practically identical with 'suchness'). Separated from the Mind, there would be no such things as the six objects of sense."

It appears to be a pity that, having assisted at the obsequies of the fetishes of Materialism, when they were buried in the Limbo of discarded obsessions of the human mind, any teachers of the Higher Wisdom should attempt to resuscitate them. Did these noumenal pseudo-concepts serve any useful purpose, or were they postulates of thought, whose existence was at all conceivable, something might be said for their being retained. I am quite prepared, however, to make the "*amende honorable*" to any opponent who will state in language capable of being translated into thought, how any consciousness, however exalted, can become aware of the existence of Noumenal Matter *per se*. If an appeal be made to authority, then, without admitting its validity to consecrate an absurdity, I content myself with opposing thereto the Idealism prevalent in the Buddhist Scriptures, thus leaving the appeal ultimately to Reason, which must decide—or rather which should decide—between the differing authorities.

It is clear that, in the few remarks made, I have only dealt partially and inadequately with subjects of vast importance, but I have no pretension to do aught but indicate imperfectly the path along which great thinkers have found the Light, and where I believe it will at last be found by all.

Yours, etc.

S. F. WEGUELIN-SMITH.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

A Polemic on Hypnotism

Hypnotism and the Doctors. By Richard Harte. (London: L. N. Fowler and Co.; New York: Fowler and Wells Co.; 1902. Price 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

We have read this work with considerable interest, but, as its title indicates, the trail of the controversialist is over it all. If Mr. Harte had devoted the space which he sacrifices to girding at "the Doctors" to a further exposition of his subject, his book would have been more informing if less facetious.

The present volume of 244 pages is the second of a series of three works dealing with the subjects now embraced under the term Hypnotism. In it the author surveys the vicissitudes of Animal Magnetism from the time of Mesmer, and considers four other systems of Psycho-physics: Braidism, Statuvolism, Pathetism, and Electro-biology. He states that all these systems are nearly allied, and unless they are taken into consideration, the Hypnotism of our day seems little more than a jumble of conflicting theories, and a chaos of unexplained phenomena.

The chasing of pains from one part of the body to another, and drawing them finally out of the body by the extremities, is frequently mentioned by the old magnetisers. When the pain left the disease departed with it. This, as our author very truly remarks, is not only contrary to the common idea that pain is only a symptom of disease, but it is incompatible with the modern theory of bacilli, which makes out disease to be parasitic. What the clairvoyant ought to see shaken from the fingers of the magnetiser, one would think, he says, is not a shower of bad magnetism but of dead microbes! So we think too, and we wish that microbes could be eliminated so easily. Mr. Sinnett is quoted as saying in his treatise on mesmerism that the "elementals" come and eat up this "bad magnetism," whereon the author observes that these "elementals"

are, apparently, a kind of tame Theosophical devils, whose function is this scavenger work. On these exalted questions we, as humble reviewers, cannot be expected to have an opinion; but we confess to a prejudice in favour of the microbes which we have seen, as against the bad magnetism which we have not, while as to the elementals—but we must return to Mr. Harte.

Animal magnetism suffered eclipse, he tells us, on account of a lack of agreement as to the fundamental principle of magnetic healing. Every operator found his own method successful, and this intensified the prejudice against them. They were accused of immorality, of producing insanity, of aggravating disease. This does occasionally happen, as Mr. Harte admits, in the hands of experimenting and sceptical doctors, ignorant of the subject, and of inexperienced persons generally. It is evident that even in Psycho-physics that the "expert" is made not born, hence everyone must be inexperienced to begin with. It is therefore perhaps as well for a long-suffering public that "the Doctors" decline to run *en masse* down the steep places of Animal Magnetism and its kindred cults.

Attempts were made to link mesmerism with phrenology, and phreno-magnetism had its day and ceased to be. Then came Reichenbach and his "Od force," then homœopathy with its globules to compete with passes for the favour of the public. These, says Mr. Harte, shook orthodox medicine to such a degree that nowadays we have a veritable jubilee of patent medicines and "noxious fads" like the subcutaneous injection of opiates. Still, we think it will be something to have even patent medicines to fall back upon, when our confidence in our doctors is finally undermined by the present work *et hoc genus omne*.

The methods of Esdale and Elliotson are detailed, and Braid's Hypnotism described at considerable length. Fahnstock produced Statuvolism, a state caused by the will of the patient, not of the operator. He can "throw his mind" to any distant place—he will, in fact, be there *minus* his body. He can read the thoughts of others. He feels himself free and not the "creature" of the magnetiser. However, we gather that this state cannot be entered at first without the aid of the operator.

The Pathetism of Sunderland started in the atmosphere of religious revivals. The worst epidemic being known as "the Jerks," a species of convulsive seizure of great violence. Sunderland produced his "trance" by mental suggestion, and claimed many advan-

tages for his method. The Electro-biology of Dods is an interesting section of the work. He drew a striking distinction between the voluntary power of the Infinite Mind and its involuntary power working through the fixed laws of Nature.

It is, we think, possibly a pregnant suggestion that there may be a conscious and sub-conscious region in the Divine Mind, as there is a conscious and sub-liminal region in the human intelligence.

The methods of the different schools described are fully gone into, and those who desire to practise these dangerous arts will find many hints. But we would venture to remind them of the terrible results which may accrue, when "inexperienced persons" wander in these unmapped regions of the psychic realm; while as believers in the Law of Karma we draw their earnest attention to the saying of the Master: "For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again."

A. H. W.

British Rule and Indian Poverty

England and India. By Annie Besant. An Address delivered at South Place Chapel, Finsbury, October 5th, 1902. (Theosophical Publishing Co., 7, James Street, Harrogate. Price 2*d*.)

It goes without saying that everything Mrs. Besant says about India is valuable and well worthy of study; and if one ventures any criticism it is not as to her facts or her way of stating them. It is quite true that the working of the English law and courts has for its unintended but inevitable result the ever-increasing misery of the poor; but where I venture to differ from her is as to the tacit assumption she makes that this is a special vice of the Indian Government, and that improvement is possible by any acts of that Government, otherwise advised. It is not so; it is the inherent, essential, vice of our European civilisation—felt not only in India and in Ireland but in France, Germany, Italy, and even in the New England States of America; and no change of law *now* possible can alter it. For a world, as for a nation or an individual, there are steps which, once taken, can never be trodden backwards; and when you have once reconstructed society on the modern principle that justice has no concern with human life except to protect property—that you have done JUSTICE to your people when you have prevented theft and provided legal means whereby the money-lender may recover his last farthing,

starve who may, you cannot go back without a catastrophe. The Indian poor are growing poorer under the English rule—true; but don't forget that the *English* poor are growing more miserable under English rule, French poor under French rule, American poor under American rule also. No one knows this better than Mrs. Besant, and it is this which, in her sympathy for her Hindu friends, she has allowed herself somewhat to forget. There seems to be a general idea abroad just now that everything would go right over the world if only England would pay for it all; at the late Conference Irish landlords and tenants were for once agreed upon *this* point—that they should have certain millions out of the English pocket! and now Mrs. Besant wants more millions for India. But the failures of our civilisation are not to be set straight by taxing the English poor for the benefit even of Hindus, and (as I have said) no power can alter the system which makes the misery, short of Revolution.

A. A. W.

Some Mystical Verse

The Song of the Cross and the Chant of the Labour of Satan. By James Macbeth. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd.; 1902.)

There are so many things that might be said about this volume that we confess ourselves at a loss where to begin, and having begun, end our survey, in obedience to the limits at our disposal. It consists of numerous outpourings in prose and verse; highly allegorical, but a trifle confused, the main keynote (if there be one) of which would not easily reveal itself to profane readers. There is a good deal said which is very true and very excellent as far as the morality of it goes, but most of us are more than familiar with the same truths put in forms which are more likely to appeal to a wider circle of readers, and which are treated of mystically without being rendered unnecessarily obscure. For to be obscure is not to be mystical, although to many these terms are, we fear, synonymous. In the preface our author modestly implies the manifold nature of the Symbols he deals with, and it is only to be expected that he should treat them from his particular point of view, which we can frankly agree shows much earnestness, coupled with a simple-minded enthusiasm of a distinctly refreshing nature. But if the purpose of the book be what we hold as the main justification of any attempts in print—that of stimulating thought and providing emotional food of a wholesome kind for the

general public, or a section of it—we have to confess that our author does not live up to his somewhat lengthy title nor yet to the well-executed design on the cover, which is suggestive of many things.

The literary style leaves much to be desired, and the somewhat "large" themes chosen by the author are not those which lend themselves easily to treatment in prose or verse.

The author, however, claims to interpret "spiritual truths" for the "little ones," but the field of mystical interpretation is a wide one, and in it many visionaries have lost their way. When we come to consider the verse formation proper we must point out that the attempt to rhyme "come" and "home" is hardly successful, and one glaring fault mars many of the productions—to wit, the excessive use of such abbreviations as "we'll" and "I'll," which is abrupt and unmusical, to say the least of it.

The range of subjects comprised is a wide one, from that of war, which our writer is quite sure must be evil, to a sudden flight into "Nirvana," which is worked up to as the climax, a lofty one, at any rate.

E. L.

A Book of Christian Devotion

All These Things Added. By James Allen, Author of "From Poverty to Power." (London: The Savoy Publishing Co.)

Of this collection of essays there is no need to say more than that those who found satisfaction for their needs in the author's former work will like and admire the present. A few headings from the list of contents will give an idea of its scope: The Might of Meekness, The Righteous Man, Perfect Love, Perfect Freedom, Greatness and Goodness, and finally Heaven in the Heart. It would be useless labour to try to explain to the author the regret *we* should feel if any of *our* pupils were to attain possession of what *he* regards as Heaven in the Heart; sufficient to say that, for the people for whom he writes, his book cannot fail to be useful and valuable, and that we wish it success.

A. A. W.

Magazines and Pamphlets

Theosophist, February. "Old Diary Leaves" are this month entirely occupied with Mrs. Besant's visit to India in 1894; and the Colonel reproduces the eloquent and thrilling words in which he expressed himself at the time in the *Theosophist*, whilst the impression was still fresh upon him. As regards her expectation of the results of the popular enthusiasm she had created, a few words may usefully be quoted: "Her idea was that in all matters of reform the lead should be taken by the Brâhmans. . . . Her hope for the revival of the Aryan standards of moral and religious ideals lay in the beginning of the work of self-redemption in individual Brâhman families here and there, and the consequent creation of new family foci into which might be drawn some of the souls of ancient sages and moral heroes who might now be seeking proper bodies in which to reincarnate themselves. This process, she admitted, must take long, very long; yet the result could never be hoped for unless a beginning was made, and the present was as auspicious an hour for that as any other in the future could be." The view is so true and reasonable that one hardly likes to suggest that the world moves fast now, even in India, and that "whilst the grass grows, the horse starves." What will be left of India by the time this long process is complete? "The Law of Cause and Effect" is one of Mr. Leadbeater's Chicago lectures, which we are glad to find are to be reprinted in England, and the first of which is already on sale, as will be seen in our advertising columns. The present is an especially valuable one, from which we take one neat statement: "Our religious brothers would tell us that that is good which is in accordance with God's will, and that that was evil which was in opposition to it. The scientific man would say that that was good which helped evolution, and whatever hindered it was evil. These two men are in reality saying exactly the same thing; for God's will for man *is* evolution; and when that is clearly realised all conflict between science and religion is at once ended." The other contents of a number somewhat above the average of interest are "Thoughts on Religious Systems," by S. Stuart; "Dormant Lodges of the T.S.," in which W. A. Mayers comes to the practical conclusion that "there need be no dormant Lodges if there are left two really living and devoted members; and that *if there are no dormant members*, it follows that there can be no dormant Lodges"! C. S. Narain Row furnishes a long and serious criticism of Mrs. Besant's views on

Avatârs, from the standpoint of a strictly orthodox Hindu theologian (it is amusing—and discouraging—to note how precisely alike the strictly orthodox theologians of *all* religions are, and how absolutely indifferent a matter it is what particular doctrines are taken as "the Word of God") to which Mrs. Besant rightly feels it useless to respond. The Teacher's word, "He that *can* receive it, let him receive it" carries with it the converse, "He that *cannot* receive it, let him let it alone!" The continuation of G. Krishna Sastri's "Why should a Vedântin join the T.S.?" has a well-chosen series of extracts from the third volume of the *Secret Doctrine*, and claims that the few Vedântists who have any knowledge of the esoteric side of Vedântism should break their silence and give their judgment.

Central Hindu College Magazine, February, has a precious little note by A. B. on the place of Religion in the life of a student; a model elementary exposition of "A Beam of Light," from Mr. G. Dyne; and much other good reading.

Theosophic Gleaner, January. In this number we have more original matter than of late. P. H. Mehta gives an account of "Man, from Different Viewpoints"; also a paper on the Brâhminical Thread, another on the "Inadequacy of Aristotle's definition of Virtue as a mean between two opposite vices" (quoted as from Pascal, but he is only copying Aristotle). Mr. Leadbeater's Amsterdam lecture on clairvoyance is translated from the Dutch.

The Dawn, February, contains a vigorous attack by Miss Noble (Sister Nivedita) on the Missionary misrepresentations of the condition of women in India.

East and West, March, keeps up its character as one of the best magazines going. This month it has admitted a long paper headed "Theosophy" by Mr. F. C. O. Beaman, I.C.S., in which our doctrines are treated favourably; somewhat perhaps "*de haut en bas*," but probably in the best way to obtain a hearing from the public for which he writes.

Also from India: *The Indian Review*, January, containing a thoughtful paper on the "Hindu Sovereign as Parent of his People," which suggests the origin of many of the faults of the English rule; *Kayastha Samachar*, or Hindustan Review, which has a noteworthy review of Mrs. Besant's *Religious Problems of India*, noteworthy because it is neither indiscriminate praise nor blame, but a serious criticism, such as an author likes to see, even if he disagrees with it. The point of it is that in the reviewer's opinion the Jewish religion, which

he calls that of the Prophets, and the Christian religion which developed from it, are *not* to be classed with Hinduism as branches of the Wisdom, but are in many points, and these the most important, contradictory of it. Now, though Mrs. Besant's statement of the case is true in the higher metaphysics, in practical work the reviewer is right, and it is good that this side of the truth should be brought out now and then; especially when, as just now, there is a tendency to drown the facts of the case in a flood of mere unintelligent Bhakti. A criticism of the late Swami Vivekânanda in the same number is also well worthy of study. Two new periodicals, *The Indian People*, from Allahabad, and *Indian Progress*, from Madras, are also acknowledged.

The Vâhan for March devotes most of its space to one of the old "Interference with Karma" puzzles: "If the better housing, etc., of our poorest working classes would attract more highly evolved Egos to incarnate in our large towns, what would become of the less advanced souls?" It is in print that on the introduction of gas an amiable but somewhat puzzle-headed old lady plaintively enquired, "But what will become of the poor whales?" and this parallel seems to us about all the answer needed. But we should like to see how John Leech would have drawn the querist perpending the first sentence of G. R. S. M.'s answer: "If only our questioners would consider more carefully the protases of their conditional clauses, perhaps the apodoses might take care of themselves."—*Tableau!* The other questions are as to the endurance of kârmic suffering and as to the "Great Renunciation," the replies to which last are of great importance and should be carefully studied.

The Lotus Journal, Vol. I., No. 1, March. Our friends of the Lotus Lodge have realised their hopes, and this month come out in all the dignity of print, as a full-sized Magazine, the green cover decorated by a pretty design of a lotus pool, and a prize for subscribers in the shape of a very good reproduction of one of the best and most recent photos of Mrs. Besant. The larger literary contents are, a panegyric on the subject of the photo, signed by the well-known initials A. B. C.; a reproduction of one of Mr. Leadbeater's Chicago lectures on the Life after Death, and a child's story by the inexhaustible Michael Wood. For Lodge business we have questions (with references) on *Man and his Bodies*, "Science Notes," and "Outlines of Theosophy for our Younger Readers." We must congratulate the Editors on having so efficiently filled up what has been for a long time a painful blank in our literature, and wish a long and useful life

to our only English "Magazine for children and young people." The subscription is 3*s*. 6*d*. per annum, and we may honestly add that if any of our readers have no young people for whom to subscribe they need not be ashamed to take it for their own reading. It is well worth it!

Bulletin Théosophique. By this time the French Anniversary Meeting will have met and decided whether to raise the subscription from 5fr. to 7. There can be no question that, in all cases, the annual subscriptions should be fixed at an amount which will fairly meet the expenses; it is not respectable that those who receive the benefits of the Society should leave its maintenance dependent on the purses of a few devoted supporters, as is too often the case.

Revue Théosophique, February. The first article is a lecture given by Mr. Keightley, in Paris, on Yoga; then follow the conclusion of Mrs. Besant's "Problems of Sociology"; "One of the Objects of Theosophy," by E. Syffert; and an amusing little tale by Dr. C. de Lespinois of a haunted image which, more amiable than that of the *Fallen Idol*, not only manifested its indignation at neglect, but rewarded the wise owner who cleaned it up and made it a new robe out of her wedding dress. Why do you laugh? Why not?

Theosophia, February, contains, besides translations from H. P. B., Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater, a careful study of Elementals, by M. Reepmaker. It has also an account of a valuable and beautiful birthday Album presented to Col. Olcott and acknowledged in this month's *Theosophist*.

Thoésophie, March. Dr. Pascal, Mlle. Aimée Blech and A. C. F. M. supply the contents of this number; the latter with an excellent solution of the apparent puzzle why the Society should declare itself not responsible for *any* of the opinions expressed by its members.

Teosofia, February, has a lecture by Mr. Leadbeater, a study by Gabriele Rosa on the "Revival of Learning in Italy in the early Middle Ages," and a fragment by Mrs. Besant.

Sophia, February, continues translations of Mrs. Besant's *Esoteric Christianity* and "Evolution of Consciousness," and G. R. S. Mead's "Genesis of the Talmud," and gives an interesting paper on "Theogony and Magic amongst the Aborigines of Brazil," by Daris Vellogo.

Theosophic Messenger, February, gives us a description of certain skeletons said by the *Chicago Daily News* to have been found in Austria, in parallel columns with Mr. Scott-Elliot's picture of the Third Race Man. The correspondence is certainly striking, but the conclusion we are inclined to draw from it is *not* that it furnishes a

"scientific corroboration" of our friend's researches. The last time this turned up it was a Frenchman who had found a living specimen in Africa, as in the present case, far *too* closely resembling the description!

Revista Teosofica, December, 1902; has a funeral notice, with portrait, of the late Secretary of the Havana Lodge, S. Guillermo Perez de Utrera; and portions of the "Septenary Constitution of Man," "Letters to a Catholic Priest," "Identity of the Microcosm and the Macrocosm" and of a paper "Upon Prayer."

Theosophy in Australasia, January. Here we have a particularly well-chosen Outlook, in which its notice of the American Convention rightly emphasises the calm way in which Mr. Leadbeater there handed over all South America to the United States—surely a little too previous, at present! The articles comprise "The Astral Body," and "Ideal Life," and there are besides some good answers to questions.

New Zealand Theosophical Magazine for February contains "The Riddle of the Universe," by J. G., and the conclusion of a paper on Karma. M. Judson gives "Notes on Rocking Stones, etc."; A. E. Davidson treats of "Illusions," and S. Studd concludes his careful study "Chance or Accident."

Also acknowledged: *Modern Astrology*, March, in which is commenced a series of papers on the Wisdom Religion; a new Magazine from Vienna entitled *Die Gnosis*, in which a portion of Scott-Elliot's *Atlantis* is translated, with a reduction of his first map; *Star Love*; *Dharma*; *Logos Magazine*; *N.Y. Magazine of Mysteries*; *La Nuova Parola*, containing an important paper by the Editor on the recent condemnation of the eminent scholar Abbé Loisy's last work—a matter of great interest to those who look anxiously to the immediate future of the Catholic Church; *Mind*, with articles on the Tahiti fire walk, and on mental science and allied subjects; *The Psycho-Therapeutic Journal*; *Mind*; *Light*.

Women's Printing Society, Limited, 66 & 68. Whitcomb .C.

THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

VOL. XXXII MAY 15, 1903 No. 189

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

The Mystery of Radium

EVERY month almost sees the coming to light of some new discovery or other which a few years ago would have been classed with the "superstitions" and "vain dreams" of psychic science by the conservative and orthodox expounders of the faith. For several years various striking and very peculiar properties, quite unsuspected hitherto, have been discovered in connection with the many kinds of "radiation" which substances of the uranium and polonium types have been proved to emit, and over a year ago the isolation of "Radium," as they named it, or at any rate of its salts, by Monsieur and Mme. Curie attracted a good deal of attention. But further research upon this most remarkable element has shown that it possesses a property which appears to mark it out as almost unique in the series of elements, though possibly now that attention has been called to its existence in this one case, fainter and less marked traces of similar properties may be found in other bodies.

We almost seem to have gone back to the much-ridiculed *perpetuum mobile* of the ancients, or at any rate to have discovered a means of directly tapping the almost infinite energy of the ether, if that way of putting the matter is the less revolutionary one. Whatever may turn out to be their true explanation, the facts as described are sufficiently startling. The *Times*, of March 25th, gives the best general account of these new observations from the point of view of the ordinary reader, so we shall next quote it in full.

Radium as an Inexhaustible Source of Heat

M. Curie, a French physicist of the highest reputation and attainments, has made a communication to the Academy of Sciences which would have been received with absolute incredulity had it been offered on less unimpeachable authority. He finds that a substance of comparatively recent discovery, to which the name of Radium has been given, and in the isolation of which he has had the indefatigable and invaluable assistance of Mme. Curie, possesses the extraordinary property of continuously emitting heat, without combustion, without chemical change of any kind, and without any change in its molecular structure, which remains spectroscopically identical after many months of continuous emission of heat. He finds, further, that Radium maintains its own temperature at a point 1·5° Centigrade, or 2·7° on our ordinary scale, above its surroundings. To put the matter in another way, the actual quantity of heat evolved is such that the pure Radium salt would melt more than its own weight of ice every hour. Or, again, half a pound of the Radium salt would evolve in one hour heat equal to that produced by the burning of one-third of a cubic foot of hydrogen gas, and this evolution of heat goes on continuously for indefinite periods, leaving the salt at the end of months of activity just as potent as at the beginning. Radium has excited the keenest interest by its power of throwing off rays, vibrations, emanations, or whatever we may call them, which when received upon a sensitive screen of barium platinocyanide or zinc sulphide, cause it to glow with a phosphorescent light. Sir William Crookes, who has investigated this subject with the most brilliant results, gave a very beautiful demonstration at the meeting of the Royal Society last week. Viewed through a magnifying glass, the sensitive screen is seen to be the object of a veritable bombardment by particles of infinite minuteness, which, themselves invisible, make known their arrival on the screen by flashes of light, just as a shel coming from the blue announces itself by an explosion. According to the nature of the receiving screen, they show a mass of discrete scintillations or a diffused glow, very much as falling rain will cause a general wetness on one surface while it runs off another in drops. Though working with only a few milligrammes of the Radium salt, Sir William Crookes found that so extra-

ordinary is the output of these emanations that every vessel with which they come in contact, and even the fingers of the operator, acquired temporarily the power of exciting phosphorescence on the sensitive screen. Yet notwithstanding their infinite number and the ceaselessness of their emission, the mass of the radiating body appears to suffer no diminution.

Remarkable as are these photogenic properties of Radium, it is obvious that M. Curie has introduced us to forces of a totally different order of magnitude. Phosphorescence occurs in nature, as, for example, in the glow-worm, and in certain Bacteria, in conditions where the energy is absolutely infinitesimal as compared with what we have to expend to produce light. Hence the phosphorescence of a sensitive screen under the influence of Radium emanations does not necessarily take us beyond a region in which light is an accident of processes infinitely minute, though not on that account less worthy of investigation. But heat sufficient to raise the mercury in the thermometer by 2·7°, is a different thing altogether, and when the output of this heat is maintained indefinitely without any visible compensation to the heat-giving body, we are in presence of a physical effect which is not only appreciable, but considerable.

That effect must have a cause, for we are not to suppose that we have at last hit upon perpetual motion. Investigation of that cause is full of promise for the physicist. Apparently we have in Radium a substance having the power to gather up and convert into heat some form of ambient energy with which we are not yet acquainted. Other substances, mostly of high atomic weight, possess its radiant properties to a less well-marked extent, and research may prove that transparency to the unknown form of energy is merely a question of degree.

M. Becquerel gave a powerful initial impulse to the study of this subject by his discovery that uranium continuously emits some kind of rays or emanations capable of affecting sensitive plates.

It is calculated by M. and Mme. Curie that Radium is 500,000 times as powerful as uranium. The physiological action of the Radium emanations is very powerful, though time is required for its development. A small tube containing Radium if kept in contact with the skin for some hours, or even if carried in the waistcoat pocket, produces an open sore, by destroying the epidermis and the true skin beneath. Its effects do not, however, appear to extend to the subjacent tissues, and the sore remains superficial. On the other hand, Radium emanations act powerfully upon the nerve substance, and cause the death of living things whose nerve centres do not lie deep enough to be shielded from their influence.

* * *

The account given in *Nature* of the same week is less popular and somewhat more technical, but is worth quoting as containing a minimum of inference and confining itself to a bare summary of the facts :

The Account in *Nature*

The investigation of the properties of radium salts has led to many remarkable results, among which those contributed by MM. P. Curie and A. Laborde to the current number of the *Comptes rendus* are not the least remarkable. These investigators adduce evidence to show that radium salts give off heat continuously. The experiments were made in two ways. Two small bulbs, one containing one gram of a radiferous barium chloride containing about one-sixth of its weight of radium chloride, and the other containing a similar weight of ordinary barium chloride, were placed under similar thermal conditions with one junction of a thermo-couple in each bulb. The bulb containing the radium preparation proved to be 1·5° hotter than the other, and this temperature difference was maintained. An independent confirmation was obtained with the Bunsen ice calorimeter. At the moment the radium bulb was introduced, the mercury, which was previously stationary, commenced to move along the tube with a perfectly uniform velocity, and on the bulb being taken out the mercury stopped. From these experiments, which are given as preliminary and only roughly quantitative, the authors conclude that a gram of pure radium would give off a quantity of heat of the order of 100 calories per hour, or 22,500 per gram-atom per hour, a number comparable with the heat of combustion in oxygen of a gram-atom of hydrogen. The disengagement of such a quantity of heat cannot be explained by the assumption of any ordinary chemical transformation, and this excludes the theory of a continuous modification of the atom. The heat evolution can only be explained by supposing that the radium utilises an external energy of unknown nature.

* * *

Sir W. Crookes suggests an Explanation

NATURALLY facts so startling and unexpected have called forth attempts at explanation, and equally of course there is no little difference among the doctors as to how the facts themselves should be interpreted. The first to venture into the debatable land was Sir William Crookes, whose own work and discoveries have had so much to do with the unveiling to the eyes of Science of the new regions into which it is now pushing its pioneering expeditions. Writing to the *Times* (March 26th), he says:

> In the presence of a mystery like that of Radium any reasonable attempt at explanation will be welcome, so I will ask your permission to revive a hypothesis I ventured to submit to the British Association in my presidential address in 1898. Speaking of the radio-active bodies then just discovered by M. and Mme. Curie, I drew attention to the large amount of energy locked up in the molecular motions of quiescent air at ordinary pressure and temperature, which, according to some calculations by Dr. Johnstone Stoney amounts to about 140,000 ft. pounds in each cubic yard of air; and I conjectured

that radio-active bodies of high atomic weight might draw upon this store of energy in somewhat the same manner as Maxwell imagined when he invented his celebrated "Demons" to explain a similar problem. I said it was not difficult so to modify this hypothesis as to reduce it to the level of an inflexible law, and thus bring it within the ken of a philosopher in search of a new tool. I suggested that the atomic structure of radio-active bodies was such as to enable them to throw off the slow-moving molecules of the air with little exchange of energy, while the quick-moving missiles would be arrested, with their energy reduced and that of the target correspondingly increased. A similar sifting of the swift-moving molecules is common enough, and is effected by liquids whenever they evaporate into free air. The energy thus gained by the radio-active body would raise its temperature, while the surrounding air would get cooler. I suggested that the energy thus gained by the radio-active body was employed partly in dissociating some of the gaseous molecules (or in inducing some other condition which would have the effect of rendering the neighbouring air a conductor of electricity) and partly in originating undulations through the ether, which, as they take their rise in phenomena so disconnected as the impacts of molecules, must furnish a large contingent of Stokesian pulses of short wave length. The shortness in the case of these waves appears to approach, without attaining, the extreme shortness of ordinary Röntgen rays.

Although the fact of emission of heat by Radium is in itself sufficiently remarkable, this heat is probably only a small portion of the energy Radium is constantly sending into space. It is at the same time hurling off material particles which reveal their impact on a screen by luminous scintillations. Stop these by a glass or mica screen and torrents of Röntgen rays still pour out from a few milligrams of Radium salt, in quantity to exhibit to a company all the phenomena of Röntgen rays, and with energy enough to produce a nasty blister on the flesh, if kept near it for an hour.

In conclusion, if it is not too much trespassing on your space, I should like to express the great admiration which I have, in common with all English men of science, at the brilliant discovery of Radium, and its unique properties—the crowning point of the long and painstaking series of researches on radio-active bodies undertaken by Professor Curie and his talented coadjutor, Mme. Curie.

* * *

Dr. Johnstone Stoney elaborates the Idea

On March 30th the *Times* published Dr. Johnstone Stoney's views on the matter, and as they bear somewhat closely upon those advanced by Sir William Crookes, his letter is also quoted here:

The mystery of radium, as far as the term mystery refers to the source from which the radium derives the energy which it dispenses, is one of a very large number of mysteries in nature, all of which may with probability be referred to a power which

nature possesses of making available the energy which is stored up in gases and liquids in virtue of there being differences between the activities of their individual molecules at each instant of time.

The molecules of a gas or of a liquid travel about with different speeds and they also differ in the activity of the events that are all the time going on within these travelling molecules.

Now some of the molecules impinge upon any body immersed in the gas or liquid; and whenever those that are moving swiftest, or those of which the internal events are most vigorous, can produce an effect upon that body which the more sluggish molecules cannot produce—in all such cases energy is transferred from the adjoining air or liquid to the body immersed in it, and the air or liquid becomes cooler. What use shall be made of the energy so obtained depends upon the nature of the body acted on. In radio-active bodies it appears to be largely expended in emitting electrons, but also partly in radiations, some of which are ordinary heat radiations. In organic life it is employed in a multitude of ways; root hairs produce root pressure; in some bacilli the whole energy which they expend in producing organic compounds seems to have this source; while throughout the entire of every organism, wherever there is living protoplasm, this seems to be one of the agencies which enable it to do work.

Energy can be obtained from this source only at a moderate rate. This is because the air or liquid from which the energy is derived becomes cooler in the act of yielding it up, and its warmth has to be restored to it by the ordinary processes of radiation, convection, and conduction; accordingly the rate at which its warmth can be reacquired by these processes limits the rate at which it can persist, without diminution, in yielding up energy to the body immersed in it. This is a very suggestive fact in relation to the rate at which events develop themselves in organic life.

As my friend Sir William Crookes has referred to his use of this explanation in 1898, I may be allowed to refer to a paper published in 1893, in which it was also employed. See Proceedings of the Royal Dublin Society for January 18th, 1893, or the *Philosophical Magazine* for April, 1893.

* * *

A Controversy

A WRITER who signs himself "Ignoramus" has tried to controvert Sir William's suggested explanation, but the dispute throws little light on the subject, as it seems in the main to rest upon misunderstanding of the nature of the explanation suggested and of the conditions it involves. Hence it does not seem worth while to follow it up, but some additional facts relating to the general position and relations of Radium in the scale of elementary bodies have been pointed out in the letter quoted below from Prof. William Ackroyd to the *Times*, and are worth attention:

I should esteem it a great honour to be permitted to follow the lead of Sir William Crookes in an attempt to reconcile, in however small a degree, the various facts which have been recently brought to light respecting radium compounds, and which have been the cause of no small amount of mental perturbation to the scientific world on account of their seeming paradoxical nature.

We are indebted to Mme. Curie for the fundamental fact that radium has an atomic weight of 225 (O=16). This figure has been accepted by the International Committee, and is published in their list of atomic weights for 1903. I would here point out that certain properties of radium compounds must necessarily follow.

In the first place, the element radium will be one of the rarest in the universe. The comparative rarity of pitchblende, the difficulties which have attended the isolation and purification of radium compounds from it by M. and Mme. Curie sufficiently attest the fact, and it is in complete keeping with the law of the relation of the atomic weights of the elements to their telluric distribution, to which I had the privilege of drawing the attention of the chemical section of the British Association meeting at Belfast last year.

In the next place, from the similarity of radium to barium compounds, as noted by the Curies, the position of radium will in all probability be found at the end of the vertical group of elements in the periodic classification which includes the metals of the alkaline earths, giving it a symmetric position with respect to thorium and uranium. But, let this be as it may, it follows, on account of its high atomic weight and as the terminal member of a group, that the compounds of radium must have a *maximum* of the X-ray absorption property, because in comparable series there is increase of X-ray absorption with increase of atomic weight. And, if the law of reciprocity of absorption and radiation be conformed to, then it further follows, which is the fact, that radium compounds must have a *maximum* of the X-ray radiative property.

The quality of X-ray absorption possessed by a radium compound to a greater degree than all other members of its group, and also to a greater degree than members of all other groups, is probably reinforced by another physical feature, to which I would draw attention, and that is its extremely low specific heat, a quality which one may venture to predict will contribute to a *minimum* of absorption of rays, other than X-rays, aiding in producing the *maximum* of radiant effect. To these points I would particularly draw the attention of physicists, as I believe they will help to explain away many of the seeming anomalies exhibited by radium compounds.

* * *

But what bearing, it may be asked, has all this upon Theosophy? Is it another instance in which H. P. B. has proved to be right

Radium and this Review

when she defended some most heretical notion against the orthodox scientists of her day? Or does it illustrate any special teaching? At present I can only give a negative answer to these questions. Why then should a month's "Watch-Tower" be thus devoted to the chronicling of details concerning what many a reader will perhaps put aside as a mere curiosity of science? Because, it seems to me, radium is just one of those strange and rare facts in Nature which are so often invaluable, not for themselves, but because they forcibly call our attention to some principle, or some possibility which otherwise we should overlook. Personally, I confess that I do not see just at present to what these peculiar properties of radium point. But I do recognise that the whole of this new field of research into the spontaneous radio-activity of certain bodies is full of suggestions and most fertile in new insights into that tremendous problem—the nature of matter.

A great poet has told us of the flower growing in the crannied wall that if we but knew it in its entirety, what it is, stem and all, root and all, we should know what God and man is. To me it seems that the same thing may be said with even deeper truth of every particle of "matter." If we could know thoroughly and completely what any single particle of matter *really is*, and all that it involves of activities, relations and implications, we should know the secret of manifestation, the inmost heart of Mâyâ.

TRUTHS, of all others the most awful and interesting, are too often considered as *so* true, that they lose all the power of truth, and lie *bedridden* in the dormitory of the soul, side by side with the most despised and exploded errors.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE more consciousness in our thoughts and words and the less in our impulses and general actions, the better and more healthful the state of both head and heart.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE TALMUD BALAAM JESUS STORIES

(CONCLUDED FROM p. 137)

HOWEVER this may be, the Rabbis were convinced that the disciples of Balaam *en bloc* would inherit Gehenna, as we read in the tractate devoted to the "Sayings of the Fathers":

"The disciples of our father Abraham enjoy this world and inherit the world to come, as it is written [Prov. viii. 21]: 'That I may cause those that love me to inherit substance, and that I may fill their treasuries.' The disciples of Balaam the impious inherit Gehenna, and go down into the pit of destruction, as it is written [Ps. lv. 24]: 'But thou, O God, shalt bring them down into the pit of destruction: bloodthirsty and deceitful men shall not live out half their days.'"*

And if there should by any chance be still the slightest hesitation in the mind of the reader that Balaam in these passages equates with Jeschu, the following remarkable passage from the Babylonian Gemara should for ever set his mind at rest.

"A Min said to R. Chanina: Hast thou by any chance ascertained what age Balaam was? He answered: There is nothing written concerning it. But since it is said, 'Bloodthirsty and deceitful men shall not live out half their days,' he was either thirty-three or thirty-four years old. The Min answered: Thou hast spoken well; for I have myself seen a chronicle of Balaam in which it is said: Thirty-three years old was Balaam the lame man, when the robber Phineas slew him."†

I am not quite certain what R. Chanina is here intended. R. Chanina ben Dosa was a contemporary of R. Jochanan ben Zakkai, who flourished in the last third of the first century; while R. Chanina ben Chama was a pupil of "Rabbi's," and therefore must be placed at the beginning of the third century; he lived at Sepphoris in Palestine. That this specimen of

* *Aboth*, v. 19. † *Bab. Sanhedrin*, 106*b*.

Rabbinical exegesis, however, may be ascribed to the earlier Chanina in preference to the later, is suggested by the very similar passage in the same Gemara which reads:

"R. Jochanan said: Doeg and Ahithophel lived not half their days. Such too, is the tenor of a Boraitha*: Bloodthirsty and deceitful men shall not live out half their days. All the years of Doeg were not more than thirty-four, and of Ahithophel not more than thirty-three."†

R. Jochanan flourished about 130-160 A.D. As it seems easier to assume that the splitting up of the "33 or 34" between Ahithophel and Doeg was the later development, rather than that the supposed ages of Doeg and Ahithophel should have been conflated into the age of Balaam, I am inclined to think that the R. Chanina of our penultimate passage is intended for the earlier Chanina. If this be so, and the story can be taken as genuine, that is as an old tradition, then we have an early confirmation from outside sources of the thirty-three years of Jesus at the time of his death. But to consider the wording of the passage in greater detail.

Laible translates Min as "Jewish Christian"; but it is difficult to believe that a Jewish Christian of any school can have referred to Jesus as Balaam, and therefore I have kept the original without translation. The academical answer bases itself on the three-score and ten years given as the normal life of man in the Torah. It is interesting to note that R. Chanina knows of no Jewish tradition which gives the age of Jeschu; he can only conjecture an answer by means of a kind of Rabbinical *sortilegium* of texts. Wonderful—replies the Min—that is just what I have read in one of the "Chronicles of Balaam"—a Gospel story apparently. We can hardly suppose, however, that we have a direct quotation from this "Chronicle"; we have plainly a Rabbinical gloss put into the mouth of the Min.

Now Phineas, the son of Eleazar, the son of Aaron, was the priestly leader of the army of Israel which destroyed the Midianites, and slew their kings, and with them Balaam, son of Beor (Num. xxxi. 2ff.). But why should Phineas be called a "robber"

* A saying or tradition not included in the canonical Mishna.

† *Sanhedrin*, 106*b* (end).

(Aram. *listaa* from the Greek λῃστής) as Laible translates it? Rashi explains this word as meaning "general" (*sar tzaba*), and we should remember that though *lista* is a loan-word from the Greek λῃστὴς (a "robber"), it was with the Jews rather the title of patriotic leaders, of zealots for the Law, as Phineas was represented to be *par excellence*. The meaning is thus simple and clear enough, and we see no reason for Laible's conjecture,* that *Lista'a* is a caricature-name for *P'liṣta'a*=Pilate. No doubt it would be convenient somehow to bring Pilate into the Talmud Jesus stories, but as a matter of fact his name and every incident of the Gospel story connected with him are conspicuous in the Talmud by their absence. If *listaa* was a caricature-name, we should not find the combination "Phineas Listaa," but Listaa by itself. Otherwise we should expect to come across some such doubles as Balaam Ben Stada—a species of combination nowhere found in the Talmud.

There still remains to be explained the curious combination "Balaam the lame man"; but I have so far met with no satisfactory conjecture on this point, and am quite unable to hazard one of my own.† Laible conjectures that the epithet had its origin in the breaking down of Jesus under the weight of the cross or the piercing of his feet; but did the Rabbis know anything of what Laible presupposes throughout, without any enquiry of any sort, to have been the actual ungainsayable history of Jesus?

Finally, with a sublime *tour de force* of inconsistency, the Talmud gives us a story where Balaam and Jeschu are introduced together in the same evil plight but as entirely different persons and giving absolutely contradictory advice. This story runs as follows:

"Onkelos bar Kalonikos, nephew of Titus, desired to secede to Judaism. He conjured up the spirit of Titus and asked him: Who is esteemed in that world? He answered: The Israelites. Onkelos asked further: Ought one to join himself to them? He

* *Op. cit.*, p. 60.

† The article in *The Jewish Encyclopædia* says: Balaam in Rabbinical literature "is pictured as blind of one eye and lame in one foot (*San.* 105*a*); and his disciples (followers) are distinguished by three morally corrupt qualities, *viz.*, an evil eye, a haughty bearing, and an avaricious spirit."

answered: Their precepts are too many; thou canst not keep them; go rather hence and make war upon them in this world; so shall thou become a head; for it is said [Lam. i. 5]: 'Their adversaries are become the head,' *i.e.*, Everyone that vexeth the Israelites, becomes a head. Onkelos asked the spirit: Wherewith art thou judged? He answered: With that which I have appointed for myself: each day my ashes are collected and I am judged; then I am burnt and the ashes scattered over the seven seas.

"Thereupon Onkelos went and conjured up the spirit of Balaam. He asked him: Who is esteemed in that world? The spirit answered: The Israelites. Onkelos asked further: Ought one to join himself to them? The spirit said: Seek not their peace and their good alway. Onkelos asked: Wherewith art thou judged? The spirit answered: With boiling pollution.

"Thereupon Onkelos went and conjured up the spirit of Jeschu. He asked him: Who is esteemed in that world? The spirit answered: The Israelites. Onkelos asked further: Ought one to join himself to them? The spirit said: Seek their good and not their ill. He who toucheth them, touches the apple of His eye. Onkelos asked: Wherewith art thou judged? The spirit said: With boiling filth.

"For the Teacher has said: He who scorneth the words of the wise is judged with boiling filth. See what a distinction there is between the apostates of Israel and the heathen prophets!"*

In the first place we ask who was Onkelos and why was he selected as the protagonist in this necromantic *séance?*

Scholars of eminence, though entirely without reference to this passage, have identified the name Onkelos with the Talmudic Akilas, the Greek Akylas (Ἀκύλας), and the Latin Aquila. The most famous Aquila in Jewish history was the translator of the Old Covenant documents into Greek, in a slavishly literal version which was held in the greatest esteem by the Jews as correcting the innumerable errors of the Septuagint version on which the Christians entirely depended. We are not certain of the exact date of this Aquila, but he is generally placed in the first half of the second century.

* *Bab. Gittin*, 56*b* ff.

Now Irenæus, Eusebius, Jerome and other Fathers, and the Jerusalem Talmud itself,* say that this Aquila was a proselyte to the Jewish faith. Moreover Epiphanius† states that "Aquila was a relative (the exact nature of the relationship denoted by the otherwise unknown form πενθερίδης is doubtful) of the Emperor Hadrian, and was appointed by him to superintend the rebuilding of Jerusalem under the new name of Aelia Capitolina; that, impressed by the miracles of healing and other wonders performed by the disciples of the Apostles who had returned from Pella to the nascent city, he embraced Christianity, and at his own request was baptised; that, in consequence of his continued devotion to practices of astrology, which he refused to abandon even when reproved by the disciples, he was expelled from the Church; and that, embittered by this treatment, he was induced through his zeal against Christianity to become a Jew, to study the Hebrew language, and to render the Scriptures afresh into Greek with the view of setting aside those testimonies to Christ which were drawn from the current version on [*sic*, ? of] the Septuagint."‡

With Dickson, the writer of the article from which we have been quoting, we may set aside the account of Epiphanius as a theological romance to discount the value of Aquila's translation; he, however, preserves the interesting fact that Aquila was a "relative" of some kind of Hadrian, and this is strongly confirmatory of our conjecture that the Onkelos, nephew of Titus, and the Aquila of history are one and the same person.

With regard to the Talmud passage, however, in which Aquila plays the part of protagonist, it is not very easy to glean the precise meaning. Onkelos-Aquila is about to become a proselyte to Judaism; whereupon he seeks counsel from three of the greatest foes of Jewry according to Rabbinical traditions. These all are made to admit the pre-eminence of the Israelites, if not in this world, at any rate in the world to come. Titus, the plain Roman soldier, says that the Jews' religious rules and customs are far too elaborate, and advises his kinsman to make war against them; Balaam is less extreme in his views and advises a moderate

* *Megill.*, 71*c.* 3; *Kiddush.*, 59*c.* 1.

† *De Pond. et Mens.*, c. 14, 15.

‡ See article "Aquila" in Smith and Wace's *Dictionary of Christian Biography* (London; 1877).

policy; while Jeschu is made to regard the Jews as the chosen race, the specially beloved, the apple of Yahweh's eye, and urges Aquila to seek ever their good.

And yet the punishment assigned to these three by Rabbinical opinion is in exact inverse proportion to their hostility to Israel. Whatever may be the technical distinction between "boiling filth" and "boiling pollution," they are evidently far more severe forms of torment than the punishment of Titus, who is burnt simply without the added vileness of "filth" or "pollution." Moreover that by "boiling filth" we are to understand something of the most loathsome nature possible, far exceeding even the foulness of "boiling pollution" may be seen from the statement that this "'boiling filth' is the lowest abode in hell, into which there sinks every foulness of the souls which sojourn in the upper portions. It is also as a secret chamber, and every superfluity, in which there is no spark of holiness, falls thereinto. For this reason it is called 'boiling filth,' according to the mysterious words of Is. xxviii. 8: 'There is so much vomit and filthiness, that there is no place clean,' as it is said in Is. xxx. 52: 'Thou shalt call it filth.'"*

And the reason that this "boiling filth" was chosen by the Rabbis as the punishment of Jeschu is to be seen in the following deduction ascribed to Rab Acha bar Ulla (who flourished presumably in the second half of the fourth century):

"From this [from Eccles. xii. 12] it follows, that he who jeers at the words of the doctors of the Law, is punished by boiling filth."†

What the text in Ecclesiastes is to which reference is made, I am not certain. It would seem to refer to *v.* 11, which runs: "The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies, which are given from one shepherd," rather than to *v.* 12, which reads: "And further, by these, my son, be admonished: of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh."

And in connection with this the Tosaphoth add:

* Laible, *op. cit.*, p. 95, quoting from Eisenmenger, *Entdecktes Judenthum* (see for latest edition F. X. Schiefel's, Dresden, 1893), ii. 335 ff., who refers to *Emek hammelech*, 135*c*, chap. 19.

† *Bab. Erubin*, 21*b*, referring evidently to the last paragraph of the passage from *Gittin* 57, quoted above.

"'Is there [Eccles. xii. 12] then really written לעג (derision)'? At all events it is true that he is punished by boiling filth as we are saying in Ha-Nezakin.*"†

Dalman‡ adds in a note: "The Tosaphoth mean, although it may not be allowed to derive this punishment from the words in Eccles. xii. 12, as Rab Acha bar Ulla does, *Erubin*, 21*b*, it is nevertheless true." But how Rab Acha derived the "boiling filth" even illegitimately from this text is nowhere explained as far as I can discover, and I fear my readers are no less wearied than myself in following such arid bypaths of perverse casuistic.

The only thing we learn definitely from all of this is that Jeschu refused to be bound by the exegesis of the Rabbis and their decisions, and in this he seems to the non-Rabbinical mind to have been a wise man, if their decisions were anything like the one before us; whereas for the Rabbis this "scorning" of the words of their doctors was the sin of all sins, and therefore deserving of the greatest torment Hell could brew, and this for the Rabbis, no matter by what means they arrived at it, was the torment of "boiling filth."

We have now come to the end of our Balaam Jeschu stories, but before we pass on to a consideration of what the Talmud has to say concerning the disciples and followers of Jesus, we will append a passage in the Targum Sheni to Esther vii. 9,§ which is exceedingly curious in several ways and deserves our attention.

The Targum, after relating that Haman appealed with tears to Mordecai for mercy but in vain, proceeds to tell us that Haman thereupon began a great weeping and lamentation for himself in the garden of the palace. And thereupon is added:

"He answered and spake thus: Hear me, ye trees and all ye plants, which I have planted since the days of the creation. The son of Hammedatha is about to ascend to the lecture-room of Ben Pandera."

Tree after tree excuses itself from being the hanging-post of

* That is chap. v. of *Gittin*, 56*b*.

† Tosaphoth to *Erubin*, 21*b*.

‡ *Op. cit.*, p. 39.*

§ The A.V. reads: "And Harbonah, one of the chamberlains, said before the king, Behold also, the gallows fifty cubits high, which Haman had made for Mordecai, who had spoken good for the king, standeth in the house of Haman. Then the king said, Hang him thereon."

Haman ; finally the cedar proposes that Haman be hanged on the gallows he had set up for Mordecai.

Here again, as in the case of Balaam ben Beor, we have as protagonist a character who was ever regarded as one of the most inveterate enemies of the Jews—Haman ben Hammedatha. With haggadic license Haman is represented as being in the midst of the "garden" in the midst of the "trees"; and yet it is Yahweh himself (though indeed there seems to be some strange confusion between the persons of Yahweh and Haman in the narrative) who addresses the trees "which I have planted since the days of the creation," and who announces that Haman is "about to ascend to the lecture-room of Ben Pandera."

The word translated by "lecture-room" is *aksandria*, which Levy in his *Wörterbuch* connects with *Alexandria*, but which Laible says* must be explained by ἔξεδρα, the regular term for the lecture-room or lecture place of a philosopher; and certainly Laible here seems to give the more appropriate meaning, for what can Alexandria have to do in this connection?

"The lecture-room of Ben Pandera" is then evidently a jesting synonym of the gallows, which in this particular case was not made of wood, otherwise the trees could not *all* have excused themselves. Here then again, according to Jewish tradition, Ben Pandera was hanged and not crucified, for the word gallows expressly excludes all notion of crucifixion. It is indeed a remarkable fact that the point which is above all others so minutely laboured in Christian tradition, the pivot of Christian dogmatics, is consistently ignored by Jewish tradition.

It is also a point of great interest for us in this strange story that the same or very similar elements appear in some of the forms of the Toldoth Jeschu, in which we find that the body of Jeschu cannot be hanged on any tree because he had laid a spell upon them by means of the Shem; the plants, however, had not been brought under this spell, and so the body was finally hung on a "cabbage-stalk."

That there is some hidden connection between this apparently outrageously silly legend and the Haman haggada is evident, but what that connection originally was it seems now impossible

* *Op. cit.*, p. 91.

to discover. There may even be some "mystic" element at bottom of it all, as the "garden" and "trees" seem to suggest; and in this connection we must remember that there is much talk of a "garden" in the Toldoth, and that, as we have already seen from Tertullian (*De. Spect.*, c. xxx.), there was some well-known early Jewish legend connected with a "gardener" who abstracted the body—"that his lettuces might not be damaged by the crowds of visitors," as the Bishop of Carthage adds ironically while yet perchance unintentionally preserving the "lettuce" and "cabbage-stalk" link of early legend-evolution.

As on the surface and in the letter all this is utter nonsense, we can only suppose that originally there must have been some under-meaning to such a strange farrago of childish fancies; we will therefore return to the subject when dealing with the general features of the Toldoth. Meanwhile the Talmud stories relating to the disciples and followers of Jesus must engage our attention.

And here we must break off this series of studies as far as the publication of them in this REVIEW is concerned. Had we known at the outset that the material would prove so voluminous as careful research and some unexpected discoveries have shown it to be, we should not have attempted to lay it before our readers in detail. These studies have now been running for a twelvemonth in these pages, and it would require about another eighteen months to bring them to a conclusion. The sequel contains much of great interest for the student of Christian origins, and some things that are astonishing even to one who has spent many years in the special study of this fascinating subject. The complete copy of the whole work is now in the hands of the printer. The studies which have appeared have been revised, and an Introduction added, and the chapters which have not yet appeared (most of them being of great length) are entitled: xii. The Disciples and Followers of Jesus in the Talmud; xiii. The Toldoth Jeschu; xiv. A Jewish Life of Jesus; xv. Traces of Early Toldoth Forms; xvi. The 100 Years B.C. Date in the Toldoth; xvii. On the Tracks of the Earliest Christians; xviii. Concerning the Book of Elxai; xix. The 100 Years B.C. Date in Epiphanius; xx. Afterword. The whole is entitled: *Did Jesus Live* 100 *Years B.C.?* An Enquiry

into the Talmud Jesus stories, the Toldoth Jeschu, and Some Curious Statements of Epiphanius—Being a Contribution to the Study of Christian Origins. The Theosophical Publishing Society will be the publishers.

G. R. S. MEAD.

THE NIGHT OF FREEDOM

THERE was a rain storm at noon, and all day long the clouds swept fast across the sky. At sunset the wind dropped, and it was very still and warm. On the horizon the heavy clouds were purple; violet the low hills and the long curved coast line; purple was the sea, rich dusky purple, save where it was struck, through a rift in the clouds, with silver and faint amethyst fire. Where the sun had sunk the sky was gleaming with lurid flame colour, shading into rose-pink; flame and rose faded into green and saffron-yellow, and clear, pale silver-blue. In spite of the glow and glory of the sky, land and water were dark, the dusky air shone, dim misty violet, over the sea. On the top of the cliff was a brown stone house, backed by smooth green downs, where sheep-bells clanged softly. It was built round a quadrangle. Within the quadrangle were turf and terraced walks of yellow sand, with shallow stone steps, leading from level to level. There was a sundial, with a motto carved about its base:

> I am a Shade; a Shadowe too arte thou.
> I marke the Time; saye, Gossip, dost thou soe?

There was a dovecote in the quadrangle, and a blossoming apple tree; the pear tree bloom was beginning to strew the narrow brown beds with milky petals; pear trees were trained against the walls of the house, and in the beds were planted flowers, the scent of which floated into the open windows. Violets were there, and nancies, and daffodils too, glimmering on the sight through the dim light of the passing day. Part of the house was a chapel; a light that shone within showed the tracery

and colouring of the stained glass windows; besides, there was a bell to be seen, hanging in a little tower. An old dog, very old and stiff, walked slowly along the terrace, and a young cat, mad with the dusk and the smells of the night, raced wildly over the daisied turf, and leaped, lashing her tail, on the dial. The dash of her soft feet made no sound, as the rush of a dog would have done; so that her elfish gambols did not break the quiet of the place. For this it was that chiefly struck any who might visit the hill of quiet, it was so still, so patient; it seemed as though it were waiting—waiting in an eternal twilight, a twilight of the gods; the sun, it seemed, could never rise upon the place, the waves never ripple in, aglitter in the morning light. Always it must be sunset there; the sky ablaze, if you will, with the memory of what had been, but the land and water still and patient, in their purple dimness. There the promise of spring was a promise for a new earth; it was not for the brown house wrapped in its tender quietude. Without the quadrangle, and before the house was a grey stone terrace built upon the very verge of the cliff. On the terrace sat a company of aged folk, both men and women, who had climbed this hill of quiet after long striving on many paths; they dwelt in the brown house at peace, having learned a little of life, and willing to wait patiently till death should teach them yet a little more. In this house people admitted differences, rather than battled against them; for these had done with strife, their fighting days were over. They knew how little a thing is the wisdom of the wisest, and the virtue of the virtuous, and the greatness of the great; also they knew, though they had trodden very different paths, as shortly you shall see, that now, in their age, they lived side by side in the same brown house at last, and beheld the apple tree bloom year by year, and the green pears grow brown and mellow, and the doves nest and coo in the dovecote.

They sat together, these old men and women, and watched the violet shadows and the dimness of the sea; and heard the soft hush-hush and be-still of the waves, and the sleepy, hollow clang of the sheep bells on the downs, and they talked gently and soberly of the things they had known, and of other springs when the earth had smelled sweet as now it smelt. At last they

began to speak of their hour of greatest joy, and some said this, and others that.

One of their number, a saintly man who had spent his life in succouring the poor, the sad, and the sinful, said no bliss could exceed that which he felt when, after bitter striving with a weight of evil, he beheld in vision the glory of the Lord flowing into his soul as a stream of cleansing waters, and washing away the stain of sin. Another, who was a king before he climbed the hill of quiet, said he did not know which, of two hours, held for him the greater joy; whether that in which he felt the crown of his fathers press his brow, and in his heart was lighted the sacred fire of the high office of the ruler; or that in which he laid down the crown and knew he should feel its pressure on his brows no more. Another said his greatest gladness was when, after much toil and puzzling, he gained a key to certain knowledge he desired, and perceived how to do a work he had undertaken. "For," said he, "though afterwards both knowledge and work seemed to me but little things, yet nothing could be greater than my joy when, by strenuous striving, I learned to know, and to act as need demanded."

And another said (for these people, so far as they were able, spoke truth among themselves, and were only deterred from perfect truth by imperfect knowledge) the greatest gladness was his when he beat down the guard of a man he hated, and sent a sword-thrust home to his heart. And another, this was an aged woman, said no joy could be greater than hers when he whom she wedded led her homewards on their wedding day; and, stooping, kissed her as they entered the porch of the house wherein they afterwards dwelt and reared their children. "This," said she, "save and except the hour when my first babe lay in my arms, was the happiest moment that, without doubt, could come to anyone."

One man of their number said nothing; he leaned on the grey wall; it was broidered all over with the little shining leaves and tiny violet mouths of a wee, wild climbing plant. He stared into the purple depths that lay below him, and listened to the others. He was younger than the rest; indeed he was so much younger it was strange he had won thus early to the hill of quiet.

The man who was once a king, who held as his royal birthright a great and wonderful courtesy, asked of him which, in his judgment, was the most joyful hour of which they had yet heard; he did not, for courtesy's sake, ask him of his own hour.

The man replied it was not possible, in his view, to speak concerning an unfelt joy.

"But," he said, "if my brothers and sisters wish to hear the tale, I will tell them of the hours which were to me the most wonderful of all the hours I have lived. And yet, when I tell of them I fear it will seem the idlest, simplest thing that was ever told, and nothing in the world! Yet to me it was otherwise."

"Now tell us, good brother," said the king, "tell us of this hour of thine."

"Years ago," said the man, who gazed still into the violet depths of air, so that his voice came to them as though it were the voice of the sobbing, restless sea at the cliff foot, "years ago —and yet not so many years as you might think—I fell, through folly and sin, into prison. In my country the laws were severe; a man who transgressed them might by no means escape the penalty; he was thrown into prison, and held in very harsh bondage. He was given scanty fare; hard work was his portion; such men were forced to toil, sometimes alone, sometimes in gangs; they worked for the State, and they were driven to their work by the lash of a stern taskmaster. This bondage might endure for a man's life, or for a term of years, according to the nature of his crime. This latter fate was mine; and though, believe me, the law by which I was condemned was just and unfailing, yet the justice of these sufferings, which I freely admitted, did not make them other than very hard to bear. There was a great landowner in the South who had so rich a harvest both of corn and grapes that he applied to the State for enforced labour to help him to gather it. This was often done, thereby the State reaped revenue.

"I, and a gang of other men, were driven like cattle along the roads. We went a long way. The place where we were to work was far to the South. There was a large wooden house with a wide porch running round it; therein lived the landowner and his family. There was a great empty windowless barn,

wherein we were crowded, to groan and stifle through the hot summer nights. On the third day the landowner said there was, beyond the vineyard, a patch of hard, unbroken ground, stiff with salt grass like wire, and this ground he wished to have ploughed. They bade me plough it; the ground was hard as iron, and dry with the fierceness of the sun. I was not used to the Southern heat; I thought I should die of it. They set me to that work partly because I was used to horses, but chiefly because I was then young, and also tall and broad-shouldered. They thought me the strongest man they had there; this was not so. I was unused to such work; besides, perhaps because I was young, I suffered more from the scanty fare than did the older men. I grew faint, giddy and sick; the heat reeking upwards from the parched earth and beating on my face, caused my head to throb and swim; when they called us to take brief rest and a little food and water, I reeled and could not walk straight. The owner of the land stood in the porch and looked at us as we came from our work. I lay down on the earth in the shade of the house; I could not eat, but I drank the portion of water that was mine. When they blew a shrill whistle to call us back to work, I staggered to my feet, for I thought I would sooner die by the stroke of the sun than bear the whip of the taskmaster.

"The owner of the land said to him: 'If a man's crimes deserve death, is there not the rope? Let him be hanged, and there an end! But if not so, then is there great lack of wisdom in killing him with toil. Set this man to work less hard, for this is more than he can bear. Moreover, in consideration of his weakness (for, even in claiming the due for sin, the strength or weakness of your sinner must be heedfully looked to), let him rest an hour or twain. He is ill, and goes in peril of his life from the heat.'

"They did his bidding. He told me to lie on the earth in the shade; also he drew water from the well, and gave me as much as I desired.

"The shadow of the barn stretched far over a little clover pasture; at the end of the barn was a pile of clover hay; I lay on it, and looked, half dazed, about me. The clover was thick of growth; it was bright green, with little purple blossoms;

small blue butterflies went skipping over it. To my right, and also beyond the clover, were the straight lines of the vines; beyond them the dry, salt grass that smelt of alkali earth and sun; further yet were the baked brown plains bordered by the foot hills of a great range of mountains. For a while in spring that land flamed golden with orange flowers, but afterwards the sun dried all (except here and there a patch of sunflowers, on the seeds of which the wild doves grew fat) save where the land was watered by ditches, when in truth it blossomed like a rose. A broad ditch ran between the vines and the dusty road; on the other side of ditch and road were acres upon acres of brown-yellow corn, ready for reaping. A little ditch ran between me and the clover pasture; upon the fence there swung a small bush-tailed burrowing beast, that looked at me with eyes like bright black beads.

"I was weak and weary with overwork; my muscles felt sore and strained. I shut my eyes and saw as one sees in a dream (and yet I dreamed not) a green garden which I call the 'Silent Garden,' because I never hear a sound therein, nor see a living thing. As I looked, it changed; it was a garden still, but full of winding waterways, reeds and grasses, and water plants growing in cool green hollows; the damp marshy smell of the place smote my nostrils. I opened my eyes and saw a black hawk hover over the clover; then I shut them and looked and looked and looked. At last I fell asleep.

"When I woke it was night, and a brown cow was eating the clover on which I lay. Whether they forgot me, and by some marvel did not call the muster roll, I do not know. Next day I paid the price of their carelessness, but that did not matter. I awoke: Free—alone—beneath the great sky wherein the pallid fire of the milky way shone as far as eye could see. I woke—and the whole sleeping earth was mine!

"By earth and sky, by moon and sun, yea! and by the God Who fashioned them, I swear, good brothers and sisters, it was worth pain and weariness, shame and sin, to feel that moment. It was worth it all. It was nothing—less than nothing—to pay as price for that night. I stood up, sore and aching from head to foot, yet quivering with the maddest joy, I verily believe, the

heart of man could feel. That night of nights I had my freedom as no free man of you all, brothers, ever had it. The first thing I did was to run; it seemed as though I had never run before. There was a little salt breeze stealing down the valley from the far-off sea; that breeze rippled past me as water ripples when, adrift on some quiet tarn in the mountains, you dip in it a lazy hand. I ran, and I ran, and I ran; the little owls flew past, crying hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo. I ran between the vines and leaped over them laughing. I lay on the earth that was mine and kissed it; I gathered handfuls of it and crumbled it in my fingers. I went to the great ditch that shone there under the stars; stripped off my clothes, flung myself in, and floated down the slow, hardly moving current. When I had dressed myself I ran again, racing over the dark, silent land alone, as though I did not know what weariness meant."

"But why?" said a listener, with mild and patient surprise, "I do not understand. What was the use of these things?"

"There was no use in them. There is no use in the most precious things we do, save when they cause us to think of that of which they remind us, something which they try to show us. Sometimes the thing in itself hides so utterly from us that we seem to have nothing at all, save that useless thing which makes us think of it."

"If it hides from us thus, how can we be made to think of it?"

"We often think of things without knowing we think of them. That is the little torture devil that lives at the very heart of our thinking. 'Think! think!' says he, 'for I am thinking!' And when you cry out, 'Of what do you think?' he will not answer you, but only cries on: 'Think! think! For I think; guess the thoughts I think; guess the secret I know!' But I was telling you of my night. There was nothing human between earth and sky that night when I was free. For, as for me, I was not human. To be human is to be bound. For five hours of a summer night I was free; and it is my belief, though I did not know it, that for those hours I knew my very own secret; and if a man knows that there is nothing else he need know. The dusky quivering vine leaves, the water in the

ditch with the stars shining in it, the good earth, the ripe corn waving there, and the great purple-blue sky with its floating worlds, and its drifting white fire, these were myself, only I was more free than they. Surely I lived in these more—O far more! —than in this tired sick body, sore with the lash that drove me to work whether I would or no."

"But did you not try to escape?" said the aged woman.

"Good sister," replied the man, "I told you I was free. People who are trying to escape are not free. How can they be so?"

"But the next day was coming. The to-morrow."

"There was no yesterday. There was no to-morrow. There was only—Now! And therein was freedom."

"But very soon to-morrow would be now."

"'Now' is a fleeting thing," said the man. "See how it flies, my sister! You never lay hands on it. You hardly touch it with thought or with sensation. 'Now' is the past, almost as soon as it has ceased to be the future. This makes me think the 'Now' we hunt, and never realise as we touch it, is not the real 'Now,' but only the shadow of a changeless Now that hides alike in Yesterday, To-day, and To-morrow. I think that in this Now of which I speak lies freedom; and a breath of the knowledge that this is and must be so, touched me the night I was free. And herein lay my joy; not in the idle things I did that night, which were but as a sign and a vain show. Thus, you see, to-morrow did not count. It counted very little even when it came, and they punished me because they had forgotten me."

"But you might have escaped—you might have escaped," said the aged woman and one of the old men speaking in a breath.

"And missed my night of freedom?" said the man. "You do not know what you say. Besides only a fool desires to escape; for only a fool believes it to be possible."

"Yes, yes," said the saintly man, softly and earnestly. "Our brother is right. We cannot escape. Only God can save us."

"And yet," said the man who had toiled to discover the best way to know and accomplish his work. "I think you might

have made a more definite, and, if I may say so, a more obvious use of your time than you did. You had nothing to show for your five free hours."

"That depends where you look for your gains," said the man."

"In my opinion," said he who once was a king, "you are all of you right in what you have said. I think, moreover, that if we had ourselves known a night of freedom such as our brother knew, we should be in a position to pronounce an opinion concerning it."

"That is true," said he who found his chief joy in killing one he hated, "this is the reason I do not now express an opinion touching the very strange and diverse things I hear the rest of you assert. There is much, however, in what our brother has told us that I understand very well."

"I thought you would do so," said the man.

Then through the violet air thick with the shadows of coming night, the bell of the chapel was heard to ring softly. The saintly man and the aged woman rose and paced slowly but gladly towards the house. One by one the others rose and followed. Last but one the king went; he turned to look back at the youngest of those people who had climbed the hill of quiet; for he alone remained on the terrace, looking down where the foam made a ghost-like glimmer about the foot of the cliff, and dreaming of the night when he was free.

MICHAEL WOOD.

THERE is not a language on earth in which a materialist could argue for ten minutes in support of his scheme without sliding into words and phrases that imply the contrary. It has been said that the Arabic has a thousand names for a lion; but this would be a trifle compared with the number of superfluous words that would be found in an Index Expurgatorius of any European dictionary constructed on the principles of a consistent and strictly consequential materialism.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

A MODERN MYSTIC: GEORGE MACDONALD

(CONTINUED FROM p. 115)

DR. MACDONALD'S philosophy of nature is an idealistic pantheism; he sees with the eye of the poet, the mystic, the Kelt; to him Nature is but the garment of the Divine, and all life only modes of working of the hidden heart of Love. Some of his thoughts and descriptions are touched with that Keltic glamour, the very essence of poetry, which we feel as it shimmers for ever above those "casements, opening on the foam of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn." Especially is this the case with his prose-poem, *Lilith*, which will be to any mind baptised ever so lightly into the realm of the imagination as an open door into a world shut off from the dreary noises of the strife of earth. Such a door, indeed, as that which the boy, Robert Falconer, opened out of the cold solitude and narrow asceticism of his own home to find himself marvellously in the midst of light and warmth and beauty, hitherto unimagined by him. There is, to be sure, not so much warmth in *Lilith*, it is a strange world lit by the eerie beams of a cold moon, into which entrance is won by that wonderfully constructed door, which has such a significance for Theosophists. The beauty and the weird charm of this world enfold something terrible, something that sets the heart aquiver and the nerves trembling, for the culmination of the mystic struggle between the forces of good and evil, for the solution of the half-understood mystery, which recalls the fascination of De la Motte Fouqué's wild tales. It is like the half-dread charm of the glacier, or of the Aurora Borealis. Yet ever beneath the wonder and the thrill is the sense of enfoldment in the arms of absolute power, of love wide as the universe, so that no mistake is irretrievable, and failure but a momentary stepping-back in preparation for a firmer step forward. "The stars call to us out

of the great night, 'Love and be fearless.'"* The impression left on the mind of the reader of *Lilith* is of wider than earthly vistas, and a thrilling perception that: "The house of his own soul has such a door into the infinite Beauty, whether he has found it or not."†

Science and study, to the reverent mind, rob the great face of Nature of no beauty, still less of any mystery, whilst they add to it love and a deeper significance. It is a veil of the Divine, a veil which incites to aspiration and to a holy curiosity. "There must be truth in the scent of the pine-wood; someone must mean it. There must be glory in those heavens that depends not on our imaginations; some power greater than they must dwell in them. Some spirit must move in that wind that haunts us with a kind of human sorrow; some soul must look to us from the eye of that starry flower. It must be something human, else not to us divine."

So Nature has her share in awakening "the vague sense of need which nothing but the God of human faces, the God of morning and the starful night, the God of love and self-forgetfulness, can satisfy."‡

But, "I do not care a straw," says Ian Macruadh, the mystic, "whether one scene be more or less beautiful than another; what I do care for is its individual speech to my soul. I feel towards visions of nature as towards writers. If a book or a prophet produces in my mind a world that no other produces, then I feel it individual, original, real, therefore precious. If a scene or a song play upon the organ of my heart as no other scene or song could, why should I ask whether it be beautiful at all?"§

"Strange to think," soliloquises Malcolm, "that the sun himself is only a great fire, and knows nothing about it. There must be a sun to that sun, or the whole thing is a vain show. There must be One to whom each is itself, yet the all makes a Whole. One who is at once both centre and circumference to all."‖

This sounds strangely familiar to students of the Vedas, as familiar as does the assertion that "the world is a thought of

* *What's Mine's Mine.*
† *Robert Falconer*, p. 185.
‡ *Paul Faber*, p. 326.
§ *What's Mine's Mine*, p. 222.
‖ *Marquis o Lossie*, p. 169.

God," and the dictum that "a man or woman is aged according to the development of the conscience."*

In the book where the last quotation occurs Dr. Macdonald is bound even less than usual by the commonplace of conventional life, and in it are to be found some of the most strikingly imaginative and mystical of his nature pictures, and symbolisms, as where he describes the horizon looking like "a void between a cataclysm, and the moving afresh of the Spirit of God on the face of the waters."†

Later in the same book the sight of a rider on a white horse, dimly seen in a storm, awakes the thought of "Death returning home on the eve of the great dawn, worn with his age-long work, pleased that it was over, and no more need of him." ‡

It is with a kind of chastened pity that the flower-like heroine of this book speaks of those who "are afraid of loneliness, and hate God's lovely dark." §

These are the same souls who shrink from the idea of death; yet, says Dr. Macdonald, "no one can be living a true life to whom dying is a terror."

In *The Ancient Wisdom* Mrs. Besant concludes a description of the nature-spirits, "the fairies and elves of legend, the 'little people' who play so large a part in the folk-lore of every nation, whom science has coldly relegated to the nursery," by observing that "only poets and occultists believe in them just now, poets by the intuition of their genius, occultists by the vision of their trained inner senses." Dr. Macdonald, a poet confessed, an occultist, it may be, unconsciously, has this to say of the "little people." "All the powers that vivify nature must be children. The popular imagination seems to have caught this truth, for all the fairies and gnomes, the goblins, yes, the great giants, too, are only different sizes and shapes and characters of children."‖

Who can fail to hear and feel the cold wailing of a wintry wind in reading the following description of the aspect of an old deserted avenue of trees? "When the wind of the twilight was sighing in gusts through its mournful crowds of fluttered leaves, or when the wind of the winter was tormenting the ancient hag-

* *Flight of the Shadow*, p. 31. † *Ibid.*, p. 47.
‡ *Ibid.*, p. 231. § *Ibid.*, p. 8. ‖ *Alec Forbes*, p. 79.

gard boughs, the trees looked as if they were weary of the world, and longing after the garden of God in the kingdom of the tree of life."*

Thus beholding and loving the more inanimate kingdoms of Nature, what is Dr. Macdonald's attitude towards the kingdom next humanity, to the animals, to whom man is indeed as a God knowing good and evil, but mostly doing evil? This is the one theme, besides that of religious hypocrisy and bigotry, which moves Dr. Macdonald to out-bursts of passionate protest which come from the very depths of the heart. Over and over again he expresses his horror, his amazement, at the possibilities of cruelty inherent in human nature; over and over again in the most moving words he appeals to men to recognise their awful responsibility in this matter. "I count it," he says, "as belonging to the smallness of our faith, to the poorness of our religion, to the rudimentary condition of our nature, that our sympathy is so small with God's creatures. Whatever the narrowness of our poverty-stricken theories concerning them, whatever the inhospitality and exclusiveness of our mean pride towards them, we cannot escape admitting that to them pain is pain, and comfort is comfort; that they hunger and thirst; that sleep restores, and death delivers them. Surely these are grounds enough to the true heart wherefore it should love and cherish them—the heart at least that believes with St. Paul that they need and have the salvation of Christ as well as we. Right grievously, though blindly, do they groan after it. . . . I know nothing, therefore care little, as to whether or not it may have pleased God to bring man up the hill of humanity through the swamps and thickets of the lower animal nature, but I do care that I should not now any more approach that level, whether once rightly my own or not. For what is honour in the animal would be dishonour in me. Not the less may such be the punishment, perhaps redemption, in store for some men and women. For aught I know, or see unworthy in the thought, the self-sufficing exquisite may one day find himself chattering amongst fellow apes in some monkey village of Africa or Burmah."† And the possibility o

* *Donal Grant*, p. 230.

† *Paul Faber*, p. 228.

such a metempsychosis is further demonstrated in a manner recalling a well-known Platonic fable.

A little further in the same book mention is made of the animal, "in whom is enclosed a shining secret. . . The love of a living God is in him and his fellows, ministering to forlorn humanity in dumb yet divine service. Who knows in their great silence how germane with ours may not be their share in the groanings, that cannot be uttered?"*

Flaming forth from the very tenderness of the soul rushes out this cry as of a man whom the horrors of the world have set in fear of his own nobility: "When I see a man who professes to believe, not only in God, but in such a God as holds His court in the person of Jesus Christ, assail with miserable cruelty the scanty, timorous, lovely lives of the helpless around him, it sets my soul aflame with such a sense of horrible incongruity and wrong to every harmony of nature, human and divine, that I have to make haste and rush to the feet of the Master, lest I should scorn and hate where he has told me to love. . . May my God give me grace to prefer a hundred deaths to a life gained by the sufferings of one simple creature!"†

A prayer to which every true Theosophist will surely say Amen; as also to another and correlated thought, namely, that: "A cruelty which would have been restrained by the fear of hell was none the less hell-worthy."

This lovely charity, embracing all that creation which the world of men carelessly accepts as made for their convenience, existing at their pleasure, and annihilated at their will, shocks convention in its expression, as Ian scandalised Christina when he spoke to her of his dead comrade. "He was an old dog almost past work, but the wisest creature. . . We buried him in the hope of a blessed resurrection."‡

And yet has not Ian the right of it? May it not be true that: "The God who is present at the deathbed of a sparrow does not forget the sparrow when he is dead; for . . . what God remembers He thinks of, and what He thinks of *is*."§

Mere convention and superficial truth or falsehood, the virtues that come of a rigid conformability to respectability, mean

* *Ibid.*, p. 234. † *Ibid.*, p. 232. ‡ *What's Mine's Mine.* § *Ibid.*

so little to Dr. Macdonald that the characters he creates are continually springing new surprises on the reader by the ways in which they speak and act, and meet the crises and emergencies of their fates. Not what the voice of authority, still less what the dulcet tones of Mrs. Grundy, proclaims right and just, but always what would have been the thought, the act, of the Master, is the invariable guide in all situations; and on these lines the details of everyday life are worked out in a fashion which must be surprising to those Christians who are accustomed comfortably to shelve the inconvenient teachings of their Master as incompatible with the requirements of modern life.

The lovely soul of the little beggar baronet, Sir Gibbie, is shut from the noises of the world into a stillness which is the very peace of the Christ; some of the heroines of the stories move through a sea of troubles, not aways undisturbed indeed, as the cold-hearted may be, but with a star-like serenity of soul that shines through the weakness and suffering of the body as the sun half hid by clouds. The original of Robert Falconer, according to Dr. Macdonald's statement "the noblest man he has ever known," is doubtless his inspiration in great measure for the transcendent purity of soul which his real heroes possess, and it is impossible to help feeling that he expressed a permanent mood of his own when he makes one of his characters wonder, "if she should ever cease to thank God that He had shown her what He could do in the way of making a man."

Yet idealism does not run away with Dr. Macdonald, he is absolutely honest in meeting the facts of life, and neither allows his judgment to be warped, nor his reason clouded, in a futile attempt to see things as they are not. He will see and proclaim the latent good in all, but he will not declare good to be a present actuality, which is only an unfolded possibility, and so he escapes the inevitable inconsistency and mental dishonesty of those who shut their eyes to the actual in the endeavour to believe that all is ideal. He speaks expressly indeed of this folly: "The folly of reasoning from the ideal when I knew nothing of the actual! The ideal must be our guide how to treat the actual, but the actual must be there to treat."*

* *Flight of the Shadow*, p. 108.

"The hill may be in Paradise and the people not, said the angel."*

Equally with Ruskin, Macdonald is an apostle of the doctrine of work by which the material world is to be redeemed. The thought that labour, the honest beloved labour, of the hands and head, is the basis of the building of character, runs through every work he has written. Of one of his saintly cobblers—and Dr. Macdonald seems to have a preference for this trade, perhaps because it is one that conduces to thought—it is written that "He was as far above the vulgar idea that a man rises in the social scale by ceasing to labour with his hands, as he was from imagining that a man rose in the kingdom of heaven when he was made a bishop."†

If such men seem unreal to us, who have found the world of men very different, we may at least thankfully believe that they exist, since "the thought of what is not could not come alive in the soul." It is true indeed that, "Most men believe only in what they find, or imagine possible to themselves. But they may be sure of this, that there are men so different from them that no judgment they pass upon them is worth a straw, simply because it does not apply to them."‡

There is written in one of the books a description of the kingdom of heaven which is so beautiful that it should be read in its entirety; the two following quotations form a part of it: "Understand that it is never advantage to himself that moveth a man in this kingdom to undertake this or that. The thing that alone advantageth a man here is the thing which he doeth without thought to that advantage. To your world this world goeth by contraries."

And of the punishment of greed in heaven, the fate of the possible guest who might come in without the wedding garment, he has this terrible thing to say: "The angel of the Lord would smite him with a sword, and he would vanish from among us, and his life would be the life of one of the least of those living things that in your world are born of the water; and there he must grow up again, crawling through the channels of thousand-folded difference, from animal to animal, until at length a human

* *What's Mine's Mine.* † *Salted with Fire*, p. 147.

‡ *What's Mine's Mine*, p. 109.

brain be given him, and after generations he become once again capable of being born of the spirit into the kingdom of liberty."*

This is the fate which we have heard of for the laggards of evolution, the terrible karma of failure.

The Theosophist who has to meet the reproach of the devotee of authority that the teaching is inconsistent, and without fixed canons, being explained with individual differences, and claiming no completeness, will take comfort in the following: "If I knew of a theory," says Dr. Macdonald, "in which there was never an uncompleted arch or turret, in whose circling wall was never a ragged breach, that theory I should know but to avoid; such gaps are but the eternal windows through which the truth shall look in. A complete theory is a vault of stone around the theorist—whose very being yet depends on room to grow."†

And again: "If we could once thoroughly understand anything, that would be enough to prove it undivine, and that which is but one step beyond our understanding must be in some of its relations as mysterious as if it were a hundred."‡

The more these ideas are pondered the more significance do they gain, for, as Aristotle says, "the crown of perfection does not belong to the imperfect."

Certain doctrines which are usually considered as peculiarly the property of Theosophy are by Dr. Macdonald illuminated with an ethical significance, and a divine intention, which redeems them from the dry bones of philosophical disquisition, making of them instead living examples of the methods of God-ordained evolution. Such is the doctrine of periodicity, or cyclic manifestation, of which it is said: "Our history moves in cycles, ever returning towards the point whence it started, but it is in the imperfect cycles of a spiral that it moves; it returns, but ever to a point above the former; even the second childhood at which the fool jeers, is the better, the truer, the fuller childhood, growing strong to cast off altogether with the husk of its enveloping age, that of its family, its country, its world as well. Age is not all decay, it is the ripening, the swelling, of the fresh life within, that withers and bursts the husks."§

* *Thomas Wingfold*, p. 391.
† *Malcolm*, p. 296.
‡ *Robert Falconer*, p. 420.
§ *Marquis of Lossie*, p. 114.

"The shadow of a great truth" is what Dr. Macdonald calls the thought that, "all the discords we hear in the universe around us are God's trumpets sounding a *reveillé* to the sleeping human will, which, once working harmoniously with His, will soon bring all things into a pure and healthy rectitude of operation. . . . To effect the blessedness for which God made him man must become a fellow-worker with God."*

For "Sorrow herself will one day reveal that she was only the beneficent shadow of joy. Will evil ever show herself the beneficent shadow of good?"

Lowell put the same thought more definitely, for he says:

> Evil springs up, and flowers, and bears no seed,
> And feeds the green earth with its swift decay,
> Leaving it richer for the growth of Truth.

"The very impossibility you see in the thing points to the region in which God works,"† says Macdonald in another place.

A problem which confronts those who have awakened among the husks, and are trying to turn towards the Father of Lights, is the contentment and well-being of those who have not felt the need of any Father at all, and whom the husks content. They are all around, the amiably selfish people, the people who are loving to their own, and kind to those from whom they expect kindness, whose satisfaction with material things is only disturbed by the longing for more material things, and whose harmony with environment engenders a serenity which makes them pleasant and valued companions. Whilst those struggling souls who have wearied of the lower without having attained to the higher, stand abashed and humiliated before the self-satisfaction of these, who claim themselves superior because of contentment with circumstances, and their ease among conventionalities. Even the measure of truth which the strugglers hold, and secretly feel to be the justification of their struggle, they cannot share with *this* neighbour, greatly though they desire to do so, for "influence works only between those who inhabit the same spiritual sphere."‡

Why, they ask, sore of spirit, weary of being misunderstood

* *Guild Court*, p. 38. † *Thomas Wingfold*, p. 396.
‡ *What's Mine's Mine*, p. 462.

and misjudged where most they look for appreciation and sympathy, why must it be? Why is Truth for ever on the scaffold, Wrong for ever on the throne? Dr. Macdonald enunciates the question, and the answer. "That those who are trying to be good are more continuously troubled than the indifferent has for ages been a puzzle. 'I saw the wicked spreading like a green bay tree,' says King David, and he was far from having fathomed the mystery when he got his mind at rest about it. Is it not simply that the righteous are worth troubling, that they are capable of receiving good from being troubled? As a man advances more and more is required of him. . . . Some are allowed to go on because it would be of no use to stop them yet; nothing would yet make them listen to wisdom. . . . A man unable to do without this thing or that is not yet in sight of his perfection, therefore not out of sight of suffering. They who do not know suffering may well doubt if they have yet started on the way *to be*."* And so we come back and get the grand full thought of the poet:

> Truth for ever on the scaffold, Wrong for ever on the throne—
> Yet the scaffold rules the future, and behind the dim unknown,
> Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch upon His own.

"The recognition of inexorable reality in any shape, kind or way, tends to rouse the soul to the yet more real, to its relations with higher and deeper existence. It is not the hysterical alone for whom the dash of cold water is good. All who dream life instead of living it require some similar shock. Of the kind is every disappointment, every reverse, every tragedy of life."†

KATHERINE WELLER.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

AN hour of solitude in conflict with a single passion or subtle bosom sin will teach us more of thought than a year's study in the schools.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

* *What's Mine's Mine*, p. 333. † *Ibid.*, p. 314.

SCIENCE AND THE SOUL

"In the long story of man's endeavours to understand his own environment and to govern his own fates, there is one gap or omission so singular that, however we may afterwards contrive to explain the fact, its simple statement has the air of a paradox. Yet it is strictly true to say that man has never yet applied to the problems which most profoundly concern him those methods of inquiry which in attacking all other problems he has found the most efficacious.

"The question for man most momentous of all is whether or no he has an immortal soul; or—to avoid the word *immortal*, which belongs to the realm of infinities—whether or no his personality involves any element which can survive bodily death. In this direction have always lain the gravest fears, the farthest reaching hopes, which could either oppress or stimulate mortal minds. . . . The method of modern Science—that process which consists in an interrogation of Nature entirely dispassionate, patient, systematic . . . has never yet been applied to the all-important problem of the existence, the powers, the destiny of the human soul."

With these words Mr. Myers, the major part of whose life was devoted to the investigation of the Problem of the Soul, along the lines and by the methods of modern Science, begins the Introductory Chapter of that *magnum opus*, whose publication, unhappily posthumous, will indubitably come to be regarded by the Science of the twenty-first century as marking an epoch in the onward march of man in attaining systematically verified knowledge of himself and of the universe around him. For it proclaims the definite capture by the advancing pioneers of Science of the first great outwork of that invisible world to which men's hopes and fears have been turned for untold centuries.

* *Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death*, by Frederick W. H. Myers. Two vols. Longmans, Green & Co Price £2 2*s. net.*

It must not be assumed, however, that the Theosophist is in error in asserting the uninterrupted existence and unbroken transmission of an actual, verified Science of the Soul from the remotest ages. That Science exists to-day as it has ever existed; but it is still, as it has ever been, accessible and verifiable only to the individual whose evolution has advanced far beyond the normal standard of the time: for it is not and cannot be for many an age the property of the many, nor become an article of the market place or a teaching of the schools—save only in theory, in faith, in aspiration. For while the Science of our day may be mastered by sheer dint of brains and industry, that ancient Science of the Soul demands the possession of qualities and aptitudes far otherwise difficult of attainment, and to be acquired by the neophyte not in one life, however strenuous or laborious, but at the price of effort maintained through many successive incarnations. And although the Theosophist might, not without reason and truth, maintain that even the capacity to master and assimilate the Science of our modern day has itself been similarly acquired, still his position would indubitably lie open to the retort that, in assuming the existence of a soul which survives organic dissolution and its evolution through reincarnation, he is assuming the very points at issue.

And therefore—because for Science all things must rest on demonstration and be immediately verifiable by experiment—therefore this work of Mr. Myers is truly epoch-making, in that it constitutes an attack by battering ram and by sap upon at least the outworks of the problem, conducted by the methods and in the spirit of true scientific enquiry.

It is therefore fitting that the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW should devote considerable space to its consideration, and since within less than a month of publication the first edition was sold out and the book is with difficulty attainable from the libraries, while its price renders it beyond the means of many of our readers, I propose to devote a good deal of space to a careful outline of its contents, reserving for subsequent treatment the consideration of most of those points which are important in their bearing upon our own ideas, as well as the attempt to appreciate the significance of Mr. Myers' own views and the hypotheses which he suggests.

In his Introductory Chapter, Mr. Myers first points out that such an investigation as to the Soul on strictly scientific lines is possible, both along the lines of observational, statistical, and evidential enquiry as well as by experimental methods, and that the amount of material available in both directions is much larger than would at first sight be suspected. He then outlines the objects and work of the Society for Psychical Research, and points out that Telepathy, when once rendered probable, leads on almost inevitably to evidence of man's survival of death. But before entering upon any discussion of the question of survival, a searching review and analysis of the capacities of man's incarnate personality is imperatively necessary.

Two contrasted views of the nature of personality are in the field: the one, that of most purely philosophical thinkers such as Reid, holds to the simple *prima facie* view, and regards man's personality as a simple, unitary identity, a *monad*, not divisible into parts; while the other view, that of many modern experimental psychologists, regards the personality as essentially a *co-ordination*, a complex, colonial, almost molecular structure, possessing no other unity than that given by the organic continuity of the body. Both views Mr. Myers regards as true, for the evidence to be adduced in the course of the work, while supporting the conception of the composite structure of the Ego, also brings the strongest proof of its abiding *unity*, by showing that it withstands the shock of death.

He then proceeds to explain the terms supraliminal and subliminal, used to express the mental life which goes on respectively above and below the ordinary threshold of consciousness, and points out that the subliminal (or better ultra-marginal) mental life is sufficiently complex and continuous to justify us in speaking of a subliminal Self.

The older conception of consciousness, like the pre-Newtonian idea of light, regarded it as simple, uniform and indivisible, but we shall find ample reason to hold that, just as Newton split up the ray of sunlight by passing it through a prism and showed it to consist of an almost infinite series of radiations, so too consciousness may be analysed or fanned out into a spectrum of varying colours, barred with lines of darkness. And just as

the solar spectrum may be prolonged by artifice beyond the normally visible limits of both the red and the violet, so may the spectrum of conscious human faculty be artificially prolonged beyond both the lower (red) end where consciousness seems to merge into mere organic operation, and beyond the higher (violet) where it expands into reverie or ecstasy.

The general line of enquiry to be pursued will therefore advance from the analysis of *normal* to the evidence for *supernormal* faculty, and end with a discussion of the nature of the proof acquired as to the persistence of the human personality after bodily death. Beginning with the breaking down or disintegration of the personality, we shall pass on to its higher and more complete integration in men of genius. Then, having thus familiarised ourselves to some extent with the conception of alternations of the personality, we shall discuss its normal alternation in sleep, and next proceed to deal with hypnotism, considered as an *empirical development of sleep*: for hypnotic suggestion intensifies the physical recuperation of sleep, and aids the emergence of those supernormal phenomena which ordinary sleep and spontaneous somnambulism sometimes afford. From hypnotism we pass to the consideration of all the sensory messages which the subliminal sends upward to the supraliminal self: phantasmal externalisations of internal vision and audition, many of these messages being telepathic. And in the following chapter we have evidence of veridical messages given to men in the body by disincarnate souls. And these again lead on to and are completed in the various forms of motor automatisms through which such telepathic messages are also frequently conveyed. From these we pass naturally to the study of cases of actual possession and finally reach the concluding chapter, left unfortunately but partially completed by the author, in which he considers some of the reflections, philosophical and religious, to which these new facts inevitably give rise.

Having thus indicated its general outline, we must now proceed to an analysis, albeit brief, of the several chapters one by one, so that our readers may have some idea of the immense mass of carefully verified and observed facts which form the basis of Mr. Myers' conclusions.

In the study of the living human organism, much has been learnt by the observation of disease, the study of pathological changes, all of which are of a disintegrative character regarded from the standpoint of the healthy organism, acting as a whole. And similarly in the study of the human personality we are enabled to learn a great deal both about its structure and modes of functioning by observing its pathological modifications, or in other words from a study of disintegrations or breakings up, in varying degree and manner, of that personality which we are apt to consider so essentially unitary and simple. Mr. Myers therefore devotes his Second Chapter to a study of these phenomena.

At the outset we are met with the necessity of reaching some agreement as to the meaning to be attached to the word *conscious*, and Mr. Myers decides to use it as equivalent to *potentially memorable*. Thus any act will be considered as a *conscious* act which we can imagine as capable, under any conceivable circumstances (not necessarily on this planet) of forming a link in a chain of memory.

The first symptoms of tendency towards disintegration in the personality are often "insistent ideas"—ideas which force themselves upon the attention and intrude, as if by violence, into the normal current of consciousness from which the will is unable to dislodge them. Such "insistent" ideas in their milder forms may be compared to corns or boils; as they grow stronger and more fixed, they resemble tumours, till at last, as they invade and break down the cohesion of the normal personality, they become more like the invasions of cancer. And the analogy reaches even to the process of cure; for just as a boil, or an incysted tumour, may be cut down upon and removed, so too, psychologically, under the dissecting knife of hypnotism, these fixed ideas, groups of memories, associations and feelings which have become isolated from the general stream of conscious life, can again be brought back into the current, their pathological isolation as it were being removed by a process of "talking out," till the patient is restored to a normal condition. All these stages may be found illustrated among the cases observed by Prof. P. Janet, Drs. Freund and Breuer and others, of which details are given by Mr. Myers.

Gradually as these fixed ideas become more dominant and definitely organised, they seem to give rise, in some cases, to incipient, and then even to well-marked secondary personalities, as in several of the cases studied by the above authorities and others ; till finally, when the subliminal memories are particularly coherent and gain intermittent control of the organism, one gets such remarkable cases of duplex or multiplex personality, almost verging on possession or obsession, as are seen in Janet's famous cases of Leonie 1, 2 and 3, that of Félida X., or the still more remarkable one of the Misses Beauchamp.

As we mentally survey the whole series, we find ourselves confronted by a practically unbroken series of gradually increasing disintegrations of the personality, beginning with the simple annoyance of an idea that *will* intrude upon us, onwards through stage after state till we reach a condition in which the original seemingly unitary and simple personality has broken down into what resemble, and apparently function as, two or three or even more distinct personalities, with distinct memory chains and other marked characteristics, all, however, very intimately related, and each of which either includes or excludes the memory chains of the others in a very remarkable manner.

We thus realise that in hysteria and hypnotism we have at our disposal a most delicate form of psychical dissection, far surpassing in its results the utmost that can be achieved by introspective analysis.

But hysteria not only exhibits *losses* of faculty ; it also shows distinct acquisitions and developments thereof. In the disintegrative examples, we trace predominantly an increased submergence of elements of the normal conscious life below the threshold of consciousness ; but we are also led to recognise that if these elements of submergence diminish instead of increasing, then the very same permeability of the psychical diaphragm, which causes their submergence, may permit instead an *increase* in the elements which emerge from below the threshold of consciousness, and we shall then have genius instead of hysteria.

Thus we see that as the hysteric stands in relation to ordinary men, so do we ordinary men stand in relation to a not impossible ideal of sanity and integration, illustrated for us in the

best types of men of genius. But at any rate we have learnt the lesson of our profound modifiability, and we have had a glimpse of some of the higher and larger possibilities which lie latent within our subliminal selves. The emergence of some of these will next occupy us in a study of Genius, which forms Mr. Myers' Third Chapter.

In opposition to the suggestion which has been advanced by some writers that the nervous development of our race tends to degeneracy and the view of Professor Lombroso and others that the "man of genius" is an aberrant, almost a morbid type, allied to the criminal and the lunatic, Mr. Myers contends that Genius may be best defined, psychologically, as a capacity of utilising powers which lie too deep for the ordinary man's control; so that an inspiration of genius is in truth a subliminal uprush of *helpful faculty*. But we must clearly realise that by no means all that is subliminal in us is potentially "inspiration," for what lies below the threshold in us is at least as mixed in quality as what lies above. And we may perhaps compare and classify these differing forms of automatic or subliminal manifestation by reference to the conception of the great classes of nervous activities, described as highest-level, middle-level and lowest-level centres.

Mr. Myers explains these inequalities by the assumption of a *soul* which exercises an imperfect and fluctuating control over the organism, along two main channels only partly coincident; and he claims the title of genius for states in which some rivulet is drawn in to supraliminal life from the under current stream. A work of genius, to be admittedly such, must fulfil two *distinct* conditions: it must involve something original, spontaneous, unteachable, unexpected; and it must also in some way win for itself the admiration of mankind. But purely as psychologists we are bound to define genius by the mode of its operation:— not by the pleasure-giving properties of the result achieved:— by the source, not the quality, of the output. And therefore we should recognise the operation of genius (psychologically speaking) in Haydon's account of how the tame yet contorted figures in his picture of the "Raising of Lazarus" flashed upon him with an overmastering sense of direct inspiration; or in Voltaire's

account of how he wrote that inept tragedy *Catalina*, as well as in Raphael's "Madonna di San Sisto," or Coleridge's "Kubla Khan," though these works are, *artistically speaking*, in utterly different classes, and only belong to the same class in virtue of the common psychological element which characterised their production.

As regards the question of what ought to be regarded as normality our author urges that in a constantly evolving species the norm is best represented by the farthest evolutionary stage yet reached, and this is what we usually speak of as genius, which Myers, reverting to his analogy between light and consciousness, compares to the intensification of the glow of a banded spectrum.

Coming to detail, the form of genius, or subliminal uprush, most easily measurable is that of the "calculating boy" or arithmetical prodigy. He cites from Dr. Scripture a table of thirteen such prodigies, two of whom, Gauss and Ampère, displayed in later life transcendent ability, while three others, Archbishop Whately, Mr. Bidder and Professor Safford are well known as men of exceptional talent. After discussing the peculiar features presented by this group, he points out how remarkably they illustrate the essentially subliminal character of the gift in question, and then shows how this special form of genius is connected with the working of genius in many other fields, as we can study its operation in the accounts left by many eminent men of their own methods of production.

Reverting to Lombroso's view, Myers shows that the Professor's collection of anecdotes showing degeneracy in men of genius is evidentially weak and points out that the rapid nervous development which is clearly a condition of genius must inevitably introduce a perturbation, which while on the whole making for evolution will also exhibit some phenomena suggestive of instability. This leads him to outline and contrast two views of evolution, which he terms the planetary and the cosmic, words which might also be rendered by materialistic and spiritual in this connection. Viewed in the light of the spiritual or cosmic conception, genius is thus no bye-product, but rather the evolution of new faculty, giving fresh perceptions of truth and lying in the main stream of human evolution. Yet since the output of genius is largely sub-

liminal it may sometimes be out of harmony with terrene existence and that narrower field of consciousness which has been specialised through the struggle for existence to meet the needs of material life on earth as it now is. For instance, speech and writing are summarisations of certain forms of complex gesture, which are inevitably inadequate to symbolise our whole psychical being, and hence when new factors come to be expressed under their limitations we must expect the results to be very inadequate, and as a matter of fact we do find in many forms of automatism a distinct effort to create or develop new modes and forms of symbolisation.

But what is the relation of the man of genius to the sensitive? Do his inspirations bring with them any supernormal knowledge? Does he get any *true* impressions, even though not *definite* and *clear* impressions of a supersensory world?

In Wordsworth's *Prelude* we have an honest and deliberate attempt by a poet of undoubted genius to answer this question, and studying in detail what he has left on record the answer to both questions must inevitably be in the affirmative. Mr. Myers then continues:—

> But this conclusion points the way to a speculation more important still. Telæsthesia is not the only spiritual law, nor are subliminal uprushes affairs of the intellect alone. Beyond and above man's innate power of world-wide perception, there exists also that universal link of spirit with spirit which in its minor earthly manifestations we call telepathy. Our submerged faculty—the subliminal uprushes of genius—can expand in that direction as well as in the direction of telæsthesia. The emotional content, indeed, of those uprushes is even profounder and more important than the intellectual:—in proportion as Love and Religion are profounder and more important than Science or Art.
>
> That primary passion, I repeat, which binds life to life, which links us both to life near and visible, and to life imagined but unseen;—*that* is no mere organic, no mere planetary impulse, but the inward aspect of the telepathic law. Love and Religion are thus *continuous:* they represent different phases of one all-pervading mutual gravitation of souls. The flesh does not conjoin but dissever; although through its very severance it suggests a shadow of the union which it cannot bestow. We have to do here neither with a corporeal nor with a purely human emotion. Love is the energy of integration which makes a Cosmos of the Sum of Things.
>
> But here there is something of controversy to traverse before a revived Platonic conception of love can hope to be treated by the psychologist as

more than a pedantic jest. And naturally so; since there is no emotion subliminal over so wide a range of origin—fed so obscurely by all thoughts, all passions, all delights—and consequently so mysterious even to the percipient himself. At one end of the scale love is based upon an instinct as primitive as the need of nutrition; even if at the other end it becomes, as Plato has it, "the Interpreter and Mediator between God and Man."

And then Mr. Myers proceeds to contrast the physiological or materialist conception of the passion of love, as set forth in no light or cynical spirit but with the moral earnestness of a modern Lucretius by Professor Pierre Janet, with the splendid passages from the *Symposium* in which Plato, through the mouth of Diotima, expounds the spiritual or Platonic conception of that passion; and he concludes the chapter with some words of deeply earnest eloquence in which he enforces and sustains the view of the pre-terrene origin of the human soul and the divine outlook which future evolution has in store for man.

BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE BLUE WELL

AN ESTHONIAN TALE

ALONG the Baltic coast, south of the Isles of Dago and Barnholm, lie the dreamy forests and the grey rocks of Esthony. Here, on summer nights with their half-lit atmosphere and tender pink of sky-line touching the horizon, when the faint notes of national songs caress waters across which, in the far distance and like a vanishing point, may be seen a solitary fisher-boat with illumined sail—on such nights the fairy-folk of the Northland seem to breathe their immortal Pagan grace on all around. For this country is still Pagan in the hearts of its aboriginal tribe and is alien entirely to the conquerors of German, Danish and Russian race. It is Pagan as its neighbour Finland, in its "magic traditions," is Pagan. And here, too, as in the Dolemites down in South Slavia or in the Kiew woods, the "St. John" fires still burn, as indeed they burn everywhere, when a young race is passing anew

through the worship of ancient Nature, or an old, old race is dying, faithful to the Gods of Earth. Is not the name "God" in the Esthonian tongue still "Yumal," sounding like "Yama" on the lips of the "Este"?

One of the legends told on a summer's eve, its meaning deepened in that fairy-light of the veiled midnight sun, we now translate.

In one of these forests near the songs of the sea, in a clear well, bordered with white blossoms of roses, and lit on darkening August nights with blue moon-rays, lived a fairy, a water-fairy, of singular beauty. And when, on some balmy evening, the tall trees sway with a murmur like the deep note of an organ rolled out into the stillness, this beautiful vision would rise up from her palace under the waters to the surface of the well and rest there on her couch of sea-roses and golden stems, sending forth into the slumbrous and sea-perfumed space the divine notes of her song.

It was thus that she was seen by Rein, a pure-eyed youth from the hamlet. He saw the fairy and forgot his bride. For never man beholds unpunished the denizens of the unseen world —fairies or sylphs. The beauteous fairy was pleased as she beheld the beautiful boy; she called him to her, and he went and was told and shown wondrous things in the sparkling well.

But the fairy also knew of Rein's betrothed, of Anne with the golden hair, and she resolved that the boy should never again look on any beauty save her own. Her mind was, also full of jealousy by reason of Anne's pure soul. One summer's night, as Rein bent over the well, poisonous mists rose up from it and gathered about his eyes. Seized with terrible pain the boy fled to find solace in deepest darkness only. In his anguish he confessed all to his grief-stricken Anne. Anne forgave him, for, from childhood upwards, she had ever heard that no mortal could resist the spirit-charm.

The girl waited till all were asleep in the village. Then, unseen, she glided forth from the dark little garden and ran to the forest, straight to the well. In exceeding mental anguish she bent over the silent waters. But nothing stirred. The fairy had left the spot. Then Anne, almost mad with despair and led by the one thought of saving her beloved, gave herself up to

the quest of finding her cruel rival; stepping forward, she sank at once under those waters where, in the bluish distance, glittered the fairy-palace. A few hours after, at the first touches of dawn, the sea-roses, like a white garment of death, entwined themselves round the young girl's body as it floated up to the surface from the depths below. Rein was on his knees at the well, sobbing bitterly. His heart had been purified by repentance and heavy sorrow. As one kisses the hem of a martyr's shroud he pressed his face on the waters that had taken Anne's life.

And lo! the mists lifted from his eyes, the pain was gone. He was saved. He saw!

Out of the forest's early shadows stepped the fairy. She told him how Anne's pure devotion had sanctified the waters of death. And she told him, also, how she herself, touched by the lovers' trial and troubled with remorse, had given to the well the power of henceforth healing all who suffered as he had suffered. Then she bade him look at the well. The waters had become a deep, pure blue, the colour of the heavens and of their most heavenly ray on earth—that of true devotion.

Since those days of which we write the Blue Well has ever been a well of healing, and the record of the deed is still whispered abroad by the sea-roses as, on white nights, their perfume rises above the singing waters.

A RUSSIAN.

IN wonder all Philosophy began: in wonder it ends. But the first wonder is the offspring of ignorance: the last is the parent of adoration. The first is the birth-throe of our knowledge: the last its euthanasy and apotheosis.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE worth and value of knowledge is in proportion to the worth and value of its object. The exactest knowledge of things is to know them in their causes; it is then an excellent thing to know the best things in their highest causes: and the happiest way of attaining to this knowledge is to possess those things and to know them in experience.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE NEO-PLATONISTS

NEO-PLATONISM—*i.e.*, New Platonism—is the name given to the system of philosophy set forth by a school which arose in the third century of our era, and which ceased to exist, as a recognised institution, in the early part of the sixth century. To this school the title of "School of Alexandria" has been often, but somewhat inaccurately, applied. It is true that Ammonius Saccas, the reputed founder of the school, was an inhabitant of Alexandria; and that Plotinus, who first developed in writing the Neo-Platonic doctrines, received his training in philosophy in the class-room of Ammonius. But our information respecting Ammonius is so scanty, that the theory which would regard him, rather than his more famous pupil, as the actual founder of Neo-Platonism, must necessarily rest, to a large extent, upon mere conjecture, and is certainly not strengthened by the fact that no mention whatever is made of Ammonius in the writings of Plotinus, and although Plotinus himself studied philosophy at Alexandria, the scene of his labours as teacher and author was not Alexandria, but Rome. His system found many adherents among the learned and thoughtful, and, within a century of his death, had become the most widely accepted philosophic system of the period. It was then taught at Alexandria, as elsewhere; but it does not appear that at any time Alexandria became the principal seat of the school. In its latest days it was established at Athens, in the Academy which, centuries before, had been honoured and rendered historic by the presence and teaching of Plato.

On the teaching of Plato the philosophic doctrines of the new school were avowedly based. To Plotinus and his successors belongs the credit of having rekindled the pure light of Platonic philosophy after long ages of at least partial misconception. Few, if any, of the successors of Plato had grasped the full significance of his thought. Aristotle, the greatest of his disciples, had intro-

duced a system in some respects complementary to, but in others, and these of high importance, at variance with the master's teaching; while at a later period the schools chiefly in vogue—those of the Stoics and Epicureans—had strayed still further from that teaching in the direction of materialism: a lapse only partially compensated by the noble ethical teaching of the Stoics.

Yet the Platonic tradition, however imperfectly understood, was never wholly forgotten, and the materials for its revival, as soon as a new wave of spiritual activity should render such revival possible, remained unimpaired. Long before the advent of Neo-Platonism there were signs that such a wave was in motion. Of these signs the most notable, for the subsequent history of the world, was the rise and spread of Christianity. More nearly allied to the movement which is the subject of our present discourse, was the revived Platonism of such thinkers as Plutarch, Philo and Numenius. But if these thinkers, in some particulars and to some extent, anticipated the position of the Neo-Platonists, it is probable that their writings had little direct influence upon the movement. They drew from the same perennial fountain of philosophy, and their conclusions were, naturally, in some respects not dissimilar.

But to regard Neo-Platonism as a mere revival of the Platonic tradition would be to misconceive its true import. It was no simple repetition, it was a legitimate development of the teaching of Plato. Its leading exponents—above all, Plotinus and Proclus—were men not only of vast erudition, but of profoundly original insight. They followed Plato, not with the submission of pupils to a master's authority, but with the independence of thinkers whose assurance of the truths which he had taught was equally at first hand. "They were men," says Mr. Whittaker, in his valuable little book on the Neo-Platonists, "who had inherited or adopted the Hellenic tradition. On the ethical side they continued Stoicism; although in assigning a higher place to the theoretic virtues, they return to an earlier view. Their genuine originality is in psychology and metaphysics. Having gone to the centre of Plato's idealistic thought, they demonstrated, by a new application of its principles, the untenableness of the Stoic materialism; and, after the long intervening period, they

succeeded in defining more rigorously than Plato had done, in psychology the idea of consciousness, in metaphysics the idea of immaterial and subjective existence. Scientifically, they incorporated elements of every doctrine with the exception of Epicureanism; going back with studious interest to the pre-Socratics, many fragments of whom the latest Neo-Platonic commentators rescued just as they were on the point of being lost. On the subjective side, they carried thought to the highest point reached in antiquity. And neither in Plotinus, the great original thinker of the school, nor in his successors, was this the result of mystical fancies or of Oriental influences. These, when they appeared, were superinduced. No idealistic philosophers have ever applied closer reasoning or subtler analysis to the relations between the inner and the outer world. If the school to some extent 'Orientalised,' in this it followed Plato; and it diverged far less from Hellenic ideals than Plato himself."

The system which they formed was thus in some sense eclectic, yet to call the Neo-Platonists "eclectics" would be to misrepresent their attitude. If they learned much from their predecessors, they added much of their own. Neo-Platonic philosophy was no patch-work of borrowed doctrines, but a vital and coherent system which may be said, without exaggeration, to represent the highest achievement of ancient Hellenic thought.

This magnificent result was mainly due to the genius of one man—Plotinus—"the greatest individual thinker between Aristotle and Descartes," as Mr. Whittaker justly calls him. Born in Egypt about the year 205, Plotinus studied philosophy at Alexandria in the school of Ammonius. At the age of forty he settled in Rome, where he lectured on philosophy and produced that series of treatises which has been appropriately termed the Gospel of Neo-Platonism, and which we are fortunate in possessing entire. In the neighbourhood of Rome he died, A.D. 270. His writings I am inclined to regard as the most precious monument extant of Greek philosophy. His successors added to his teachings, modified them here and there; but in its leading features the system of philosophy which he had elaborated remained unchanged as long as the school endured, the accepted Gospel of Neo-Platonism. "The great Plotinus," Maurice

Maeterlinck calls him—"the great Plotinus, who of all the intellects I know has approached the nearest to divinity."

Of the disciples of Plotinus the most famous, as well as the most important to the future development of the school, was Porphyry the Tyrian. It is to Porphyry, indeed, that we are chiefly indebted for our knowledge of Plotinus himself, for it was Porphyry who edited the master's works, and wrote an account of his life. His own commentaries on the books of Plotinus contributed much to the spread of the doctrine, by the clearness of his elucidations. Of these commentaries a fragment only, but of the highest value, remains to us. Many of the other writings of Porphyry are lost, or exist only in fragments. The longest that we possess is a treatise on vegetarianism. Most of the Neo-Platonists were vegetarians, and, indeed, a certain degree of asceticism was always a characteristic of the school. It was, however, a moderate and rational asceticism, far removed from that insensate hatred of the body which has led bigots to torture their flesh in the vain hope of spiritual advantage. It was the asceticism of men whose thoughts were so fixed on the higher life of philosophy, that to them the fleeting pleasures of the world and the flesh had become in very truth indifferent.

Porphyry survived his master upwards of thirty years, and died early in the fourth century. He had lived, however, to see the beginning of the troubles in which the philosophic schools were to be involved by the growth of Christianity, and was himself the first of the Neo-Platonists who used his pen directly in opposition to the new creed. But I shall refer later to the attitude of the Neo-Platonists in regard to Christianity. The most celebrated disciple of Porphyry was Iamblichus, who has been generally credited with introducing into the school that turn for occultism, or theurgy as it was called, which became a marked characteristic of the movement in its later days. This assumption would seem to be based chiefly upon the attribution to Iamblichus of the treatise *On the Mysteries*, in which theurgy is distinctly, though by no means intemperately, advocated. It is, however, doubtful if Iamblichus was indeed the author of that treatise, and although we have one or two strange stories of marvels ascribed to him, these are not well authenticated; while such of his undoubted

writings as are extant do not lend any strong support to the conjecture that he was an enthusiast in theurgy.

On the subject of theurgy I shall say but a few words, as, indeed, I am but ill qualified to speak of it: but it can hardly be altogether neglected in a general review of the Neo-Platonic school. The object of theurgy was to elevate the human nature to a conscious participation of the divine; in other words, to evolve and perfect the divine attributes latent in every human soul. The philosophers proposed to themselves the same object, but while Plotinus and Porphyry endeavoured to achieve their aim by means of an ethical and metaphysical training, leading by degrees to the very summit of virtue and true wisdom, the theurgists sought to effect it by means of ceremonial rites, of sacrifices and invocations. To Plotinus, especially, the external forms of religion had seemed of little moment, though the inward reality of it was ever present to his deepest convictions. The theurgists, on the contrary, attached the highest value to such forms, even to the smallest details, though always insisting upon their symbolical import. Thus the tendency of theurgy was to exalt the priest above the philosopher, although theurgists allowed that a man who had reached the height of philosophy as proposed by Plotinus, was beyond their art. Such a one was a law to himself. But for the rest of mankind—for all, that is to say, except a few sages—they regarded the path of theurgy as the surest to the attainment of divine insight.

Their practices were alien to the spirit of Greek philosophy, though not, perhaps, to that of Greek religion. The elaborate ceremonial of the theurgic priests, their invocations of powers superior to man, their divination and clairvoyance, point as much to the old traditions of the Hellenic priesthood as to the late influence of Oriental creeds; although this influence was not wanting, and theurgy was definitely connected by its adherents with the rites of the Egyptians and Chaldæans. Even the belief in the efficacy of magical operations, superstitious as it may be deemed, was referred by the philosophers who accepted theurgy to a genuinely philosophical conception: *viz.*, that all the parts of the universe are related as the parts in one living creature; that, to use Emerson's words, "secret analogies tie together the

remotest parts of nature." Thinkers such as Plotinus accepted this theory in much the same way as Emerson; believing that all things are full of significance to those who are capable of reading them. Later and less purely philosophic thinkers sought in these "secret analogies" the basis of a system of magic, whereby the occult powers of the universe should be drawn into the service of man by the exhibition of the signs appropriate to them.

Yet when we recall the intellectual calibre of some of the philosophers who accepted theurgy, we may surely hesitate to use the word "superstition" in this connection. It must be owned, at least, that their faith in the efficacy of such practices did little to impair their philosophic acumen. Even Proclus, next to Plotinus the strongest and most logical thinker of the Neo-Platonic school, was a known believer in theurgy. Moreover, to philosophers who were already viewing with alarm the inroads of Christianity, it was no small recommendation of theurgy that it did indeed constitute a serious attempt to counteract the growth of the new creed by imparting fresh life and energy to the old one, and by fostering a genuinely devotional spirit within the forms of the ancient Hellenic religion.

The immediate successors of Iamblichus need not detain us. Most of their writings have disappeared. The short reign of the Neo-Platonic Emperor, Julian (361-363), excited hopes for philosophy which were quickly shattered by his death. In the fifth century the principal seat of the school was at Athens, where the Academy accepted Neo-Platonism, and its doctrines were promulgated by a succession of remarkable men. Of these by far the most eminent was Proclus, the greatest thinker who had occupied the chair of philosophy in the Academy since the death of Plato. Many of his writings remain, though many are lost; for, as his biographer Marinus informs us, "he was a man laborious to a miracle." Among those which we possess, some of the lengthiest are commentaries on the Platonic Dialogues; but of all the extant works of Proclus perhaps none exceeds in value his "Elements of Theology," a treatise in which the details of a nobly rational, and therefore in the highest sense spiritual, religion are set forth with the profundity of a true philosopher, and the logic of an exact dialectician.

Proclus died, A.D. 485, at the age of seventy-five years. Long even before his birth the Christians had become the predominant party in the Empire, and at the time of his death the adherents of the ancient faith were a small and persecuted sect. The philosophers, however, remained firm to the end in their support of the Hellenic religion. Among the successors of Proclus at Athens were several whose contributions to philosophic literature, still extant, possess real and considerable value; though none, perhaps, whose works entitle them to rank, as original thinkers, side by side with Plotinus and Proclus, the two great luminaries of the Neo-Platonic system. But even the small measure of liberty still allowed to the philosophers was soon to be withdrawn. In the year 529 the School of Athens was closed, its endowments were confiscated, and the teaching of philosophy was prohibited, by an edict of the Emperor Justinian. Some of the philosophers continued to write in their retirement. The latest whose writings (in part, at least) have been handed down to us, was Olympiodorus, the pupil of Ammonius, who was the pupil of Proclus. But the year 529 marks the close of the ancient philosophy as a recognised institution. Nevertheless, its influence is yet unexhausted. From age to age, even to the present, it has appeared and reappeared; often distorted, often unacknowledged, though still to the student discernible; moulding or modifying the thoughts of men on the deepest matters of human contemplation. The advance of knowledge, the discoveries of physical science, do not render its doctrines obsolete, except in unessential details; for it deals primarily with subjects which transcend experience, with truths which are coeval with the universe.

What, then, was the philosophy to which these men devoted their lives, as to the highest object of human attainment? Perhaps we may partially answer this question in the words of Hierocles, a Neo-Platonist of Alexandria in the fifth century. "Philosophy," he says, "is both the purification and perfection of human life. The purification, as it frees it from the material and brute tendencies of the mortal body: the perfection, as it restores it to its own primitive excellency, and the participation of the divine image. Both these," adds Hierocles, "are best effected by Virtue and Truth."

This is not, indeed, a complete definition of philosophy: it would probably be impossible to give a complete definition of so comprehensive a subject within the compass of a few lines. But as an expression, not of the whole truth, yet surely of the highest truth respecting it, these words of Hierocles indicate with perfect accuracy the general position of Neo-Platonic philosophers. Plotinus accepted the old division of philosophy into the three branches of Physics, Ethics, and Dialectic or Metaphysics. Yet whatever they might include under the term, with him and his successors the ultimate meaning of philosophy was always the purification of the soul, and its assimilation to the divine source of its existence. Perhaps it is difficult to understand how any system can rightly deserve the name of philosophy if its final purpose be other than this.

The view of philosophy which I have thus indicated includes the recognition of its essential relationship to religion; a relationship which, for the first time in Greek philosophy, was clearly implied in the writings of Plato. Without the recognition of this relationship both philosophy and religion remain imperfect, and even to some extent superficial. Indeed, I think it may be said that the true philosopher reaches at length a stage at which this relationship is seen to be not relationship merely, but identity. Of course, by religion, in this sense, I do not mean the popular theology, but the spiritual insight which sees in Divinity the first and final cause of all things, and of which every popular theology is a more or less crude and distorted development. This spiritual insight everywhere characterises and exalts the philosophy of Plato and the Neo-Platonists. At the same time, the established forms of religion were treated by Plato with respect, and the beautiful mythology which constitutes so considerable a portion of the Greek religion, was occasionally employed by him to point or adorn his discourses, though always with perfect freedom of interpretation. Plotinus followed nearly in the footsteps of his master, though insisting even less than Plato had done, upon established forms. But with the later Neo-Platonists a new spirit prevailed, of which, as we have seen, the development of theurgy was the most striking indication. These constituted themselves the guardians and exponents of the ancient faith; and

not of the Hellenic faith alone, for they held, and rightly held, that the religious creeds of all nations teach the same divine truths under different names. The myths, which Plato had held himself at liberty to accept or reject as it might seem desirable, were by his latest disciples regarded as a body of sacred doctrine, enigmatically delivered, which they set themselves in all earnestness to interpret. Indeed, Proclus—in an interesting essay on the myths of Homer, which forms part of his Commentary on Plato's *Republic*—strenuously, though with doubtful success, endeavours to show that Plato himself was of much the same opinion, and that the censure which, in the second and third books of the *Republic*, he bestows upon myths and myth-makers, was in reality aimed, not at the myths, but at the indiscriminate and unintelligent use of them. Perhaps neither Plato nor Plotinus would altogether have denied that the old mythology possessed some such significance as their successors discovered in it. It is evident, however, that they attached far less importance to it, preferring the plain path of philosophy to the mystic methods of occult symbolism.

But with all who professed the Platonic philosophy the ultimate purpose of their teaching was the same:—the purification of the human soul, its redemption from the bonds of flesh, and assimilation to the divinity. And this purpose was to be effected, as Hierocles expressed it, by Virtue and Truth: in other words, we must endeavour to attain to God both by right living and by knowledge. Either of these without the other is insufficient. "Without virtue," says Plotinus, "God is but a name." It is not enough to know the truths of philosophy unless we put them into practice; in very truth, we cannot be said to *know* them unless they have become a part of our daily life. Otherwise we can only know *about* them; a kind of knowledge not difficult of attainment, but valuable only as an introduction to the knowledge which reveals to us the truth of our being, and therein of all being.

Wm. C. Ward.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

GLIMPSES OF THE EIGHTH MUSE

(CONTINUED FROM p. 161)

I SAID that it was necessary to make an account of my experiences under anæsthetics preliminary to that of the more luminous of my experiences during the sleep of the body. The reason of this is that the two accounts have some characteristics in common, though those characteristics are, perhaps naturally, more extremely marked in the case of anæsthetics. Everyone who has ever taken "gas" or chloroform will probably be aware how the early moments of the process of anæsthetisation are marked by very peculiar scraping sounds in the ears, and in the case of "gas" especially, by intense whirring in the head. Now I have found that, to a greater or less degree, these same strange sensations are, in my case, either the prelude to, or the accompaniment of, some startlingly vivid sleep-experience, a more or less perfect memory of which I bring back to the physical world. In 1895, the first night after I took "gas" for the first time, I went through the process again in my sleep, without, however, enjoying, so far as I remember, any vivid astral experience *immediately* afterwards, though in the morning, before waking, I saw the face of my clock, and, as far as I remember after the lapse of seven years, I succeeded in telling the time correctly by it; but of this I am not sure. The important point, however, is that I saw the face of the clock on my table while my body was asleep, *although, as a matter of fact, its face was turned away from my bed.* I may add that I have also once or twice seen my watch, before waking up, while it was lying under my pillow. I also know that I have told the time correctly, at least once, if not twice, in this way, whether by watch or by clock, but as I am not absolutely sure about the matter, and accuracy is very important in these questions, I will not lay claim to having done so more

than once. On one occasion, I remember hopelessly muddling it up, and reading the time as a quarter past, instead of a quarter before, the hour, and I am therefore interested to read in Mr. Leadbeater's *Astral Plane* that this is a natural mistake to make. I am, of course, by no means alone in the occasional exercise of this faculty, even among persons who make no special pretensions to psychical power. Professor James reports the case of a lady of his acquaintance who laid claim to a similar feat, and to regular psychics it must be a mere *bagatelle*. I may add, for the information of the curious, that in my case the watch generally appears to be very close to one's face, so close that it is almost impossible to read the time by it; and further, that the phenomenon can best be produced by willing strongly the night before to wake at a certain time, when a vision of the watch may possibly be seen at the hour named. It may now be clear why I have succeeded in performing this feat so seldom.

This, however, by way of parenthesis. About three years ago, shortly, I think, after taking "gas" (though as to this point I cannot speak certainly), I found myself during the sleep of the body, standing in a room only a few yards from a group of about four persons.

One of them was a dark-skinned Oriental, a native of India, I thought. He immediately fixed his eyes on me, and, unable to resist, I began to lose consciousness. It was then that I went through a process very similar to that of taking "gas," at least as regards the whirring sensation in my head. Gradually, however, these sensations subsided and cleared off, and I became brilliantly conscious for a few moments. I saw, with an intense clearness of vision, quite unknown to me in waking life, though I have perfectly good physical sight. Before me on a bed (and I think, if I remember right, it was my own bed in the house we then lived in) lay a maternal uncle of mine, whom I very seldom see on the physical plane. He appeared very ill indeed. He was coughing very badly. He tried to rise, and did, in fact, succeed in sitting up. But when he finally succeeded in doing so, and had gradually worked himself into a sitting position on the foot-end of his bed, and put his legs to the ground, he immediately fell back across the bed with a ghastly rattle in his throat,

and, to all appearances, died on the spot. And I remember feeling great distress at being alone and quite unable to help him. Then the intense clearness of vision forsook me. I have a vague idea that I returned and saw the dark man again for a moment, but of this I cannot be sure, and, in any case, I shortly afterwards woke up. This is the first case I remember of finding myself with intense power of vision in the sleep-world. My uncle I may add, is none the worse for my vision.

I spent last winter in an old house of the Latin Quarter of Paris, and there, while "sensing" numerous other phenomena which I will touch upon presently, I also obtained a great impression, founded partly on some remarkable semi-conscious experiences, that I was being deliberately "got at," by some thoroughly intelligent beings on the other side. If I had had any doubt on the matter, I could have it no longer when I awoke one night, seemingly not in Paris, but in a room I had occupied years before in my childhood, and heard, though I could not see them, what seemed to be two or three men talking together in low tones. It was, perhaps, natural that, after a big physical breakdown, I should seek for advice on mundane matters from any being who stood on another plane, and might see things, for aught I knew to the contrary, with a clearer eye than I did. So I cried:

"What shall I do next?"

A voice replied immediately:

"Go straight on as you are going."

I took this to mean that I was to continue the process through which I was at that moment passing, so I said:

"But *I* mean on the physical, not on the astral, plane."

There was a moment's pause, and I got the impression of a hurried consultation taking place. Then the voice spoke again:

"You will go to Portugal in three years from now."

I do not remember saying anything further, but the voice spoke once more:

"You will see an animal on your right as you wake up."

I thought at first, that this meant that I should see an animal as I woke up on their plane, and, as I was prepared to face any amount of animals, much though I dislike them, if only

I could acquire full powers of functioning on their plane, the words immediately had a curious hypnotic effect on me, which I will leave the reader to guess at. Presently, however, I left my astral friends, and passing drowsily through a stage where I saw a near relative of mine who was staying in the house, and also the *valet de chambre*, both scampering about, I immediately woke up. During the drowsy, intermediate stage, however, a biggish animal appeared on my right, apparently guarding the bedroom door. It was like a large cat in size, but in appearance a sort of mixture between a bull-dog and a small tiger, and it roared as loud as it could, but it was not very terrifying. (It cannot have been Cerberus, for Cerberus had three heads!) I thought:—"You silly old thing, I've been told about you before," and passed on.

Two words before I leave this account. To the casual reader it may seem tame enough. To me, at the time it seemed, and at the present moment it seems, nothing of the sort. I have said that a voice spoke to me. But there are voices and voices. To say that it was like a human voice on this plane would be to do it very poor justice. The mere sound of it was far superior to anything we ever hear on earth, *i.e.*, in the physical world. It would not be easy to exaggerate to those who have never heard them, the extraordinary clearness and at the same time the resonance and the reverberation of these higher astral voices. In telling the story by word of mouth, I always say that it was as if all the vibrations of sound had been "cleaned up." If one may be allowed to compare things heard to things seen, I would say that this voice sounded like a polished door-handle. The difference between the higher astral voice and the physical voice is as the difference between the free clink of glasses and that produced when they are held tightly by the hand. I remember once, during a trip I took to Norway about ten years ago, that a refractory steward, who was too lazy to answer the bell, used to tie a duster round it, to prevent it making any clear, conscience-pricking sound. Well, when I wake in the morning after hearing higher astral voices, and hear our dull, dead physical voices again, I generally think of the dodge of that rebellious steward. The voices we hear and know in this life are no better than higher astral voices with a cloth tied round them. So when it

is politely hinted to me by word or smile that I am the victim of my own "imagination" (whatever that Mesopotamian word may mean to people who use it), or that I suffer (forsooth!) from an hallucination of the sense of hearing, I know that my interlocutor has never heard what I have called, for want of a better word, a higher astral voice.*

So much for the manner of this experience. As for the matter of it, though the idea of going to Portugal in three years from now means simply nothing to me, and for the animal on my right, which tried to roar, I do not greatly care, I find some not unnatural consolation in being told to go straight on as I am going, especially by one who is presumably wiser than I. We get so much "advice gratis," on this plane, from those who, having succeeded more or less badly in performing the somewhat limited task they have set themselves, seek to impose their own shadowy ideals upon others. Not unsoothing, then, or all unwelcome, was that Voice in the Night which told me to go straight on as I was going. I will go, Sir; at least I can promise you that.

It must be obvious also that, in addition to that of giving comfort, there was another object in the remark. When I was told to go straight on as I was going, I at once began to wonder *where* I was, and *where* I was going to, and I at once recognised that I was on the astral plane. My answer showed this. Thus the whole notion that I had been waked in another world became fixed, and as I was caused to pass back without delay to physical life, I brought a fairly complete memory of the experience right through.

If, in these and several other cases of which I have not brought back such a clear memory, I have seemed to have been

* I have employed the expression "higher astral voice" in narrating the above experience, because I do not find it possible to class all non-physical voices together in a lump. In the first place, each separate voice has, to a certain extent, an individual character of its own, just as ours have on the physical plane. In the second place, I do not find anything particularly attractive about lower astral voices, of which I have heard a great many. As for the higher astral voices, I am inclined to think that the excellence of their tone (as to which fact believers in the hallucination-theory seem to be rather in the dark), is partly due to the nature of the region in which they are uttered, and possibly, in some cases, to the nature of the persons who utter them. I really do not think, after the experiences I have had, that I could justly accept the hallucination-theory for the astral voice without applying it also to the physical voice. The theory (such as it is), is therefore, to my mind, suicidal.—R. C.

the recipient of attention from the other side, I could also give one or two instances to show that, in however limited and feeble a manner, I have apparently tried to take an active part in the psychical instruction of others. I found myself, one night, fairly recently, during the sleep of the body, standing in what appeared to me to be, for the moment, something like the covered playground of the private school I attended between the ages of seven and thirteen. I think there were other people there, talking with me, when first I came to consciousness, and whether it was through intuition or by their information, I do not know, but I seemed to be in an expectant condition. Presently, a door opened at the further end of the building, and in came a near relative of mine, from whom, however, I am very much separated by difference of opinion upon things in general. He is one of those persons, who, though more or less an orthodox Christian, would, I believe, benefit by obtaining a more detailed acquaintance with some of the conditions of life after death. On the physical plane I have, perhaps, only once seriously broached the subject to him, at what I thought an especially tactful moment, and in what I thought an especially tactful way, but I received such a severe rebuff that I am not likely to try again. There, on the astral plane, as I say, he came up, took my arm, and started walking with me a few steps across the floor of the building. I half stopped, and stretched out my hands. "Look," I said, "how *real* it all is, absolutely as real as the physical plane," or words to that effect. Immediately I had said this, I became definitely conscious that I was on the astral plane with a splendid opportunity before me. But, as I spoke, a pained look came across his face, and his form grew very faint, almost disappearing from my view. I struggled with all the will-power I could command to bring him back to "focus," and finally I succeeded fairly well. I saw his face, at least, with extraordinary clearness, close to mine, a clearness with which we never see faces on this plane. He said: "I hear what you *say*, my boy," with a great emphasis on the word "say," showing that he was entirely sceptical of the truth of my words, or was worried by the bare suggestion that he was not on the physical plane. Then he went on:

"But you look so funny!"

As he said this I noticed that we were both bathed in a snow-white mist, the source of which I cannot now locate, but it had a very curious effect. The only thing I can this moment recall at all like it, is the halo or mist with which the body of Christ is represented as being surrounded when he broke bread at Emmaus. However, when my relative said, "but you look so funny!" I do not think he simply referred to the snow-white mist. He was chiefly referring, I think, to the fact that, as he spoke, he touched me, and I saw, as he saw, that the surface of my body did not entirely resist his touch, but gave way to it, dimpling in, under pressure, to a degree quite unknown to our physical bodies. Another queer incident occurred during this experience, though I am not quite clear now as to when it happened, and where to place it. I suddenly saw a kind of pile in the middle of the room, looking more like a lot of packing-cases thrown carelessly, higgledy-piggledy, one on top of another, than anything else. On this pile, in all kinds of fantastic and absurd positions, lay a number of queer-looking figures. I said to my relative: "They're all asleep, and the worst thing you can do is to wake them up." And, snatching up a three-legged stool (I think it was) which lay near me, I hurled it at the mass of sleepers. It hit one of them, and must have disturbed him rather seriously, I am afraid, but though he seemed to shift his position a little, he did not seem to mind very much, and presently all was as quiet as before.

This particular astral experience ended in the following curious manner. I got into my head that, when my relative woke up in his physical body in the morning, he would have forgotten all about our adventure together on the astral plane, and would conclude, off-hand, that his not remembering it meant that it had never occurred. I was much distressed at this, and tried to think of a plan for overcoming the difficulty. I then thought (mistakenly, as it turned out afterwards) that our physical bodies were lying asleep in the same house in England. So I said to myself: "I will return at once to my physical body, go to his room, and wake him up on the spot, and see if he does not remember the experience." Giving a sort of twist, *I felt my physical body trailing, as it were, a few inches behind me.* My mind was

made up. Repeating the jerking motion a second time, and doing it this time more forcibly, I found myself, in another moment, waking up in the physical world. But, as I woke up, I began to recognise the truth. Our physical bodies, I thought, were not in the same house, but only in the same town. Then, as I woke up further, I recognised once more that I was mistaken, and that our bodies were separated by a still greater distance. And it was not till I fully awoke that I became aware that the sea rolled between our bodies, and that I was in Paris, and he, in all probability, on the English coast. And then I knew that he would never remember his astral adventure with me, and that we should still have to go on our separate ways in life, and that Matthew Arnold was right when he cried so bitterly:

Who ordered that their longing's fire
  Should be as soon as kindled, cool'd ?
Who renders vain their deep desire ?—
  A God, a God their severance ruled !
And bade betwixt their shores to be
  The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea.

ROBERT CALIGNOC.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

MOTIVES are a symptom of weakness, and supplements for the deficient energy of the will.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

ALL true remedy must begin at the heart: otherwise it will be but a mountebank cure.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE heart may be engaged in a little business, as much, if thou watch it not as in many and great affairs.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

"WHAT is virtue but a medicine, and vice but a wound? Yea, we have so often deeply wounded ourselves with a medicine that God hath been fain to make wounds medicinable."—HOBBES: *quoted by* COLERIDGE.

AN ANCIENT CANTATA

"The Triumph of Man Made Perfect"

The seventeenth chapter of the *Book of the Dead*, or, rather of "the Book of Making Strong the Shining Form in the Heart of Rā," for that is the first clause in its ancient title, is one of the most difficult, even as it is in all probability one of the most ancient, of all the chapters in that ancient book. The old Egyptian priests themselves saw in it much opportunity for discussion and need for explanation; a commentary was therefore attached to the chapter, and this in process of time became incorporated with the original, then more commentary was attached to the commentary, and certain truly monkish copyists then proceeded to interpolate other things besides commentary. Then some of the more learned appear to have made an attempt to purge the chapter from added matter, but in doing so, failed to purge the commentary, the result being that there are comments which are explanatory of nothing whatever, either in the text or in the interpolations.

I have made an attempt to separate all these parts into their proper places, and so restore the chapter to something approximating to its original form.

It will give some idea of this task if I state that out of 290 lines which it occupies, in Dr. Budge's text of the Theban recension, I have eliminated 220 lines as commentary, or other interpolated matter, thus leaving only seventy lines as actually belonging to the original chapter.

This restoration being completed, the next point to force itself into notice was that strange variation in the personal pronoun, so regularly seen in the chapters of the *Book of the Dead*, the speech in the first, second and third persons, usually indicative of dramatic origin.

But the seventeenth chapter has not the appearance of

Drama, it is much more like the Hymns of the Preface and of chapter fifteen, yet the variations of the pronoun seem to follow a fairly regular plan.

It seems to me that a possible explanation may be found in the idea that the seventeenth chapter of the *Book of the Dead* is of the nature of a Cantata, intended to be sung in parts taken by two soloists and a chorus.

The next question that arises is, under what circumstances, or upon what occasion, was this Cantata intended to be performed; for it is certainly no ordinary hymn. It is a "pæan," a song of triumph, and one of the solo parts represents the victor himself.

But the victory is not a material victory, it is a spiritual victory; and the song is of the Triumph of the Soul that has attained to perfection and I cannot but conclude that this Cantata may have been one among the very few things in the misnamed *Book of the Dead* that really was connected with the ancient Egyptian funeral rites.

The principal solo part represents the Man made Perfect, transformed into the Divine Image, the Master, called in the Egyptian language TEM, TEMU or ITMU, which I have translated throughout by the word "Adept," because though derived from the Latin, the word "Adept" has had a wider use as signifying the Man Illuminated by Divinity, than the more Northern and English word "Master" which has many other significations.

Before giving the ancient title of this Cantata I feel constrained to offer some explanation of one of its clauses, that in which the chapter is said to deal with "Playing at Chess, sitting in the Shrine." There is certainly no mention of chess or any other game in either chapter, commentary, or interpolated prayers. A possible explanation is that this game (not exactly chess, but some game the name of which is usually so translated) had a symbolic idea attached to it: the squares on the board, the men, and the moves, symbolising the interplay of the forces of Nature, which the Man made Perfect was able to control.

This was, I believe, an ancient signification of chess very widespread in the East; and Omar, the Tent-maker, invented no new idea when he wrote;

We are but chessmen, destined, it is plain,
That great chessplayer, heaven, to entertain.
Us men it moves about the board of Life,
Then in the box of Death shuts up again.

CHAPTER XVII.*

Title

The beginning of the triumphant exultation of the Manifestation and return in the possession of Divinity.

Of the Glory of the things in the Amentet of Perfection.†

Of Manifesting into Day by every Transformation of his desire.

Of Playing at chess sitting in the Shrine.

Of Manifestation as a living Soul.

The Rubric

Osiris "——" shall recite [it] after he hath come to moorings [in the harbour of Death].

Glorious are the things which it shall do upon Earth when all the words of the adept are fulfilled.

Here follows the Text of the original chapter severed from all its various interpolations.

First Singer:

Solo:—"I am the Adept in Being.

"I am made ONE.‡

"I exist in the primeval waters.

"I am Rā at His coronation, at the beginning of His reign.

"I am the Great God self-existent.

"[The God of the] primal waters producing his Names.

"[Which are] the Circle of the Gods as God.

* ANI—B.M., 10,470, sheet 7-10; NEBSENI—B.M., 9,900, sheet 13. "Text of the Theban Recension," Professor E. A. W. Budge, p. 50.

† Or Beauty.

‡ UA-KU-Ȧ.

"I am he that cannot be compelled in the Gods.
"I am yesterday, and I know the Dawn of to-morrow.
"I am that Phœnix in the City of the Sun.
"I am the Keeper of the reckoning of the things that are.*
"I am the 'Unknown' in his manifestation.
"I have placed his twin plumes in my crown."†

Chorus :—"OSIRIS '——' is true of voice in his Land.
"He has come into his city."

First Singer :

Solo :—"I have wiped away my Separateness.
"I have burst my [bonds of] Sin.
"I am pure in my vast twin cradles‡ in [the city of] the Royal child,
"On the day when Initiates make offering
"To that Great God who dwells therein.
"I have advanced upon the path.
"I know the chiefs in the Pool of Truth.
"[O] Dwellers in the presence, accord to me your hands,
"For I am that God, and I come into being§ within you.
"OSIRIS has filled for me the 'EYE'‖ when it was emptied,
"On the day when the twin warriors fought.
"When I lifted up the [eye]-lashes in the time of the rain,
"[That] I might see Rā born from yesterday
"In the womb of Mehe-urīt.¶
"His strength is my strength.
"My strength is his strength.
"Homage unto ye,
"[O ye] Lords of Truth,
"Judges, behind OSIRIS.
"Who grant the stripping off of Sin.

* Lit. "of what is." † Lit. "on my head." ‡ Time and eternity.
§ KHEPER-N-I. ‖ UZAT. ¶ Lit. "great fulness."

"Dwelling in the train of 'Her
"Whose peace is her protection.'
"Behold me! for I came before ye
"[And] ye wiped away all my Sin.
"As ye did for those seven Shining forms
"Who followed their master SEPA,*
"[For] ANUBIS builds the throne
"Of 'Her [whose peace is her protection']
"On that day of 'Come thou hither! Lo! a man wins
[the way] to Amentet'!
"[Yea, even] I, am his soul.
"In the midst of the Pillars of Flame.†
‡"I am that taloned Cat
"Beside whom is the tree§ in the City of the Sun.
"On the Night of the destruction there, of the opposers
of NEBREZER."

Chorus :—"Hail! Dweller in his Egg.
"Burning in his disk.
"Shining forth from his horizon
"[As] Glittering Gold from the mine.
"Peerless [among] the Gods
"Floating above the pillars of light.‖
"Giving breath from the fire of his mouth,
"Lighting up the two Earths with his shining form.
"Darting [rays] from his Eye,
"Himself unseen.
"Heaven revolves in the flame tongue of his mouth,
"Showing forth the unseen heavenly Nile."¶

First Singer :

Solo :—"I am strong upon Earth before Rā,
"I enter the Harbour beautiful with OSIRIS.

* A form of ANUBIS (as guide). † ZAFI.
‡ From NEBSENI, B.M., 9,900, sheet 14. § ISESHED.
‖ SHU. ¶ HAPI.

"Are not your offerings with me,
"As with them that preside at their altars,
"Because I am one of the train of NEBREZER.
"As [in the] Book of Transformations it is written.
"I fly as a Hawk. I cry as a Semen [bird],
"I guide along the Æon as NEḤEBKAU."

Chorus :—"OSIRIS* hath given him the double crown† [and] joy of heart within [the city of the] 'Royal child.'
"He hath guided the pathway of the Æon.
"The New Year feast is brought to him
"In the Crystal of TANENET."

Second Singer :

Solo :—"The Adept hath built thy dwelling-place.
"Yesterday and to-morrow‡ is the foundation of thy temple.
"The fulness of time is attained.§
"HORUS purifies, Set consecrates.
"Set purifies and HORUS consecrates."

Chorus :—"OSIRIS '——' hath come into this Earth, He hath seized it with his feet. He is the Adept.
"He is in thy City.
"He is behind thee, Reḥu,
"Shining Gate of the radiant head,
"Open‖! to his strength.
"[Yea] it is forced back¶ by the unseen watcher.
"The watcher of OSIRIS who** is ISIS.

* Lacuna in NEBSENI.

† URERET.

‡ Egyptian RWRWTI, "the Twin Lions," Emblems of Yesterday and To-morrow.

§ Egyptian PEH-EN RERWT, literally "The Round has attained."

‖ HEM, the Egyptian expresses the forcible "turning back" of a gate on its hinges, but has no particular connection either with opening or shutting.

¶ ḤEM-SU.

** ENTEF, "who," masculine to agree with "watcher," but referring to ISIS for explanation.

"[When She] found him [dead].
"[Her] hair covered his face as her distraught kisses* wandered† on his brow.
"He was conceived by ISIS,
"Suckled by Nephthys.
"They soothed away his fretfulness."

———

Second Singer:

Solo:—"Youth follows thee, with courage in his hands.
"Thou stretchest out thine hand unto the Æons.
"The Arms of [the] Initiates encircle thee.
"The kin of the opposers are ensnared for thee.
"Their hands despoil the fiends for thee.
"Thy sweet companionship is granted thee.
"Thy Creation is in the place of Battle in the City of the Sun.
"Every God has fear of thee [for] mighty is thy courage.‡
"Cursed is he by every God, who shooteth at thine ark.§
"Thy life is as thou desirest.
"Thou art WAZYT, lady of devouring flame,
"[And] whosoever comes to thee is dazed‖ [by thy blinding light]."

———

The ancient commentary is much too long to be given here, more particularly as the greater part of it is only useful to the student who desires to go deeply into the whole subject of Egyptian symbols.

I propose therefore to make some comments of my own, quoting from the ancient commentary wherever it seems desirable and useful so to do.

Referring back to the beginning of the chapter we find in the first sentence: "The Adept in being." This refers to the man

* Lit. "mouth."

† TEKHTEKH = "to wander distractedly about a place."

‡ SHEFSHEFET.

§ For SEN read SENYT—"Ark, strong box, *cabin*, coffin."

‖ ĀNED signifies the "blinding quality" in either "Light" or "Darkness."

who in the symbolic language of Egypt was said to have entered into the city of Abydos; which signifies that he has entered into the inmost shrine of the unmanifest First Cause and has become one with that First Cause. This to the Egyptian was to be "in being," all else was merely to exist. The two ideas "to be" and "to exist" are more widely separated in the Egyptian language than in ours.

The idea of God "producing his Names," which are the Gods, needs no explanation, but in its own words tells us plainly how much and what sort of a polytheism is to be found in ancient Egypt as soon as ever we begin to look a little under the surface.

"He that cannot be compelled in the Gods" is again the first cause that lay behind them, and of whom they were the attributes for the purpose of manifestation. He is the "God behind the Gods."

The Egyptian believed that the Gods were liable to be compelled by the powers of magic. The priest did not pray to the Gods, he believed he could attain the power to command them. But God, the "God behind the Gods," was not to be so compelled.

To Him was offered Prayer, and Praise, and Reverence, but to Him only, He could not be compelled by magic power.

The "Phœnix in the City of the Sun" is the Symbol of the Resurrection.

"I am the unknown in His manifestations, I have placed His twin plumes on my brow": these twin plumes are "beginning" and "end," the alpha and omega of the Apocalypse. They are also a part of what I may call the Pillar symbolism, to which I shall refer again.

"I am pure in my vast twin cradles." These two cradles are "time" and "eternity," and they also enter into the Pillar symbolism.

"I have advanced upon the path. I know the chiefs in the pool of Truth." These chiefs are, as we are told in the ancient commentary, the Pillars, on each side of the Gate of Paths. I will quote here from the commentary, and then in my turn comment upon the quotation; for the symbolism of these two Pillars, the Pillar symbolism to which I have already referred, is perhaps

the most interesting thing to be found in the whole of the ancient mystery symbols. It is also the most far-reaching, for almost all other religious symbols, both ancient and modern, are rolled up and contained within the Lore which has gathered round these two Pillars, which in Hebrew sacred history became the Yakin and Boaz of the porch of Solomon's Temple. They are also the pillars of Hercules of classic mythology, whose geographical representatives were Ceuta and Gibraltar.

In the symbolism of Christianity they also have their representatives, varying in form according to that peculiar aspect of the Pillar symbol which they have been held to illustrate. Moses and Elijah on the mount of transfiguration, St. John the Evangelist, and the Virgin, standing on either side of the foot of the Cross, and from a very different standpoint they are also represented by the two crucified Malefactors; the "good thief" and the "bad thief," representing the unbalanced and ignorant following of those good and evil natural impulses, which must alike be controlled by the man that would enter without hindrance at the true door of the temple. The old Egyptian commentary says: "The Path is the Gate of Paths; the Southern Gate-Post is Naárudef and the Northern Gate-Post is Åat" (the one meaning an absolutely sterile place and the other something of the nature of an enclosed park or farm), "and moreover the pool of Truth is 'Abydos' (*i.e.*, the Shrine of unmanifested being or cause) or, the path is that upon which the Adept advanceth when he journeyeth to the garden of Elysium, which bringeth forth the elemental food of the Gods who are behind the shrines (or Heroes that have overcome), and moreover, this Sacred Gate is the gate that is between the Pillars of the Divine Light, it is the Northern Gate of the Duat, in other words, it is the great two-leaved door whereby the Adept passeth, when he traverseth the Eastern Horizon of Heaven."

These two Pillars are to be found inextricably mingled with every form of the ancient mysteries. They are the pairs of opposites, as their Egyptian names indicate: "Desert, and cultivated land," "sterility, and fertility," "open space, and enclosed space." They have also an astronomical illustration, in which they become the Northern and Southern poles, between which lies

the path of the Ecliptic, and in human life they are exemplified in Man and Woman.

In the sentence "OSIRIS has filled for me the Eye when it was emptied (that is of its tears) on the day when the twin warriors fought," we have again a reference to the two Pillars, they are the twin warriors, the ever-contending forces of creation and destruction, attraction and repulsion, decay and renewal, life and death, whose everlasting struggle is the cause of all phenomena and all change, whose reconciliation was to come when the initiate had entered the Shrine of the Unmanifest, when the Eye that was filled by the earthly life was emptied of its tears and refilled by a divine life which the two contending forces could not shake or change.

This "Eye" or more literally "Eye Socket" is one of the many names by which the Egyptians spoke of that idea which is more familiarly known to students as the Divine Pleroma, so frequently met with among the Gnostics of the first century. It is the fullness or expansion wherein is the Divine presence, the "fullness of the Godhead" in the Epistles of St. Paul. "Mehe-Urit," spoken of a little further on in the same clause: "When I lifted up the Eye-lashes in the time of the rain that I might see Rā born from yesterday in the womb of Mehe-Urit," refers to the same thing, the word meaning "great-fullness," the final "t" being the indication of a feminine personification; we are also told in the ancient commentary that "Mehe-Urit" and the UZAT, or "Eye Socket" of Rā are the same.

Anubis builds the Throne of "Her whose peace is her protection" on that day of saying "Come thou hither! lo! a man wins to Amentet." "Her whose peace is her protection" seems very distinctly to represent the ancient Egyptian idea of a Church Triumphant.

"Amentet," to quote from the ancient commentary, "was made for Divine Souls." "It is that which Rā gave, and every God (or Hero) who cometh thereunto hath arisen and fought for it." Amentet therefore is the place of final reward.

"I am that taloned cat beside whom is the tree in the City of the Sun" is a sentence so well known as being the most ancient example of the "pun" that few writers on the *Book of*

the Dead have failed to give it serious thought. The Commentary explains it thus: "That male cat is Rā himself, for he is called 'cat' by reason of the Saying of 'SA' concerning him:—'His "likeness" (MA) is in that which he hath made'—so his Name became MA (*i.e.*, cat)"—the two words being identical in Egyptian.

"Lighting up the two earths with His shining form," the "two earths" are the upper and the lower worlds, the world of the Gods, and the world of Men, symbolised by Upper and Lower Egypt, they also are an aspect of the two Pillars.

"I am strong upon earth before Rā. I enter the harbour beautiful with OSIRIS," indicates the idea that the perfected man has entered a condition wherein "Life and Death," again the two Pillars, are no longer twin warriors in a state of battle, but twin brothers in a state of reconciliation.

The man lives! "He is strong upon earth before Rā," the man is also dead! "He has entered the harbour beautiful with OSIRIS." He has attained a condition where life and death are reconciled.

A great English poet has spoken of Death as the crossing of a harbour bar. It was thus that the Egyptian also symbolised it, but with what a difference! To the English poet death was a putting out to sea, to the Egyptian it was the entering of the harbour, and so strongly did this thought take hold of the Egyptian people that though in ancient times the word "MŌNI," meaning to "enter harbour" or "come to moorings in a place of safety," is only used for death in a poetic sense; yet we find that in later times, in what is known as the "modern Coptic" language, "MŌNI" has become the ordinary equivalent for our word "Death."

"The New Year feast is brought to Him in the Crystal of Tanenet," is an expression of considerable difficulty. Brugsch considers that the word "MOSIY" indicates the Eve of the New Year, and became the name of a ceremonial repast which celebrated the birth of the year, and it was probably therefore eaten at midnight. We are told in the commentary that "MOSIY" in the Crystal, or as I have translated it the "New Year feast in the Crystal," means "Heaven and Earth," and is also the "Eye of Horus."

One gathers that the crystal probably represents "Heaven" and the repast "Earth," and some special aspect of Earth represented by the Eye of HORUS. Earth as an element represents in ancient philosophy, not merely the planet on which we live, not merely also the cultivable soil that we may dig up with a spade, but the element of the fixity of Form, the element of eternal Conservation. We learn elsewhere in the *Book of the Dead* that "HORUS is the Divine food of the Sacrifice," the probability therefore seems to be that this was a sacramental meal in which a wafer stamped with the symbol of the Eye of HORUS or sacred UZAT was presented on a paten of crystal, representing originally the disk of the sun in the midst of the circle of the sky, the symbol of the Eye of God, the one fixed and enduring, changeless centre of all things, of which the sun was the great astronomical symbol.

"Yesterday and to-morrow is the foundation of thy temple. The fulness of time is attained. Horus purifies, Set consecrates."

Yesterday and to-morrow are again the two Pillars, the past and the future, reconciled in an everlasting "present," an eternal "to-day."

"The fulness of time is attained," is a very obscure and difficult sentence. In Egyptian it is PEḤ-EN REREṬ, literally the "Round has attained," or the "Circle has attained." In the duties of Horus and Set we have again the reconciliation of the two combatants.

"The Shining Gate of the radiant head" is again the same great gate between the two ancient Pillars, the Gate of Paths is its name on earth to men, because it is the gate of beginnings, that is of human birth. But for Divine Souls it had another meaning, because the Divine life began when the earthly life was over. But whether we take it as the gate of men or Gods, the Unseen Watcher who opens it is ISIS, for she represented the force that presides over beginnings, she was the personification of "Beginning," and of "Cause," as Nephthys was of "End" and of "Effect."

Therefore is it that ISIS represents eternal Motherhood, and because Maternity has always been symbolically connected with sorrow, the mystery of ISIS was also the Mystery of Sorrow.

We read in the commentary that "because of the mystery that is in her, she arose and let down her hair," this was the most universal sign of mourning used in Egypt, and this is what is alluded to in the passage "when she found OSIRIS [dead] her hair covered his face as her distraught kisses wandered on his brow."

The remaining portion of the chapter is a descriptive eulogy of the condition which the Egyptian Initiate hoped to reach when his lower life had run its course, a condition as remote from the vulgar conception of Heaven on the one hand as it was from the vulgar conception of Nirvâna on the other, though probably if modern thought could reach the real meanings of those great minds who originated the ideas of Heaven and Nirvâna and impressed them so indelibly upon the minds of the peoples whose faiths they belong to, we should find in the Egyptian final state a similarity to both, a reconciliation of both, a joy of motion without change, of fixity without passivity, of Ego without Self, a state of Eternal Rest, in the initiation of Eternal Energy.

M. W. BLACKDEN.

TSZE LOO said, "Does the superior man esteem valour?" The Master said, "The superior man holds righteousness to be of highest importance. A man in a superior situation, having valour without righteousness, will be guilty of insubordination; one of the lower people, having valour without righteousness, will commit robbery." Tsze-Mung said, "Has the superior man his hatreds also?" The Master said, "He has his hatreds. He hates those who proclaim the evil of others. He hates the man who, being in a low situation, slanders his superiors. He hates those who have valour *merely*, and are unobservant of propriety. He hates those who are forward and determined, and, *at the same time*, of contracted understanding." The Master then enquired, "Tsze, have you also your hatreds?" Tsze-Mung replied, "I hate those who pry out matters, and ascribe the knowledge to their wisdom. I hate those who are *only* not modest, and think they are valorous. I hate those who make known secrets and think they are straightforward.—*Confucian Analects*.

LENTEN THOUGHTS

THEOSOPHY persuades us that all religions are partial presentments of truth, coloured rays of light destined to merge eventually into the white radiance of Divinity. Every faith can thus teach us, and the season of Lent of the Catholic Church has lessons for those beyond its fold.

To the mind incapable of setting up as an object of devotion a God who can be measured with a carpenter's rule, Lent presents itself as a season of picking up broken threads, of self-examination, of communing with that Higher Self so apt to be obscured in the toil and stress of daily life, a season of deep devotion where the spiritual insight is developed. Through the vista of years the gracious message reaches us: "Come unto Me, ye weary, and I will give you rest"; and so many of us are weary, weary of our responsibilities, of our pleasures, of our friends, but most of all weary of ourselves. The beautiful words of the writer of the *Imitation* find their echo in many hearts: "Oh God, who art the Truth, make us one with Thee in everlasting love. We are often weary of hearing and reading many things, in Thee is all we need or desire. Let all teachers hold their peace, let all created things keep silence in Thy sight, speak Thou to me alone."

So Lent properly used comes to us as a time of refreshment, of release from the various social engagements with which so many strive to fill the emptiness of their lives; face to face with the Divinity that is inherent in us, we ask ourselves how often we have been true to it, we single out some quality we are deficient in as we gather up the tangled skein of the past year. Our meditation will not be profitless if we endeavour to gain some sense of proportion with which to regulate our conduct when the world claims us again.

Let us dwell on the relative value of the things of sense that pall as quickly as they charm, and on things spiritual, enthralling

hearts and intellect, on the grandeur of the divine ideal for man, and the grotesque inadequacy of his performance of it, on the fruit of the tree of knowledge awaiting the hand brave enough to grasp it, and the tinselled toys that arrest the seeker, toys that he must weary of and break himself before the first upward steps can be made.

Here we are confronted with a pitiless truth, the mis-statement of which has gone far in discrediting the teachings of the Christian Church. No man can redeem another; the sincerest love that ever welcomed sacrifice cannot impress this sense of fitness on the loved object; each climber must place his faltering feet on the upward path alone. All effort must be from within outwards; the sense of proportion only dawns when the mental eyesight strengthens, when the magnifying glasses so long applied to objects of the senses are laid aside, and they appear in their true aspect as delusions of form that perish in the using.

Then we turn to our great Master Jesus and reverently follow Him through the three temptations so typical of the difficulties in His disciples' paths. Watching the stern purity with which He repels the suggestions of Satan, we recall with shame the stones of which we have made bread, the pride that has hurled us from the pinnacle of God's temple in our hearts, the disloyalty that has bowed our knees at the shrine of many a false idol in the kingdom of the world, and contemplating the extent of our fall we learn the great lesson of humility.

All knowledge is power, and the power to help others is the pure gold transmuted from the crucible of evil. It is the sense of separateness that makes such an impassable barrier between ourselves and the souls around us, so ignorant of the things pertaining to their peace; the weakness we have surmounted, the sin we have lived down, only draws us nearer to them when we understand that man cannot, does not live by bread alone, but by every word proceeding out of the mouth of the God whose reflection in this world he was meant to be. The Easterns impress on us the same truth, "Let not the heaven-born merged in the sea of Mâyâ break from the universal soul." One we must ever be in the divine life that informs us, separated only in manifestation, in our dense imprisonment in matter, to become one again in the

day when our King makes up his jewels and the freed Spirit merges in the All-Consciousness whence it came and whither it must return. In the recognition of this Unity we make the mystical teaching of Lent our own, and, the forty days over, carry it back to elevate our daily lives.

ALICE C. AMES.

Ash Wednesday, 1903.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

Reminiscences of Childhood

MANY of our readers have been delighted with the stories of childhood recorded in the articles "A Little Lost Kingdom" and "That Jack Rabbit" which have recently appeared in our pages. The following two stories, taken from *The Academy* of February 7th, may perhaps add to their pleasure. The first is taken from a reference to Anatole France's *Le Livre de mon Ami*, supposed to be the work of the author's imaginary friend Pierre Nozière, but in reality largely autobiographical. The writer of the article, who does not mention that this book was published as long ago as 1882, gives the following description of young Anatole's infant strivings after Saintship:

> When a boy is six or seven, the interesting chapter of vocations begins. Most boys want to become soldiers or omnibus drivers. But Pierre Nozière was no ordinary boy. As his mother often read to him legends out of the "Lives of the Saints," he thought of gratifying his inordinate yearning for glory by becoming a saint. The tale of his endeavours after holy life is a most entertaining one. He began by refusing to take his breakfast. Then he thought of rivalling St. Simeon Stylites. "I climbed up to a small cistern in the kitchen, but I couldn't settle there, for I was quickly ousted by Julie, the cook." His next model was St. Nicholas of Patras, who distributed his wealth among the poor: he threw out of the window some new pennies, his marbles and his top; but his father simply shut the window and called him a stupid boy. Other misadventures followed: he was flogged for tearing open an old armchair in order to make himself a hair-shirt. His conclusion was that "it is very hard to practise holiness when living with one's

family," and that the great hermit saints were right when they went to the desert. He thought of building a hut in the *Zoo*, which, in his opinion, was no less than the Earthly Paradise, where all creatures lived together in peace.

* * *

Another Jack Rabbit

THE second is one of three stories "swapped" at a casual meeting of three travellers, strangers, who next morning go their several ways. It is strangely like the experiences related by our colleagues recently about the "Aztec God" and "Jack Rabbit," and runs as follows:

It's the world outside experience that possesses me when I am alone. Here is my case! As far back as I can remember, a certain figure has appeared to me in my dreams—a man, twice life-size, clothed in skins, which flapped as he moved. I always knew when he was approaching, and he never frightened me. As a child I regarded him as a kind of nurse, later in life as a companion. If the room was dark when I awoke I could see him just the same. Even if my eyes were closed I could see him by means of the light that gleamed behind my eyeballs in those moments. I called him "My Old Man of the Woods," or "The Beckoner," for although his arms were still, his eyes seemed always to be calling me away somewhere. He never appeared when I was about to make a journey, only when I was languid, and inclined to stay at home and be comfortable. So vivid did this apparition become in after life that I made a drawing of it. A year ago —I know you will find this hardly credible—I went by invitation to a man's house in Bayswater. He had been stationed at some place in Africa—I think it was Gogo—and he had brought back with him a lot of photographs He had turned the pictures in his room to the wall and pinned the photographs on their backs. One of them—I saw it the moment I entered the room—was an enlarged photograph of a tribal god. It was exactly like the drawing I had made of my Beckoner. Oh, no, he didn't think it strange!

The resemblance is extraordinary, but the difference is equally puzzling; for in the former cases the "Jack Rabbit" god was a bogey, a terror, while in the latter there was no fear. The simplest hypothesis is apparently "reminiscence of a past birth"—not an immediate birth of course, for it is hardly thinkable that there could be any immediate incarnation from the condition of the worshipper of a "tribal god" into that of a mind deeply interested in the transcendental problems of theosophy, or of the thoughtful teller of the tale in *The Academy*. This would give a long antiquity not only to the "Aztec" god, as we may

well believe, but also to the "Gogo" god, as we may also be inclined to believe from Mrs. Thornton's paper on the "Overbeliefs of the Ivory Coast." On the other hand, these three entirely disconnected experiences may be severally owing to other causes hidden in the infinite possibilities of the normally extra-conscious self, for "reincarnation" appears to be the label of a protean cosmos of causation resulting in what we momentarily are rather than the very simple chain of definite links, which the enquirer first supposes it to be.

* * *

The Prologue to the Fourth Gospel

As most Theosophical students in the West are specially interested in the Proem to the Fourth Gospel, they may like to see the latest translation, arrived at by a new stopping of the text, by Prof. Jannaris in his article on "The Fourth Gospel and John the Apostle," in *The Monthly Review* for January:

> First of all was God's *logos* (creative Word). Now the *logos* was with God, and so was (itself) God (creator); (not God's *logos* as read in the Old Testament, but) *this logos* was at first with God.
>
> It created all things; yea, without it not a thing was created that was created;
>
> It contained life; yea the Life.
>
> It was the light of men; yea the light.
>
> It shineth in the darkness (*i.e.*, in vain); yea, darkness comprehended it not. It became man (was transformed to man) . . .
>
> . . . So God's *logos* became flesh (was transformed to man).

We have quoted this, not because we endorse its exegesis generally, but to show how the "and's" by being changed into "so's" and "yea's," for which they may legitimately stand in Hellenistic Greek, can give quite a different meaning to some of the familiar sentences. Of course the reader need hardly be told that the MSS. have no stopping.

* * *

An Experiment with Hashish

The following account of the sensations of the famous French writer Théophile Gautier, induced by taking a preparation of hashish or Indian hemp, may be of interest to our readers:

> The vision was complex and extraordinary. My hearing was prodigiously developed. I heard the sound of colours. Green, red, blue, yellow sounds

poured in upon me in perfectly distinctive waves. . . . . Every object I gazed at gave forth a note of harmony as of an æolian harp. I swam in an ocean of sound in which floated islets of light. . . . . Such beatitude had never previously inundated my being. I so melted into the indefinite, was so absent from myself, so free of my "I"—that detestable witness which follows us everywhere—that I understood for the first time what might be the nature of the existence of the elementary spirits, of angels, and souls separated from the body.

I was like a sponge in the midst of the sea. Every moment waves of happiness poured through me, entering and passing out by my pores, for I had become permeable, and all my being was tinged with the colour of the fantastic surroundings into which I was plunged. According to my calculation this state lasted about three hundred years. . . . . When the waves had passed, I saw that it had lasted only a quarter of an hour.

* * *

THAT so dangerous a game as hashish taking may occasionally be worth the candle cannot be gainsaid, for thereby a man may learn a lesson of greater value than he can acquire from the reading of many books, but there is a safer way open to some, perhaps to many if they would only practise it, and the following is a good case in point. Mrs. Gaskell, in her *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, writes:

The Inspiration of Charlotte Brontë

I asked her whether she (Ch. Brontë) had ever taken opium, as the description given of its effects in *Villette* was so exactly like what I had experienced—vivid and exaggerated presence of objects, of which the outlines were indistinct, or lost in golden mist, etc. She replied that she had never, to her knowledge, taken a grain of it in any shape, but that she had followed the process she always adopted when she had to describe anything which had not fallen within her own experience; she had thought intently on it for many and many a night before falling to sleep—wondering what it was like, or how it would be—till at length, sometimes after the progress of her story had been arrested at this one point for weeks, she wakened up in the morning with all clear before her, as if she had in reality gone through the experience, and then could describe it, word for word as it had happened. I cannot account for this psychologically; I only am sure that it was so, because she said it.

* * *

WE have heard the story of the successful negotiations carried out by an astute officer on the West Coast of Africa by the sudden uncorking of a sodawater bottle at the critical moment, whereby the savage plenipotentiaries were convinced that the white man's Ju-ju was

The Humours of Ju-ju

vastly superior to that of native manufacture. This was funny, and the fun was at the expense of the Ju-ju worshipper; the story told by *The Athenæum*, of December 20th last, is not so funny, but what humour there is in it is still at the expense of the Ju-ju worshipper—on this occasion the militant Christian in command of one of H.M. gun-boats. *The Athenæum* writes:

> The last file of the Sydney papers contains a passage of unconscious humour: "The natives of Malieta are, it is said, bitterly opposed to the introduction of Christianity among them, and as a result frequent disputes occur, many of which were investigated by H.M.S. Sparrow. . . . The Sparrow visited five places in the island of Malieta, namely, Anki, Sio, Uras, Kwi and Port Diamond. At the four first named villages the natives were found to be hostile toward the Christian religion, and it was deemed advisable to give them a salutary lesson. Numbers of the natives were taken aboard and shown the heavy guns. They seemed to recognise the awful character of the instruments of destruction and left profoundly impressed. As a further warning several rounds of blank shell were fired into their villages, the ordinary practice shells, which are non-explosive, were used for the purpose, and although no actual damage was done, the natives were very greatly alarmed, and fled in all directions. . . . . Very little concerning the Christian religion is known at many places in the island, which is an extensive one, and peculiar views are held concerning the belief of the 'white man.'"

TSZE-CHANG asked about government. The Master said, "The art of governing is to keep its affairs before the mind without weariness, and to practise them with undeviating consistency." The Master said, "The superior man seeks to perfect the admirable qualities of men, and does not seek to perfect their bad qualities. The mean man does the opposite of this." The King, distressed about the number of thieves in the state, inquired of Confucius how to do away with them. Confucius said, "If you, sir, were not covetous, although you should reward them to do it, they would not steal." Tsze-chang asked, "What must the officer be, who may be said to be distinguished?" The Master said, "What is it you call being distinguished?" Tsze-chang replied, "It is to be heard of through the state, to be heard of through the family." The Master said, "That is notoriety, not distinction."

Confucian Analects.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

The Soul of Senancour

Obermann. By E. P. de Senancour. Translated with a biographical and critical Introduction by A. E. Waite. (London: 1903. Price 6*s*.)

This is the first appearance of *Obermann* in English, and as such the book can be highly recommended. Mr. Waite's version is probably as near an approach to the peculiar style of the author as the English language is capable of giving.

Obermann is a book which it is almost impossible to summarise. It consists of a series of letters from the imaginary "Obermann" to a friend, but they are really more like the long-drawn-out communings of a solitary mind, of a soul which is seeking itself in the gloomy shadow of a day in the world's history "unto which it was not born."

The day I lived in was not mine,
  Man gets no second day.
In dreams I saw the future shine
  But ah! I could not stay!

Action I had not, followers, fame—
  I passed obscure, alone.
The afterworld forgets my name
  Nor do I wish it known.

Composed to bear, I lived and died
  And knew my life was vain, . . .

so speaks the wraith of "Obermann," appearing in a vision to Matthew Arnold by the little mountain châlet where the letters are supposed to have been written.

Matthew Arnold says he returned to visit this spot to reawaken his memories of "Obermann," whose spell he had once so strongly felt,

And hear the wild bee's Alpine hum
  And thy sad tranquil lore!

Again I feel the words inspire
Their mournful calm ; serene,
Yet tinged with infinite desire
For all that *might* have been.

It is this "might have been" that gives the dominant note of sadness throughout the letters—to live and die seeking vainly for the vaguest clue to the most elementary reasons of things !

Weary of myself and sick of asking
What I am and what I ought to be.

Page after page of such self-searchings and endless complaints and yet no goal is found. Is there nothing worth living for ? he asks. Love ? a snare ! Marriage ? a most disillusioning episode ! Fame, influence, luxury ? Nothing arouses him from that terrible "*tedium vitæ*" which comes to those who have never truly *lived*, who have never grasped their life in both hands and staked all for all. Physically he seems to have been weak and sensitive, and if he had lived to-day he would have been the typical dyspeptic. He writes pages on the subject of his increasing insomnia. Will coffee stimulate his brain without keeping him awake ? Shall he give up his tea ? How much wine ought he to take ? He realises that "the very shadow of good sense is wanting" to his present mode of life—yet he says he sees "no great importance in improvement."

He has nothing to live for. His mind is craving for something to work upon that will really absorb it and employ all its faculties to the full. He searches for this something but is perpetually baffled, not knowing what he is looking for. At the same time, though the quest is useless, he is unable to quiet the restless questionings or allay the inner craving.

As Mr. Waite says, Senancour "sought without knowing it the perfect life of the transcendental world." The Catholic would say "that he suffered simply the common misery and daily experience of the soul apart from God, which at the same time has once known the light and has therefore no excuse for deserting it."

"Speaking for the school I represent," continues the translator, "it (this Catholic view) only requires to be restated in the terms of universal religion to expose the whole truth. . . . *Obermann* is a history of weariness, because it is a history of the want of proper occupation for the soul. The weariness of the dweller in marsh and morass and of the follower of the false marsh-lights."

Here it may be remarked that there are several passages in Letter

xlvii. which almost seem to be signs that his mind was half-unconsciously seeking after some of the occult sciences.

"You scatter," he says, "all my possibilities into the region of dreams. Presentiments, secret qualities of numbers, the philosophical stone, the interaction of starry influences, cabalistic science, transcendental magic, are all set down as chimeras by simple and infallible certitude. . . . The impossibility of aërial voyages, of igniting objects at a distance, of calling down the lightning—have all been demonstrated. We feel assured at the present day that the moon may influence tides but not vegetation; that the effect of the mother's longings on the unborn child is an old woman's tale, and that all who have seen this result have not really seen it. We know equally well that the hypothesis of a thinking fluid is nothing better than an impious absurdity, but also that certain persons, called priests, are permitted to produce before breakfast a kind of universal soul or sacramental nature which can be differentiated into an indefinite number of universal souls, so that each communicant can assimilate his own. . . . All ages and nations mutually accuse each other of error. Why should we endeavour to ridicule the ancients who regarded numbers as the universal principle? Do not forces, extension, duration, all properties of natural things, follow the law of numbers? . . . Pay attention to the voice of antiquity, though it was unacquainted with the calculus of fluxions. . . . . Without the laws of numbers, matter would be a formless, undigested mass . . . their power and their qualities are nature, and the universal conception of these qualities is God. The analogies of these qualities make up magical doctrine, secret of all initiations, principle of all dogmas, foundation of every cultus, source of moral relations and of all duties. . . . I might trace out the affiliation of all cabalistic and religious ideas. I might refer the various forms of fire-worship to numbers. . . . If I were a proficient in astrology I could enforce many further points. Pythagoras said: Cultivate with assiduity the science of numbers; our vices and our crimes are only errors of calculation."

The number One, he says, is infinite. Two sets all thing at variance. Three is perfect harmony. Four has a striking analogy with the body. "It includes also all the sacredness of the oath. How is this? I have no idea, but seeing that a master has affirmed it, no doubt his disciples will explain."

Five is protected by Venus: this is why we have five fingers and five senses.

Seven is of primary importance. It is the union of two perfect numbers. "All ancient mysticism is full of this number, which is the most mysterious of the apocalyptic series, as those of the Mithraic cultus and of the mysteries of initiation. Seven stars of the resplendent genius, seven Gâkanbards, seven Amschaspands or angels of Ormuz. The Jews have their 'week of years' and the square of seven was the true number of their jubilee period. . . . Aristotle, Abelard, Heloise, Luther, Nostradamus and Muhammad died at sixty-three."

And so on, with remarks on the philosopher's stone and premonitions but always with uncertain faith and in a groping spirit.

How Senancour gradually frees himself from his "Slough of Despond" is explained by Mr. Waite and illustrated by numerous quotations from a later work, the *Libres Meditations*.

A great change comes over him, "the secret of which is expressible, and to be accounted for, by the three words, God, Immortality and Religion. . . . It is true that the Deity dwells for Senancour in heights that are inaccessible to man. . . . We cannot affirm what God is; in so far as we can define Him at all, it is by affirming that which He is not. Yet in Him alone is reality to be found and either human reason is but delirium or the Divinity reigns. Apart from the faith in Him there is no true grandeur and even no interest possible to man. But albeit in His essence God is unknowable, in His works He is manifest, and the mere act of living is in a certain sense the attainment of a measure of the knowledge of Him whose seal is set upon all that environs us. In certain strange books of Rabbinical theosophy—in the great book of the Zohar above all—I have met with this doctrine of the unknowable God in whose knowledge we advance for ever; and though the conception was not reached by Senancour along this bye-way of reading, it finds in both an expression which is analogous because it comes out of the heart of both. French naturalist or inspired Jew of Cordova, the abstract doctrine was combined intimately and wonderfully with a wonderful intimacy of possible union between the Divine and man, which lifted, in the one case, the exclusive doctor of Israel into contact with universal religion, and in the other, the melancholy recluse of Paris, exiled from his mountain air, into the fellowship, not simply of Rabbi Simeon, but of Plotinus, and, apart from all official Christianity, apart from all conventional doctrine, into the fellowship of the Seraphic Doctor and of the author of *The City of God*. . . . These things are not

of doctrine but of *experience*, and their mode is one of sudden awakening and instant quickening. . . ." In his later years Senancour comes "to see that great or little, in all and through all, the outward world manifests the divine which is beyond us."

There is much more of great interest in the critical introduction, but space will not allow of further quotations. Let us hope for the sake of the English reader that Mr. Waite will also translate the *Libres Meditations*, so that those who come under the spell of "Obermann's" world-weariness and despondency may with him come out into the freedom and light of his wider faith—resigning "all too human creeds, and scan simply the way divine!"

What still of strength is left, employ
That end to help attain,
One common way of thought and joy,
Lifting mankind again!

A. L. B. HARDCASTLE.

COMMON SENSE IN EDUCATION

Education in Accordance with Natural Law. By Charles B. Ingham. (London: Novello & Co.)

THIS little book will be received with much pleasure and interest by many readers of this REVIEW. The author is an enthusiast in the cause of right education, has had many years' experience in practical educational work, and is besides an old friend and pupil of the author of *The Secret Doctrine*. He regards the work of education as one of the most important pursuits in which a man can engage, and his book is full of practical suggestions in regard to points of detail. It is written in a clear and vigorous style, and its sturdy optimism is calculated to refresh and stimulate those who are engaged in the difficult and complex work of which he treats.

Mr. Ingham points out that the work of the educator is to deal with children *as they are*, and he prescribes a course of training suited to the need of each. "No reproaches are reasonable against the child because of habits towards which his natural temperament or hereditary tendencies may have inclined him." The question of the incentives which should be used in education is ably discussed, and the distinction clearly pointed out between arbitrary and artificial incentives imposed from without, on the one hand, and those which are in accordance with natural law and spring from within. It is shown that parents are mistaken when they think that a highly

qualified educator is not needed in the early years of childhood. "A faulty foundation would endanger all that is based upon it." The education of children does not fulfil its purpose unless it lifts them to as high a level of thought and sentiment as they are capable of reaching, and unless it produces some definite effect in changing the aimless method of spending leisure hours, of which we see so many examples in all ranks of life. In order to produce any permanent effect on these evils some energy must be expended in modifying the source from which they spring, and this source is an undeveloped condition of mind and character.

Mr. Ingham deals with the question of the most important subjects of education in early childhood, bearing in mind "that in the child the early efforts of Nature are made to establish channels of communication between the inner consciousness or self, and the outside phenomenal world"; and explains how the subjects which he prescribes may be used for this purpose. We find throughout the book a clear recognition that the object of education is not to impose from without any ideal, however perfect it may seem to ourselves to be, but to develope the inner life, and to afford opportunities for healthy growth.

The passage on the time element in education (pp. 62-68) is most interesting and useful, and gives an important clue, not only to right method in education, but also to the self-training of students.

With regard to individual character, is Mr. Ingham quite right in assuming (p. 51) that "the units of all ranks of Society are alike in the beginnings and early stages of existence"? It is clear of course that differences in the characters of very young children could not be the result of birth in any particular rank of life, but it is not so clear that such differences do not exist. In fact, Mr. Ingham has, throughout the book, a little underestimated, or at any rate somewhat ignored, the importance of the age and individual character of the Ego as a factor in his problem. Education and environment are only one side of the question; the other side is the Ego himself. The implication on p. 10, that all men and women might have been led on the right path, assumes that education and environment cover the whole ground, whereas we must suppose that the Ego himself will have something to say on the matter. It is a well-known fact that, when two children receive almost exactly the same early training, they frequently show very different characteristics in later life.

S. C.

Magazines and Pamphlets

Theosophist, March. "Old Diary Leaves" are occupied this month with the preliminaries of the Judge trouble, and the Colonel's journey to Europe for the meeting of the Judicial Committee; with notes by the way of the late Bishop Bigandet, the commencement of the first Pariah School, the straightening up of the complications as to the Colombo Girls' Schools, and the adventures on the voyage. A visit to Berlin showed the Colonel the real state of affairs in Germany at that time—that the leaders of thought were exclusively busy with progress on the physical plane, and were not at that stage of development where the Theosophical doctrines were needed. How much advance has taken place since 1894, the recent formation of the German Section and its promise for the future will show. Next follows one of Mr. Leadbeater's Chicago lectures on "Man and his Bodies"; then "The authority of a Purâna on the existence of Mahâtmas," by V. Rama Sastri; the conclusion of S. Stuart's "Thoughts on Religious Systems," and that of the very important series of "Why should a Vedantin join the Theosophical Society?" In this the author, G. Krishna Sastri, says, "I have purposely retained the Sanskrit words for fear of degrading their sense by using inappropriate English words in the absence of appropriate ones." The result of this principle is, of course, to make his work utterly incomprehensible to merely English readers, but (for an Indian magazine) this is not to be regretted. That a learned Hindoo should take the trouble to put the connection between *The Secret Doctrine* and his own Sacred Books into such language as may commend itself to his Hindoo brethren is of far more practical value than that the result should be enjoyable to a European. We gather that in what he calls Anubhavâdvaita, the work of a Southern Indian "saint" who died no longer back than 1901, he has found the view which gives due value to the three great systems of Dvaita, Vishistadvaita and Advaita, each in their own time and place, and thus reconciles each with the other and all with the Theosophical mode of thinking. The conclusion he arrives at is that "a Vedantin should join the Theosophical Society for his own sake as well as for the sake of others." Amen, with all our hearts. The number contains also (in addition to some shorter papers) the continuation of Miss Grewe's commentary on *Light on the Path*, in which she moralises over each precept in succession in a very edifying way, but without any great expenditure

of thought; much as the older commentators on the Bible like the Rev. Thomas Scott, in the days before criticism was invented.

Prasnottara, January and February, contains the Report of the Indian Convention, held in December last under Col. Olcott's presidency. We read that "the best of feelings prevailed, and the Presidential address, with the Reports of the General Secretaries of Sections, created the impression that the wave of prosperity is still bearing our movement on its crest." The Secretary laments that "a number of branches have become quite dormant, and that of these a large proportion are of very recent formation." We gather from the *Theosophic Messenger's* lists that something of the same kind goes on in the United States. In our last month's number we recorded a suggestion that if there were no dormant members there could be no dormant branches. We are aware that in many cases an Indian branch goes into Pralaya by reason, not of the dormition, but of the actual removal of its active members from the place. Still, we think there is reason to enquire if, in forming a new branch *anywhere*, it is sufficient simply to get together a few people who vaguely think they would like to know more about Theosophy, without making sure that amongst them there is at least one who actually does know something about it to begin with, and is anxious, whilst learning more himself, to teach the rest. Without at least one such "active member" the meetings can hardly be expected to do anything but die out when the novelty is gone by and it is felt that nothing in particular comes of them. But I think I had better say no more, it is a ticklish subject —even in England. The General Secretary reports that Miss Edger's establishment in Lahore has been fruitful of exceedingly happy results, and that the new Charitable Dispensary has given relief to many poor sufferers. The financial position is "on the whole tolerably satisfactory," which is as much as we can expect a Treasurer to say. I knew a priest in a poor mission who used to say he "lived on his deficit!" and the trouble of most voluntary school managers I have known, has been to keep their accounts from shewing such a surplus as would stop the bulk of next year's subscriptions.

Central Hindu College Magazine, March, gives its juvenile readers a picture of a spouting whale, and some rather languid looking whalers in the act of harpooning it. "In the Crow's Nest" contains a short record of the College work, which appears to be progressing well. Miss Ward contributes an illustrated sketch of the Tower of

London, and Mrs. Lloyd a short life of Sir Walter Scott, and the remainder of the magazine contains much instructive and useful matter.

Theosophic Gleaner, March, is an interesting number, opening with a good paper on "Impersonal God" read at the Theosophical Society at Srinagar, Kashmir. Here is a note on a point often misunderstood: "To have pure mind it is absolutely necessary we should be strictly moral . . . not with the morality of men of the world, as defined in the Penal Code, but higher and absolute morality. The old precept, 'Love others as you love your brother' is inadequate, I say 'I *am* he whom I am going to injure.' All objects are differentiated from each other by name and form only. The same Divine Essence is in all men; so that when I am going to injure another, I am doing that harm to *myself* in another name and form." Narrain Rai Varma gives a short but valuable paper on the "Three Refuges" of the Buddhist, summed up thus: "We take refuge in our Lord, the Perfect One, because He reveals to us the Truth. We take refuge in the Truth, for this is our salvation. We take refuge in our monks, because if they are truly monks they illustrate to us the Truth."

We learn from the "Notes" that Mrs. Besant's tour brings her back to Benares on the 21st April; and that Mr. G. S. Arundale passed through Bombay on his way to Benares on the 20th February, without making any stay there.

Also from India, the *Arya* and *Indian Review*, the last with a truly amusing sketch, by the Editor of the *Deccan Post*, of the tribulations of a young Hindoo who should try to observe his caste-regulations in England—not to speak of those of his English hosts.

The Vâhan, April. The "Enquirer" concludes the subject of kârmic suffering. Amongst replies to the question as to whether a member of the Theosophical Society can conscientiously join a Dissenting "Church" a very needful limitation as to the *authority* claimed by the various writers is given under the initials I. H., who says: "To take a personal example, gladly and reverently would I participate in the rites of any Church, Christian, Hindoo, Buddhist, or Mohammedan . . . because I believe that all such rites are efficacious to those who take part in them with 'faith,' . . but if the querist feels any lingering suspicion that to join a 'church' is inconsistent with membership in the Theosophical Society—is in short a dishonest action; then, whether he is right or wrong in the view, I should advise that he does not permit any *Vâhan* answers to influence

him in his decision against such a step." Other questions are, "Why do we die prematurely?" "How does giving utterance to a thought help us to get rid of it?" and "What explanation can be given of the mastery over thought required by the *Voice of the Silence?*"

The Lotus Journal, April, commences, as in duty bound, with the latest news of Mr. Leadbeater. Then we have an address to the Lodge, by Mrs. Hooper, on "Our Attitude towards Nature"; Mr. Leadbeater's lecture "The Life after Death," the preliminary to the more elaborate study contained in his forthcoming work, *The Other Side of Death*. The Editor's promising "Outlines of Theosophy for Younger Readers" is continued, and the whole number well keeps up its level.

The original contents of the March number of *Theosophia* are "Science and Theosophy," by B. Sybrandy; a careful study of Hinduism and the spiritual revival hoped from the efforts of the Society, by J. W. Boissevain; and an abstract of the Convention Report for 1902, furnished by M. J. van Manen.

We find from our little Belgian friend *Theosophie*, that Mrs. Burke spent a day and night in Antwerp, and during this short time presided at two separate meetings, and "literally gave and sacrificed herself" to answer all the questions put to her. Fortunately she was able to proceed next day on her journey, so that the sacrifice, though laudable, was not *quite* so literal as the words express. J. C. Chatterji, Dr. Pascal, and others, furnish short and well-chosen paragraphs.

Dev Vâhan, April, opens with a "Lotus Day" rhapsody of an allegorical description by Michael Bauer, following which is a fairly lengthy article by A. von Ulrich on "Life in Unorganised Matter," dealing with the researches in crystalline formation of Professor von Schrön. The writer had the opportunity of visiting his laboratory and examining the preparations and results at first hand. This REVIEW and *The Theosophist* are noticed as usual at considerable length and reviews of new books supply a considerable portion of the reading matter.

Teosofisk Tidskrift, for March, has a paper, "Christendom and Culture," by R. E., and translations from Mead and Max Seiling—the latter on the interesting question of "Goethe and Occultism."

Theosophy in Australia, February, we are glad to see keeps up its Questions and Answers. W. J. writes on "Scientific Religion," and "A Vision of the Path" is anonymous.

New Zealand Theosophical Magazine, March, has the conclusion of Miss Davidson's "Illusions." It is not a criticism on her in particu-

lar, but one does wish that all writers would agree to give Wordsworth's "Ode on Childhood" a holiday for a few years—one does get *so* tired of the Heaven that lies about us in our infancy! Marion Judson speaks sound sense on "Karma, and the Forgiveness of Sins," and also on the "Seven Races of Man," whilst "Philalethes" is responsible for "The Law of Correspondence," and for "The Dual Aspect of Manifestation."

Also received *Sophia* (Santiago), January and February; very nicely got up and printed, and containing a good selection of articles and short and useful answers to questions; *Revista Theosophica*, February; *Theosofisch Maandblad*, March; *Metaphysical Magazine*, January—March. This now comes out as a Quarterly, and has a very important article by H. Carrington on psychical research amongst other valuable matter. The general reader will, I think, best enjoy a delightful rhyming caricature of the "long prayers," under which I used to suffer in my childish days. Also *Anubis*, an Astrological Magazine which prophesies all kinds of evil to Shamrock III. from its day and hour of launching, and is thus entitled to such credit as the recent accident may seem to reflect on it; *Light of Reason; Light; The Astrological Magazine; The New York Magazine of Mysteries.*

THE third and highest part of the soul, called the mind or the apex, that is, the highest summit of the spirit, is the simple and God-like basis or groundwork of the soul sealed with the image of God. When considered in relation to this spiritual basis of the soul, life is called super-essential through which both the spiritual and active life are perfected. From the mind itself the three higher powers flow, and re-flow again into it, as rays of light emanate from the sun. Here, in truth the likeness of God shines out in a wonderful way. For as the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost are three Persons, but one God, so the memory, intellect and will are three powers, but one mind.—BLOSIUS.

Printed by the WOMEN'S PRINTING SOCIETY, LIMITED, 66 & 68, Whitcomb Street, W.C.

THE
THEOSOPHICAL
REVIEW

VOL. XXXII JUNE 15, 1903 No. 190

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

A Theosophical Quarterly

ALREADY, when its first issue appeared, we acquainted our readers with the admirable programme and excellent contents of *The Hibbert Journal*, and now that three issues lie before us we are glad to state that our expectations have not been disappointed, and that we possess in the new Quarterly an unpartisan arena for the serious and unprejudiced discussion of the great issues that press upon the will and thought and feeling of our present-day civilisation. It is true that our own programme is almost identical with that of this new periodical, and that for upwards of a quarter of a century our colleagues throughout the world have been endeavouring as best they may most earnestly to grapple with the same problems, so that there is nothing new to learn as to the general need for co-operation in this truly humanistic and philanthropic endeavour; but there is very much for most of us to learn of the various ways in which trained minds approach these problems, and how they find difficulties which the untrained mind can not even suspect in many solutions which are accepted as satisfactory

by the majority. Moreover, for those of us who aspire to write or speak or even talk about "Theosophy," there is very great need of constantly familiarising ourselves with the *manner* in which men of good feeling and ability, who are trained in their respective faculties, put forward their views for the consideration of their thinking fellows. *The Hibbert Journal* is a very good aid to the student of Theosophy in this respect; indeed we have not seen a more excellent "introduction" to the general subject of Theosophy in its unspecialised sense than the article of Sir Oliver Lodge in the January issue. All of which is very encouraging; we can see on all sides that the ideas we love are gaining ground, the spirit we admire is spreading far and wide, and the faces of our best thinkers are set in the direction to which we have long turned our own. And if our own labours are not appreciated by our more talented brethren, we are content, because we have not worked for appreciation of ourselves, for we have known that our work was for the most part rough and ready and our materials often ill chosen; we have, however, worked and shall continue to work for the great building, passing in time from unskilled labourers to skilled artisans, and from these again to foremen of departments, but, in no matter how humble a capacity we may be employed, yielding to none in our love of the great work, and in loyalty to the Master Mind, the Great Architect of things.

* * *

The Higher Anti-Semitism

IN the January issue of *The Hibbert Journal* C. G. Montefiore has an excellent article on "Jewish Scholarship and Christian Science" which deserves the closest attention of all unprejudiced minds. As he says: "With very few honourable exceptions, the Christian scholar, and more especially the German Protestant scholar, simply ignores what the Jewish scholars have to say." In this connection, and especially in connection with the "Babel-und-Bibel-Frage," which is still agitating the learned and thinking world, the following speech made by Dr. Schechter, one of the most learned Rabbinical scholars of the day, at a recent banquet at Cincinnati, in honour of Dr. Kohler's election to the presidency of the Hebrew Union College, may prove of interest to our

readers. The speech is taken from *The American Hebrew and Jewish Messenger*, of April 3rd.

Since the so-called emancipation, the Jews of the civilised world have been lulled into a fancied security which events have not justified. It is true that through the revelations in the Dreyfus case, anti-Semitism of the vulgar sort has become odious, and no lady or gentleman dares now to use the old weapons of the times of Drumont and Stoecker. But the arch-enemy has entered upon a new phase, which Boerne might have called "the philosophic 'Hep-Hep.'" And this is the more dangerous phase, because it is of a spiritual kind, and thus means the excision of the soul, leaving us no hope for immortality. I remember when I used to come home from the *Cheder*, bleeding and crying from the wounds inflicted upon me by the Christian boys, my father used to say, "My child, we are in Goles (exile), and we must submit to God's will." And he made me understand that this is only a passing stage in history, as we Jews belong to eternity, when God will comfort His people. Thus the pain was only physical, but my real suffering began later in life, when I emigrated from Roumania to so-called civilised countries and found there what I might call the Higher anti-Semitism, which burns the soul though it leaves the body unhurt. The genesis of this Higher anti-Semitism is partly, though not entirely—for men like Kuehnen, Budde and Noeldecke, belong to an entirely different class—contemporaneous with the genesis of the so-called Higher criticism of the Bible. Wellhausen's Prolegomena and History are full of venom against Judaism, and you cannot wonder that he was rewarded by one of the highest orders which the Prussian Government had to bestow. Afterwards Harnack entered into the arena with his "Wesen des Christenthums," in which he showed not so much his hatred as his ignorance of Judaism. But this Higher anti-Semitism has now reached its climax when every discovery of recent years is called to bear witness against us and to accuse us of spiritual larceny.

Some time ago I saw in one of the numerous sheets of this country a reference to the Hammurabi Code, concluding with the words, "this means a blow to Orthodoxy." I hold no brief for Orthodoxy in this country or elsewhere. But, may I ask: is there any wing in Judaism which is prepared to confirm the reproach of Carlyle, who, in one of his anti-Semitic fits, exclaimed, "the Jews are always dealing in old clothes; spiritual or material." We are here between ourselves, so we may frankly make the confession that we did not invent the art of printing; we did not discover America, in spite of Kayserling; we did not inaugurate the French Revolution, in spite of some one else; we were not the first to utilise the power of steam or electricity, in spite of any future Kayserling. Our great claim to the gratitude of mankind is that we gave to the world the word of God, the Bible. We have stormed heaven to snatch down this heavenly gift, as the Paitanic expression is; we threw ourselves into the breach and covered it with our bodies

against every attack; we allowed ourselves to be slain by hundreds and thousands rather than become unfaithful to it; and we bore witness to its truth and watched over its purity in the face of a hostile world. The Bible is our sole *raison d'être*, and it is just this which the Higher anti-Semitism is seeking to destroy, denying all our claims for the past, and leaving us without hope for the future.

Can any section among us afford to concede to this professorial and imperial anti-Semitism and confess "for a truth we and our ancestors have sinned"; we have lived on false pretences and were the worst shams in the world? Forget not that we live in an historical age where everybody must show his credentials from the past. The Bible is our patent of nobility granted to us by the Almighty God, and if we disown the Bible, leaving it to the tender mercies of a Wellhausen, Stade and Duhm, and other beautiful souls working away at diminishing the nimbus of the Chosen People, the world will disown us. There is no room in it for spiritual parvenus. But this intellectual persecution can only be fought by intellectual weapons, and unless we make an effort to recover our Bible and to think out our theology for ourselves, we are irrevocably lost from both worlds. A mere protest in the pulpit, or a vigorous leader in a paper, or an amateur essay in a monthly, or even a special monograph will not help us. We have to create a real live, great literature, and do for the subjects of theology and the Bible the same as Germany and France have done for Jewish history and philology.

In this matter the excellent *Jewish Encyclopædia* (New York: Funk & Wagnalls), three of the projected twelve volumes of which have already appeared, should be carefully studied by all Theosophical students who desire to understand the mind of one of the most interesting races of the world.

* * *

A Curious Dinka Myth

THE following curious Dinka legend of anthropogenesis (cut from *The Daily Telegraph* of April —*), induces us to speculate as to whether it is a far-off barbarous echo of such myths as we find preserved in the *Timæus* of Plato, in the Trismegistic secondary literature, and in some of the so-called "Gnostic" schools, or whether these all derive from some more ancient deposit of general "Atlantean" mystery-lore taught to that ancient child humanity in gross forms suited to its infant intelligence.

Among the appendices to Lord Cromer's reports on Egypt and the

* In thanking our numerous colleagues who kindly supply material for the "Watch-Tower" notes, we would urge them always to append the *date* of the journals and publications from which they take their information.

Soudan for 1902 is an interesting note on the religious beliefs of the tribes dwelling along the banks of the Bahr-el-Ghazal. The Dinka, it says, though the most difficult of all to approach on such subjects, appears to have a most elaborate list of gods and demi-gods. At the head of the divine community are Deng-Dit (Rain-Giver) and Abok, his wife. They have two sons, Kur Kongs, the elder, and Gurung-Dit, the younger, and a daughter called Ai-Yak. Their devil is called L'wal Burrajok, and is the father of Abok, the wife of Deng-Dit. There are other relatives also. Their story of the origin of mankind (or, it may be, of the Dinka tribe) is curious and poetical. Deng-Dit gave to his wife Abok a bowl of fat, and she and her children, softening the fat over the fire, proceeded to mould from it men and women in the image of the gods. Deng-Dit warned her against L'wal (the devil) who was suspected of having evil intentions towards Deng-Dit. But Abok forgot, and with her children went to gather wood in the forest. There L'wal found the bowl, drank the greater part of the fat, and from the remainder proceeded to mould caricatures of men and women with distorted limbs, mouths, and eyes. Then, fearing the vengeance of Deng-Dit, he descended to earth by the path which then connected it with heaven. On discovering the result of her neglect, Abok hastened to her husband, who, greatly incensed, started in pursuit of L'wal. The latter, however, had persuaded the bird Atoi-toish to bite asunder with its bill the path from heaven to earth, and he thus escaped from the divine wrath.

* * *

Absorption of Gravitation Energy

A SCIENTIFIC colleague sends us the following very suggestive paragraph copied from *The Journal of the Chemical Society*, May, 1903, Abstracts, p. 258. "Absorption of Gravitation Energy by Radioactive Matter," Robert Geigel (*Ann. Physik*, 1903, [iv.], 10, 429-435):

A small lead ball was suspended from one arm of an accurate balance and counterpoised. If a watch-glass with a layer of radioactive material was suspended below the lead ball, the latter, as shown by the altered swing of the pointer, became apparently lighter, the loss of weight being 0·05-0·2 mgrm. on a total weight of 6·5 grams, according to the thickness of the layer of radioactive material. This loss of weight is attributed by the author, not to any electrostatic repulsion or to the impacts on the ball of particles emanating from the radioactive material, but to the absorption of gravitation energy by the latter.

The answer to the question: What is gravitation? has so far not been caught even by the most clairaudient brain of searching mortals; it is therefore somewhat rash to dogmatise upon what Stallo would have called a "reified concept."

Dr. S. H. Vines, Professor of Botany at Oxford University, has recently indicated the presence in the pineapple, the papaw, the fig, the pitcher plant, yeast, bacteria, and in seeds* of *enzymes* or digestive agents which are closely allied to the *trypsin* occurring in the intestines of animals, since they both peptonise and proteolyse actively. But in the *Annals of Botany* of January of this year the Professor gives an account of detailed investigations going to prove that these peptonising and proteolysing enzymes, hitherto regarded as the peculiar property of animals and insectivorous plants, are of practically *universal* occurrence in the vegetable kingdom, being found in seeds, fruits, bulbs, milk-juices, foliage-leaves, stems and roots; they occur not only in many natural orders of flowering-plants, but were also clearly observed in the mushroom and in the hart's-tongue fern, and will probably also be found to occur in the algæ and the mosses. But in the case of most plants examined, though not in all, it was found that the *higher* proteids or albuminous substances could not be digested by the enzyme present.

Digestive Ferments in Animals and Plants

It seemed to me at first (says the professor), that I had come upon an altogether new type of enzyme, an idea that occasioned a certain amount of temporary misgiving as to the accuracy of my observations. But it was pointed out to me by my colleague, Prof. Gotch, that within the last year Cohnheim has described an enzyme, formed in the mucous membrane of the small intestine, which actively proteolyses peptone and casein but does not act upon the higher proteids. It is to this enzyme, termed "erepsin" by Cohnheim, that the apparently new proteolytic enzyme of plants would correspond. It would appear, then, that plants form two distinct kinds of proteases, the one a trypsin, the other an erepsin.

Referring in a later paragraph to the case of insectivorous plants, he says:

The peculiarity of these plants is now limited to this—that their enzyme should be poured out at the surface, so that it digests proteids supplied from without by the captured insects; whereas in ordinary plants the enzyme is retained within the tissue to digest, and so to render mobile the proteids that are formed there.

As showing how plants, like men and animals, can be rendered

* About ten years ago Prof. Green discovered a vegetable trypsin in the fruit of a species of cucumber (*Cucumis utilissimus*).

altogether insensible to the effects of poisons applied in large quantities by the method of *gradually* accustoming them to the absorption of the poison, beginning with an exceedingly minute quantity and steadily increasing the amount, Mr. G. Massee, of the Royal Gardens, Kew, has made the following interesting experiment with members of the Gourd family. It was found that a watering of 1 part of carbolic acid in 5000 of water at once killed the plants when applied *directly*. So in order to induce immunity from the effects of the poison he began by watering the plants with the latter in the proportion of 1 in 10,000 for the space of one month; subsequently they were watered during the first week with 1 in 8,000, the next week with 1 in 7,000, until finally a weekly watering of 1 in 5,000 *rendered the plants completely immune from the effects of the carbolic acid however applied.* Thus, by these latest investigations Science disclosed to us fresh links of union, fresh ties of intimate relationship existing between the animal and vegetable kingdoms. The unity, the oneness underlying manifested life is thus being proved by discovery after discovery in the realm of exact scientific research.

W. C. W.

* * *

Fresh Tendencies in Philosophy

To turn to a very different field, two tendencies are making themselves felt in the world of philosophy, both of comparatively recent growth and both interesting and significant for the student of Theosophy. One of these seems to have its most active life centre in America, and represents what, in relation to the past, might not without reason be described as a return to the teleological view of many philosophical problems. Or perhaps, more accurately, it ought to be described as a very able and systematic effort to reinstate teleology in something not very remote from its old position in philosophy. One of the strange fads of our age seems to be the requirement that old things which have once been dismissed to the limbo of "superstitions" by the "enlightened," when once more they assert themselves in virtue of the inherent and inextinguishable vitality given to them by the truth they express, must undergo the rite of baptism and come forth wearing a new name. Now the new name of our old friend teleology appears to be *Pragmatism*, and it seems that Professor

James among others inclines a good deal to this view of things. Put very briefly and inadequately, the main point about Pragmatism appears to be a well-warranted insistence upon the importance of the rôle played by "values," as measured in terms of interest or emotion, in the actual working of consciousness, and *therefore* the validity of the claim that these considerations of "value" shall not be ignored in philosophy or in any systematic attempt to understand and unify the whole of experience.

* * *

Personal Idealism

THE second new movement of special interest to us is an Oxford one and centres round an able and cogent effort to reinstate the fact of personality (or perhaps what we should term individuality) in its due and proper place in philosophy. As I daresay most of our readers who take any interest in philosophy know, the dominant tendency of German Hegelianism has throughout been to eliminate and to disregard the individual, to treat him as a merely temporary, passing time-phase of the Idea, appearing like a bubble on the ocean of eternal ideation and vanishing like a bubble when death dissolves the organism in which the Absolute Idea has temporarily come to self-consciousness as a given person. This direction of Hegelian speculation is illustrated in the fact that, for all practical purposes, most Hegelians believe as little in the existence of a soul in man or in survival of any conscious personal identity after the death of the body, as the most out-and-out materialist. This of course comes from the fact that—like some of the later philosophical developments of Buddhism—they consistently ignore and shut their eyes to the meaning and significance of individuality *as a factor in that experience* which they seek to explain.

The central point of this Oxford movement, that which to me seems its vital significance for the philosophical future, lies precisely in a frank, straightforward attempt to take into account this neglected factor and to work out its significance for Idealism. It is at the least a most encouraging sign that such an attempt should be so ably begun, and though perhaps the strong influence of the theologising tendencies at Oxford may lead to some mistakes, I for one shall follow with the keenest interest the further growth of the movement.

B. K.

VICARIOUS SUFFERING

I BEGAN to read Miss Kislingbury's article on "Some Thoughts on Vicarious Suffering" in the January number of this REVIEW with great expectations. The subject has presented difficulties to me, and I know to others, so great, that there have been times and seasons in our growth when we were inclined to reject the doctrine *in toto*, and say, vicarious suffering is a mere corollary from the Christian dogma of vicarious atonement, and vicarious atonement was the product of that subtle theologic brain of the middle ages that ever strove to reduce the teaching of Christ to formula and credo—to metamorphose the soul of religion into the body of the doctrine.

I must say, however, that my expectations suffered some disappointment, for I could not feel that I had received any fresh light from my perusal of the writer's words. The paper was apparently written with the idea of adducing evidence that vicarious suffering is a fact at the present day, rather than of grappling with the logical difficulty which the doctrine presents.

The logical difficulty, I take it, is this: "Everything that we have sown must ripen into harvest in due season." Not one jot or tittle of the fruits of our actions, be they good or evil, shall we evade. This is karma—the corner stone on which the ethics of Theosophy rest. Now, seemingly, if the doctrines of vicarious atonement and vicarious suffering are truths, a portion of the fruits of our evil actions are taken from us and laid upon the shoulders of another. "Christ suffered for our sins"; "He was made sin for us"; "We are saved by his blood"—quotes Miss Kislingbury. If this is so, then we escape some portion of our evil karma. We reap, not what we have sown, but something more of the good than we have sown. How then is eternal justice satisfied? If vicarious atonement be true, what becomes of the corner stone of Theosophical ethics?

This is the difficulty I should expect to find faced by any writer in the REVIEW on the doctrines in question, no matter what the explanations may be that he has to offer for the consideration of his readers; but this difficulty is ignored in Miss Kislingbury's paper, she leaves the matter where she found it. It is true there is one hint given that seems to point in the direction where I conceive the solution of the problem will be found. The priest, we are told, explains to Lydwine "the law of the solidarity of evil." But this is taken from one of the books Miss Kislingbury is reviewing; Miss Kislingbury herself does not notice the matter.

To me it appears that the seeming logical inconsistency of the two doctrines of karma and vicarious atonement arises out of the tacit assumption that the individual man is a separable and separated unit, and that an imaginary line might be drawn round his karma, cutting it off from that of the rest of the world. So long as we confine ourselves to the consideration of man as an isolated being, we can find no way whereby the two truths can be reconciled. But the higher he rises the more fully does he realise that he is not a unit. Looked at from above, he is a ray of the Spirit struggling downwards through ever-denser media. It is these denser media, and these alone, that create the "illusion" of separateness. These transcended, the separateness ceases to be. The karma, then, of the one is seen to be the karma of the all, and the karma of the all, the karma of the one. The Elder Brothers of a race, therefore, may take up a part of the karma of those who are following them without violating the principle of justice in the remotest degree. They, having attained to sufficient strength, assume a portion of the karma of the world in order to hasten the coming of the "Kingdom of God."

Thus, it seems to me, may be resolved in the higher spheres any apparent discord between the doctrine of the atonement and the workings of karma.

But, it may be contended, although this line of thought may offer an explanation of the workings of karma considered from above—an explanation of the way in which a Christ may assume a portion of the karma of the world consistently with justice and the law—it by no means suffices to explain how one man may

bear the sufferings of another so far as his individuality and personality are concerned; and, as between man and man, it is on these planes that karma is generated. If vicarious suffering is a truth, we have still to reconcile it with the karma due from man to man on the mental, the astral, and the physical planes.

I think this contention is answerable on this wise:

The doctrine is that the vicarious suffering of the one makes less the suffering of the other; the burden assumed by the one is so much taken off the burden of the other; and the logical difficulty is that this transference relieves the other of a part of the penalty of his evil-doing. But why should the other not be relieved of a part of the penalty of his evil-doing? What law is it that says the penalty of our evil-doing is an unalterable quantity? I know of no such law. And that there is no such law is surely evident when we consider that its existence would preclude any exercise of mercy, or even of help, one to another, from the scheme of things. But it comes within our experience that man does show mercy to his fellowman without any violation of the principle of justice. By the assumption that the penalty of our evil-doing is an absolute and unalterable quantity, we refuse to allow the Elder Brothers of the race that prerogative which we ourselves exercise.

The argument, it will be perceived, runs parallel with that for the freedom of the action of the Gods midst a universe of invariable law. We ourselves find law no obstacle to the exercise of free-will. We work by means of it from above it. Those whose evolution is far more advanced than our own work by means of the laws from above them. This is the argument from analogy that has been used in asserting the divine freedom of action, and the reconcilement of the doctrine of karma with that of vicarious suffering may be attained, I conceive, by a like process of reasoning.

If, then, the truth of this matter may be made out along these lines, does it not follow that he who exercises the divine prerogative of mercy thereby himself becomes a Christ in that he takes to himself the karma of him to whom mercy is shown? So perhaps we may see a deeper meaning in our great bard's lines:

It is an attribute to God Himself
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

This I leave as a suggestion; will someone, seeing further than I, take it up?

POWIS HOULT.

NOTES ON VICARIOUS SUFFERING IN CHINA

THE article in the January number of the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW recalled the attention of the writer to certain little known though very common customs among the Chinese, which will probably interest students of comparative religion. It is not my purpose to submit any theories or explanations, but simply to record certain facts, leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions.

It is one of the commonest beliefs among the Chinese, that one life may be given for another, and that suffering has a merit which may be transferred. It is well known to Western students of Chinese manners and customs that by a legal fiction a condemned Chinese criminal may purchase a substitute to suffer death in his stead, but it is not so generally known that it is a common practice in that mysterious land for a child to offer its life to the gods in the place of a parent who is supposed to be marked for death. The custom is called "tsieh shou," or "borrowing years." When the sickness of the parent is serious a witch doctor is consulted, and if she declares that the years of the parent are ended, the children will each contribute so many of their own years to the account of the father or the mother, that they may live longer. I heard of one case where three children contributed ten years each, or in other words, each child agreed to have its life shortened by ten years that their parent might live for thirty years more. In another instance a son offered his life for his mother, who was sick. The old lady recovered, and the boy died of cholera in the following summer.

This is a recent occurrence, and the aged mother is now inconsolable because she says she has bought her own life at the expense of her son's. When a sacrifice of this sort is about to be made the details are duly drawn up in proper form and presented to the god with the appropriate offerings and worship. The deed of gift, if one might so style this transfer of life, is burned during the ceremony, and in this way transferred to the spirit world. Sometimes the fact that so and so wishes to substitute his or her life for the parent is only announced verbally to the presiding deity.

There is another custom, still continuing the idea that life may be given for life, suffering for suffering, that is not so commendable, and which is nothing more nor less than black magic. A child is taken sick, the witch doctor (the Chinese believe that the god takes possession of her body and speaks through her) declares that nothing can save it but the substitution of another life; she conducts the parents of the sick child to a temple of her own choosing, where with appropriate ceremonies a paper or a mud image of a child is deposited, and the gods are begged to *take the life of some other child in some other place* that the sick child may recover. Of late I believe that in some places this custom has fallen into disuse because of the failure of the witches to secure the life of the child on whose behalf their aid was sought. In that case they announce that though the substitution was made it was not accepted. The existence of a belief in the power to thus substitute one life for another is however most significant.

The only authority for the above beliefs in Chinese literature, so far as I know, is to be found in a Chinese version of the history of Kuan-yin. This history has never been translated, which is a pity as there are some most excellent sentiments in it. It is some ten years or more since I read the work, but my recollection of the main incidents, as bearing on the subject of this paper, is clear. The first section of the book details the sufferings of Kuan-yin because she adheres to her determination to become a nun, and refuses to accede to her father's wish that she shall marry. In the latter part of the work Kuan-yin, who has reincarnated as a Buddhist priest, sacrifices her right eye and her right hand to

make medicine for the relief of her father's terrible agonies, it having been declared that nothing less than such a sacrifice on the part of a very near relative would avail to save the tortured king (Kuan-yin is represented as a princess, the daughter of a powerful monarch) and each of his other relatives having with one accord made excuse, when asked to make the sacrifice.

C. S. M.

A MODERN MYSTIC: GEORGE MACDONALD

(CONCLUDED FROM p. 228)

GOD, the God of the mystics, "closer than breathing," and "nearer than hands and feet," is so transcendentally the great fact of life to Dr. Macdonald that he very often expresses himself in a manner ruffling to the orthodoxy of the "unco' guid," who are accustomed to hear quite indifferently from their pulpits that the Almighty marks the fall of a sparrow, but think it queer and unbecoming when the phrase is altered and God spoken of as being present at the deathbed of a sparrow. Who talk quite easily of the infinite compassion and nearness of God, but are shocked at the familiarity, as of a child with its father, of the old epitaph, adapted and used by Dr. Macdonald in *David Elginbrod*:

Here lies old Thomas Hildebrod.
Do Thou unto his soul, O God,
As he would do if he were God,
And Thou wert Thomas Hildebrod.

For how few of us are yet able to exercise true magnanimity, that virtue which we find explained as, "not the magnanimity that pardons faults, but the magnanimity that recognises virtues. He who gladly kneels with one who thinks widely different from himself, in so doing draws nearer to the Father of both than he who pours forth his soul in sympathetic torrent only in the company of those who think like himself. If a man be of the

Truth then, and then only, is he of those who gather with the Lord."*

"There are many who do not enter the kingdom of heaven just because they will not believe the tiny key handed to them fit to open its hospitable gates."†

For, "In God we live every commonplace as well as every most exalted moment of our lives. To trust in Him when no need is pressing, when things seem going right of themselves, may be harder than when things seem going wrong."‡

"The only mistake worse than thinking well of himself is for a man to think God takes no interest in him."§

In these days of advancing enlightenment of thought do we not often see demonstrated the truth of the following observation? "Those who believe they have found a higher truth, with its higher mode of conveyance, are very apt to err in undervaluing, even to the degree of wishing to remove, the lower forms in which truth, if not embodied exactly, is at least wrapped up. Truth may be presented in the grandeur of a marble statue, or of a brown-paper parcel. I choose the sculpture; my last son prefers the parcel. The only question is whether there is truth—not in the abstract, but as assimilable by the recipient—present in the form." Yet, "To the man who sees and knows the nobler form it is given to teach *that*. Let those to whom the lower represents the sum of things, teach it with their whole hearts. *He* has nothing to do with it, for he cannot teach it without being false. The snare of the devil holds men who, capable of teaching the higher, talk of the people not being ready to receive it, and therefore teach them in forms which are to their own souls an obstruction. There is cowardice and desertion in it. They leave their own harder and higher work to do the easier and clumsier work of their neighbour. It is wasteful of time, truth and energy. The man who is most careful of the truth that lies in forms not his own, will be the man most careful to let no time-serving drag him down—not to the level of the lower teachers, for they are honest, but to the level of Job's friends, who lied for God: nay

* *St. George and St. Michael*, p. 583.
† *What's Mine's Mine*, p. 315.
‡ *Ibid.*, p. 237. § *Ibid.*, p. 276.

lower still, for this will soon cease to be lying for God, and become lying for himself."*

Of all arts the art of the teacher of ethics is most complicated. To give or to withhold, to be ready to help the souls around to take their next step upwards, yet not to be so far ahead of them that they refuse to step at all. This, the art that Sokrates esteemed as the highest of all men's interests, is also that one which carries with it the greatest need for the virtue of intuition, and the quality of fine judgment; above all men a teacher needs to know when to labour and how to wait. If rash interference with people's present valued ideals in the attempt to provide them with more advanced ones is a folly, and preaching deliberately to them what is no longer believed is dishonesty and mental corruption, it is also true that the act of giving them what they are not able to comprehend or appreciate is a mistake for which a heavy penalty is always exacted. To teach in the kindergarten the reasoning and philosophy of the college is to destroy the usefulness of the one, and discredit the work of the other. Tact, which has been defined as the courtesy of the soul, is nowhere more necessary than in the science of dealing with souls. As well as toleration and integrity, discrimination is a quality enjoined on the teacher. For, "what misses the heart falls under the feet. A man is bound to *share* his best, not to tumble his seed-pearls into the feeding-trough, to break the teeth of them that are there at meat."†

A psychic difficulty which is almost like a besetting sin to sensitive souls lacking in self-assertion is described by Dr. Macdonald so simply and vividly that it will seem to many as the record of a personal experience. "He felt . . . that she disliked and despised him, and it was only with a strong effort that he avoided assuming a manner correspondent to the idea of himself he saw reflected in her mind, and submitting himself to be, as it were, what she judged him."‡

And a little further on: "He heard everything he would have said as he thought it would sound to her, and therefore he had no utterance. Is it an infirmity of certain kinds of men, or

* *Guild Court*, p. 240. † *What's Mine's Mine*, p. 107.
‡ *Thomas Wingfold*, p. 420.

a wise provision for their protection, that the brightest forms the truth takes in their private cogitations seem to lose half their lustre, and all their grace, in the presence of an unreceptive nature, and they hear as it were their own voice reflected in a poor, dull, inharmonious echo, and are disgusted."* It is at least a most discouraging and disabling experience, and yet in what manner it may, on some occasions at least, prove "a provision for protection," is shown a little further on where it is written: "To explain to him who loves not is but to give him more plentiful material for misrepresentation."

So Plato says that reasoning, the only road to Truth, springs from Love. And here we have a key to the futility of religious discussions, which usually do not spring from love.

From the within out is the burden of Dr. Macdonald's teaching of the development of the human soul; always, over and over again, is expressed in different words the great central idea which is the emphasis of Robert Falconer's boyhood, that: "Nothing will do for Jew or Gentile, Frenchman or Englishman, Negro or Circassian, town boy or country boy, but the kingdom of heaven which is within him, and must come thence to the outside of him."†

If such a thought could be emphasised for a generation or two in the Sunday schools and kindergartens, the high schools and colleges of Europe and America, how little need would there be for preaching to an indifferent world the doctrine of mutual responsibility and human brotherhood! The graduates of such teaching would not mistake the temporary personality, the evanescent, decaying garment, for the eternal, ever-invisible Man, "unborn, perpetual, ancient, undiminishing"; and they might grow to understand some of the mysterious purposes of evolution such as Dr. Macdonald hints of when he says "When once through the thousand unknown paths of creation the human being is so far divided from God that his individuality is secured, it has become yet more needful that the crust gathered around him in the process be broken."‡

This recalls a passage in *The Growth of the Soul* where the

* *Ibid.*, p. 448.

† *Robert Falconer*, p. 128.

‡ *Malcolm*, p. 80.

author expresses a similar idea regarding the difficult and mysterious problem of the purpose of manifestation. "In the broad view," he says, "of the whole evolutionary scheme, the all-important distinction between the spiritual existence out of which the human race emerged in the beginning, and the spiritual existence to which it will ultimately return, is to be discerned in the individualisation of consciousness."*

Or, framed in the beautiful language of *In Memoriam*:

> So rounds he to a separate mind
> From whence clear memory may begin,
> As through the frame that binds him in
> His isolation grows defined.
>
> *This* use may lie in blood and breath. . . .

We remember, too, that Nirvâṇa has been defined as "the perfection of individuality."

And the perplexity of reconciling the absorption of the soul into the Divine with the retention of the dearly-bought individuality is thus tentatively treated by Dr. Macdonald: "Might not the Brahmin who died longing for that absorption into Deity which had been the dream of his life find the grand idea shaped to still finer issues than his aspiration had dared contemplate? Might he not inherit in the purification of his will such an absorption as should intensify his personality?"† (Surely this last word should be individuality, according to modern usages?)

The reason given, or rather guessed at, for the strange identity in separateness of the twin heroes of *The Flight of the Shadow* is that: "By their not being one they were able to love, and so were one."‡

"Love is God's being, and a creative energy in one," is said in another place.§

"Love," says the great physician, Empedocles, the father of physiology, "Love is the principle of principles; the four elements are merely its agents, and Discord its accomplice; it is the ineffable, invisible, incorporeal God, flashing through the whole world with rapid thoughts."

Dr. Macdonald's attitude towards women is as uncom-

* *Growth of the Soul*, p. 307.
† *Robert Falconer*, p. 244.
‡ *Ibid*, p. 248.
§ *Donal Grant*, p. 618.

promising as it is towards other questions usually considered through a haze of self-interest and mental dishonesty. He is almost alone among male writers of fiction inasmuch as he neither flatters and rhapsodises about woman, nor belittles and slanders her. He is not afraid to indicate how unutterably bad a depraved woman may bring herself to be; he delights to show how an ordinary-seeming woman may develope in herself noble character; he struggles hard to picture the loveliness of a saintly woman. Yet he has to confess that: "Most women affect me as a valuable crude material out of which precious things are making. For now they stand like so many Lot's wives—rough-hewn blocks of marble, rather, of whom a Divinity is shaping the ends."*

It is the same thought which Ruskin has expressed more fully and decidedly in his writing for women and girls, and especially in that essay, entitled *Of Queen's Gardens*, wherein he draws with so sad yet firm a hand a picture of the cultured selfishness which is still the conventional ideal of education for women.

Dr. Macdonald differs from Isis in believing that sex is not a thing of the body merely, he asserts "that it goes back to a difference deep in the heart of God himself." And it is perhaps psychologically owing to this that his portraits of women are distinctly inferior to those of men. He seems to draw a woman as a painter might sketch an object imperfectly seen in a poor light. Sometimes his heroines seem to lose themselves in a fog of veneration; models of docility and dutifulness, they become mere copies of the virtues of their husbands and fathers, without any individuality of their own, "as sunshine unto moonshine, and as water unto wine." It is a weakness of art, not a fault in perception, which brings about this result. When he gives his imagination a perfectly free rein to draw the ideal in womanhood, as in a confessedly mystic story, we get a picture of strong purity, grace and loveliness, which recalls a conception by Burne-Jones. But it is hard for him to make the link between the ideal and the real woman, the woman of the day. And he feels, as one so sensitive must, the absolute falsity, the awful wrongness of the ideas concerning woman and womanhood, the dominance of which has made the world the place of sorrow that we know. Of men in

* *Stephen Archer,*

general he seems to ask—as literally of a domineering husband "What right had he to desire the fashioning of any woman after his ideas? Did not the angel of her eternal Ideal for ever behold the face of her Father in Heaven?"*

Of the relations between men and women nothing has been said saner, or more suggestive of thought, than the following, which is put into the mouth of a woman, who says of a certain man that he "was always reasonable, and that is more than can be said of most men. Some indeed who are reasonable with men are often unreasonable with women. If in course of time the management of affairs be taken from men and given to women—which may God for our sake forbid—it will be because men have made it necessary by their arrogance. But when they have been kept down long enough to learn that they are not the lords of creation a bit more than the weakest woman, I hope they will be allowed to take the lead again, lest women should become what men were, and go strutting about in their importance. Only the true man knows the true woman, only the true woman knows the true man; the difficulty between men and women comes from the prevailing selfishness, that is untruth, of both. Who, while such is their character, would be judge and divider between them, save one of their own kind? When such ceases to be their character they will call for no umpire."†

"To save man or woman the next thing to the love of God is the love of man or woman: only let no man or woman mistake the love of love for love."‡

Of the ordinary marriage in which two atoms of the "prevailing selfishness" unite, and the weaker goes to the wall, Dr. Macdonald speaks with the horror of a sensitive soul: "This dull, close, animal proximity," he says, "without the smallest conscious nearness of heart and soul—and so little chance, from very lack of wants, of showing each other kindnesses—surely it is a killing sort of thing!"§

Parenthood Dr. Macdonald treats as the most sacred fact, next to God Himself, at the heart of the universe. It is always the direct type and symbol for him of the relation existing

* *Ibid.*, p. 51.
† *Flight of the Shadow*, p. 226.
‡ *What's Mine's Mine*, p. 327.
§ *Stephen Archer*,

between God and the soul. He seems to feel it as at once so human and so divine that language falters in speaking of it. In one of those little poems which are like the wandering whispering airs of spring, a promise of a beautiful fulfilment, he places the symbol of this relationship in a few simple words. It is called "The Father's Hymn for the Mother to Sing," and the three verses following are a part of it:

My child is lying on my knees;
  The signs of heaven she reads:
My face is all the heaven she sees,
  Is all the heaven she needs. . . .

If true to her, though troubled sore,
  I cannot choose but be:
Thou, who art Peace for evermore,
  Art very true to me. . .

Lo! Lord, I sit in Thy wide space,
  My child upon my knee;
She looketh up into my face,
  And I look up to Thee."

Dr. Macdonald's books for children are as simply original as are his other writings. Nothing could be better calculated to develop in a child's mind a practical sense of the Golden Rule, to show him that it is possible "to think only pure and beautiful thoughts, to speak only pure and beautiful words, and to help all who are weaker than myself," than a study of *Ranald Bannerman's Boyhood*, *A Rough Shaking*, *At the Back of the North Wind*, or *The Princess and the Goblin*. While to a child with a spark of imagination the last named two will open the gate of a veritable realm of faery; sitting by the warmth of the Great-great-grandmother's wonderful fire of roses, or dancing in the moonlight with the enchanted Princess, a child must feel its whole being flooded with that "light that never was on sea or land," must watch again the glimmering lamps of half-forgotten memories. As to little Gibbie alone on Glashgar it may happen that "a link in the chain of his development glided over the windlass of his uplifting."*

It must be admitted that Dr. Macdonald has not altogether succeeded in escaping the besetting sin of modern authors. A

* *Sir Gibbie*, p. 75.

man whose works number as many volumes as do his can hardly have kept himself quite clear of the errors incident to over-production, with its accompaniments of triviality, dulness and didacticism. Occasionally also, even in the most interesting of the books, a sudden horror is let loose, and mars the translucence of the story; it seems as if the author sought to throw up the high lights of his story by introducing shadows that become almost grotesque in their grim unnatural blackness—that are not true shadows at all, but real black. It seems as if, for instance, a good laugh in "the terrible chapel" of the story of Donal Grant, would blow the whole thing away like a hideous nightmare, when to be asked to consider it seriously gives pain.

On the other hand, it often happens that a thought or phrase, which, on first reading, seemed fantastic or too fine-spun, will on a nearer view flash out as a lamp, lighting up some obscure corner of human consciousness or human experience.

We are all of us, even those who think themselves most free, so steeped in race-thought, so surrounded and hemmed in by the beliefs and customs of the world, that it is no marvel if the sensitive souls who respond the most quickly to the higher vibrations, should also be involuntarily influenced by the very conventions which, with the act of reason, they would most quickly repudiate. Therefore, if Dr. Macdonald's thoughts and phrases seem sometimes cast in a mould which some of us think we have exchanged for a better mould, or if some of his books remind us of life and philosophy strained through a very fine sieve, let us without discouragement, turn to those other volumes from which we cannot fail to bring away a livelier sense of the loveliness and unity of truth, a keener and stronger appreciation of the underlying significance of all the events of life, and a higher conception of the divine grandeur and simplicity of the Christ spirit. Should any reader be unfortunate enough to get hold first of an unattractive later work let him go back without fear to some of the earlier, and particularly to some of the Scotch stories, *Alec Forbes*, *Robert Falconer*, *Sir Gibbie*, and *David Elginbrod*, reading them in the order given—or even *Sir Gibbie* alone; and he must be very insensible if he do not find some strange sweet airs blowing over the waste places of life.

There is no more baffling and irritating query in the whole range of human interest than the one which an indifferent mind always launches with a great air of triumph against anyone who has come to be in earnest. It is exasperating because of its obtuse self-satisfaction, so baffling because it demonstrates the width of the gulf fixed between human minds. "What is the use," says the "practical" person, "of thinking about such unpractical things? What good is there in wasting time considering whether you have a soul or not, when you *know* that you have a body that must be provided for? Thinking will not fill your pockets, will not give you meat and drink, and enjoyment. *These* are the real objects of life, and all the rest is foolishness, weakness, and waste of time."

Dr. Macdonald, it may well be believed, is of the opposite opinion. "If," he says, "a man may not know the things of God, whence he came, what shall he understand?"

KATHERINE WELLER.

THE WILLOW WEAVER

"I SHALL give you twenty-four hours to vanish in, Campion," said the elder and superior to the younger and inferior. "I can't do more for you than that. Let me tell you very few men in my position would do as much."

He held his finger up impressively.

"It is for the sake of your father, that I do this. You ought to be grateful. Twenty-four hours in which to vanish! Of course you must carefully choose your method of vanishing. Under the circumstances, I know the way I should take were I in your shoes, but I hesitate to advise you to take it."

The last sentence was in the man's mind, not on his tongue; it produced the most effect, because the whole gist of his speech was contained in it, and it was the point about which he was (half unconsciously) anxious. A respectable citizen can hardly suggest to a lad fifteen years his junior that he shall take his own

life; it would be difficult, though rather easier, to say to a man of equal age: "Under your circumstances, I should blow my brains out"—and Campion was so young. It might become known, too, that such advice had been given; then people would question the adviser's motives, and what would become of that valuable business asset, his respectability; he had foolishly risked it a little already, but that was not known to people whose opinion mattered. It would take wing with the soul of the young man; and his income might even suffer in consequence. Besides, he would not like to remember he had advised suicide as a course of action; of course it did not matter if he only thought how conveniently it might smooth the state of affairs.

There were reasons why he did not want this young man, the only child of a very poor and respectable widow, to stand in the dock and have all the circumstances which led to his standing there sifted publicly by a painstaking gentleman intent on obtaining for his client, if not acquittal, at any rate as light a sentence as possible. This young sinner's immediate superior was not his own master; his employer was uncompromising and old-fashioned in his views. He was a man who practised no form of dishonesty or immorality that might not decently be practised by people of honest and moral repute. He would be hard on Ralph Campion, on general business principles; but he would be much harder on one whose years and standing should be a guarantee for his good behaviour and influence over others, if the conduct of such an one did not stand the test of public scrutiny. And the personal element would come in, for this man was not only the employer of Ralph Campion's superior, but also his father-in-law, and there was his wife's attitude to be remembered, besides that of her father; all this might affect his reputation, his business prospects, and his domestic life very seriously. He felt kindly to Ralph Campion. There was the whole point. The affair began with the kindly impulse of a rather coarse man of the world, who had "married well" from his point of view, and prospered socially and financially by so doing; prosperous himself, he saw no prosperity of any type other than that which he pursued, and had pursued since he was Campion's age. Therefore he was kindly according to his own lights. His moral code had nothing to do with his

inner convictions; he had no convictions as to the nature of righteousness; his morality was to "get on," and it was a tremendous outer bulwark against obvious criminality. His twelve year old son was "backward and delicate" to quote the scholastic advertisements; he sent him to Ralph Campion's father for tuition, because the little vicarage stood in a bracing air. He liked and vaguely honoured his boy's tutor—irrationally indeed, for he had certainly not "got on" from the standpoint of the financier. When the man died, he obtained for his son, young Campion, that position of trust which he had betrayed. The boy was then nineteen; it was three years ago. The patron did more; still moved by kindliness, he took a great deal of notice of his young subordinate. He liked the lad; he confided in him to some extent, increasingly so when he found him to be rather silent; he liked his refinement, at which he laughed—liking it, despite his laughter, as coarse people sometimes do like a quality they do not possess. He gave him worldly precepts whereby he might in the future prosper in business. He "chaffed" him gaily concerning the young ladies of the neighbourhood; pointing out matrimonial prizes, which he might have some chance of winning. He showed him a side of life he would probably have passed by unheeded; in so doing (here was the crux) he showed him a side of his own life that was not generally known. His protégé became in some respects his tool, in some his victim. He found out that betrayal of trust before others did so, because he knew which man to suspect, because he knew the circumstances that might cause him to be specially tempted. The story was rather vulgar—sordid—common. From coarse kindliness to selfishness; from selfishness, by way of fear, to that which was in thought—murder. But yet he liked the boy, and he was sorry for him.

"You mustn't suppose I think you a blackguard, Ralph," he said. "In my private capacity, not as your business head, you know, we're as good friends as ever, my boy. *I* know how things go, bless your life! I know how one gets let in for what one never meant to do at the start. That's one pull a man has, who isn't always all that I suppose he ought to be. He knows from his own experience, that whatever he may do, he has really heaps

of good points; and he applies that reasoning to other people when they don't go quite straight, you know. But if you're here when Mr. Warrener comes back, I shall have you arrested. I must! I don't know this now, you understand."

The young man drew lines in the ashes of the hearth with a small brass poker. He did not look in the least the sort of person from whom one would expect a criminal to be made; he had what some people call a "nice face"—comely to look upon, refined, rather sensitive, grave; by no means weak, nor yet unintellectual. He looked as though he could think; he looked as though he could love; and he looked as though he could be ashamed of himself, and admit the fact both to himself and other people. These are good signs. He was as white as a sheet, and for the moment he seemed to be stunned rather than repentant.

"If," he said slowly, speaking quietly and unemotionally, "If I do not vanish, but stay here and pay the penalty—I've behaved very badly, and I'm willing to pay it—will you let bygones be bygones—afterwards?"

"Bless my soul, Ralph Campion, you must be a raving ass! It is the 'penalty,' as you call it, that counts. It is not the thing in itself so much. I don't for a moment suppose you to be much worse than other young fellows. I should think you're better than most."

"I hoped when you'd paid a debt you were given a receipt, and there was the end of the matter."

"My good fellow! You're old enough, and you've seen enough, to know things aren't done in that way in this world. I say I don't think you in the least a worse, or perhaps a more dishonest man than I am myself; not the least! But—excuse my bluntness—it's the prison that sticks, it's not the sin."

The young man gave a little start and shiver; the other's "bluntness" had suddenly brought the whole position, and its future developments, home to him. It was the difference between theoretic and practical knowledge; his white face grew green-white, his hands became limp, and he laid the poker down. These two people sat in the superior's country house on the outskirts of a big, smoky town. Young Campion was asked there as a guest in order that his host might tell him he knew him to

be a criminal. The boy—for he was very little more than a boy—went there suffering qualms of conscience, bred of gratitude. He knew his host had not quite the influence on his life that—let us say—Campion's father would have wished to have, but he did not think of excusing his own behaviour on that account. He knew he had been, and was, doing wrong; it worried him, and he was ashamed of accepting the kindness which led his superior to ask him to stay with him from Saturday till Sunday evening. "My wife's away, staying with her mother," he said to Ralph Campion. "I'm alone. You're looking out of sorts. You'd better come down to me this afternoon; besides, I have something to say to you quietly."

So, on Sunday afternoon, when Campion was feeling particularly ashamed of himself and very unhappy and perplexed, he said—quietly—what he had to say, and thereby gave his unsuspecting guest a nervous shock which some people may think to be accountable for what followed. That is a matter of opinion; and "thought is free." As aforesaid, there were reasons, serious reasons more important than the life, death, happiness or pain of young Ralph Campion, why his ill-doing should not be found out till he was dead and incapable of speech.

It was a damp November day; the land was vivid brown and green—green fields, wet brown earth, brown stubble, brown rushes by a little bluish-brown canal, brown-green boughs, with bright brown leaves clinging to them here and there. There had been much rain, the earth was sodden and reeking; there were black, purplish-grey clouds, shot with dull green in the East, and a pale silver-yellow sky in the West. It was early afternoon; the light was clear save where the smoke wreaths of the town brooded in the distance; there was no sunshine.

Ralph Campion looked at the brown-green earth; he did not see it. For the last few minutes his mind swung between two pictures: one of a little wind-swept churchyard where was the grave of an upright man whose name he bore; the other of a wee grey stone house, very bleak and trim, standing on a shelterless hillside; therein lived his thin little, meek little, old mother, dressed in a scanty black gown and a widow's cap, reading her Bible at night and praying God for her only son; she did not

pray for her husband because he was dead, and she misliked Popery. At last Ralph Campion's eyes filled with tears, and he felt it was time to go. Therefore he rose.

"Very well," he said, "I don't feel very grateful; but I should be so if you could hush it up when I have vanished, so that my—my mother mightn't know."

"I shall hush it up if I can." And no man knew better than he how sincerely he spoke the truth, and how earnestly he regretted it would be impossible to do so. There was no need to tell Ralph it was impossible.

"Even if the young idiot were dead it wouldn't be safe not to come out," he thought. "But it would be much safer. If Carry and her father got to know what led up to his playing the fool like this, and how far I'm responsible (though, of course, I'm not really responsible) there'd be the devil to pay."

Carry was his wife, who was staying with her mother. Aloud he said:

"I've ordered the dog-cart for you. The thing to do will be to say good-bye cordially, you see. Then I shan't know anything till this time to-morrow, when Mr. Warrener comes back."

"If you don't mind shaking hands," said Ralph Campion, listlessly, "of course I don't."

So they shook hands, and the host shouted cheerful and jocular good-speeds after the parting guest. Campion left the cart half way to the station; he told the groom to drive on and leave his portmanteau in the cloak room to be called for. He struck straight across the sodden fields, and walked townwards. It was ten miles to the town; his boots were clogged with dank clay when he reached the first houses on the outskirts. They were hideous little brick boxes, in an unmade road leading nowhere.

Beyond them lay a patch of flat, foul, be-trampled, houseless, roadless, grassless ground. It was an expanse of thick sticky mud; on it stood pools of dirty water, held by the clay from sinking into the earth; old bricks (why are ancient broken bricks so peculiarly sordid and depressing in appearance?) and bent rusty tin cans. Over the whole brooded a raw, poisonous, yellow-black fog. Across the waste ground crawled the canal

that started in the clean green-brown country; here it ran between a clammy grassless towing path and a brick wall. "Ran" is too jocund a word to describe its action. It crept stickily along, a slimy glaze coating its surface, whereon floated the hairless swollen body of a drowned cat.

Ralph Campion stood at the side of the black canal, and looked at the sheer drop of the brick work. This might be a place in which to vanish. Very few of the words he heard that afternoon lingered with him; but the thought fashioned by the reputable citizen who wished that he was dead, pursued him during the ten mile walk, and was with him still. It was the unspoken words which Campion remembered; he knew as well as the other the way in which he must disappear. Oddly enough, it never struck him he might have demanded protection as a price for silence; he did not realise that family and business complications might be the result of evidence elicited by cross-examination; simplicity and generosity clave to him still; perhaps this was why the Gods were sorry for him, and dealt with him mercifully. The place was lonely; it was growing dusk, there were no barges about; the street was but just finished, the houses were unlet. Only—he could swim. He did not want to live to face public shame, and loneliness, and bitter remorse; this was a man who wished to live an honourable life, and leave an honourable name. But though he wished to die, his body would struggle for life; and this conviction struck him with fear lest he was not this body which willed otherwise than he; if so, perhaps he could not kill himself. Well! if there was hell the other side, at any rate there was not prison; and his friends staring at, and cutting him. There could be no superior persons among lost souls. The thought was momentarily cheering.

His body would struggle to live, perhaps poison would be the better way; but drowning might mean accident or murder, whereas if he bought poison—. He took a silk scarf from his pocket and tried to tie his wrists, but his hands were cold and he was clumsy. He flung his watch, chain, and purse into the water—when his body was found their absence would suggest robbery and murder; he kept a little silver loose in his pocket, lest poison should after all prove to be the better way.

Suddenly he noticed what, till now, he had not seen. There was a tumble-down hut within a few paces of where he stood; coming towards it was a woman with a huge bundle on her bowed shoulders. As she drew near he saw she carried willow withies; she was a tall old woman, very poorly clad; her feet were naked, and in spite of her burden she walked with a stately step, as lightly as a girl.

This young man was poor, and a criminal to boot, but he was also a gentleman; when he saw the woman, he, though he was thinking of his sins, his despair, and his coming death, showed to her, half mechanically, what all should show at all times, especially to a woman very old and poor, namely, courtesy and helpfulness.

"Let me carry those to the hut," he said. "They are surely much too heavy for you."

"Take them," she replied briefly. He took them; they were indeed very heavy; he threw them on the ground by her door.

"You had better enter my hut," she said gravely.

Now there was no reason why Ralph Campion should enter her hut; in fact there was every reason why he should not do so. Nevertheless he went in. It was not very dark there; by no means so dark as the waning light warranted it should be. There were willow withies on the floor; the woman sat on the ground, leaned against the door-post and began to weave them.

"Do you weave baskets?" said Ralph Campion.

"I do," she answered. "By some I am called the Willow Weaver."

"You weave fast."

"Naturally. I have had much practice."

She twisted in a bent twig as she spoke.

"That twig is crooked," said Ralph. His behaviour was irrational; but a sudden need of hearing human speech had come upon him; and besides, he liked her voice, which was soothing, soft, and deep, like organ notes in the distance.

"It is so," she replied.

"Why don't you throw it away?"

"I throw nothing away. I suffer no waste. I put all my willow twigs to use—crooked or straight."

"But the crooked ones spoil the shape of your basket."

"It is true. They spoil the shape of the basket. I shall put a straight one by the side of the crooked. That balances it a little."

"Still, the whole basket is awry."

"It is so."

"It is a pity."

"It is a pity. But it cannot be helped. It will be so till I find and pluck nothing save straight fair-growing withies."

"Where do you pick them?"

"From the floating island in the lake."

"I don't know it. Where is the lake?"

"There," she answered. She waved her hand towards the waste ground with its slimy clay and broken bricks.

"There! Where?"

"There—there—there—my child!" she answered, smiling gravely, and waving her hand again at the immediate foreground. Campion saw she was subject to hallucinations. She was probably much alone, and certainly very poor. He felt impelled to do what was obviously the very last thing he should have done. He drew out the silk scarf, and his loose silver.

"I will give you these shillings," he said, "if you will tie this tightly round my wrists; and promise, whatever happens, never to tell a soul you have done it. Indeed, it will probably be the worse for you if you do tell."

"I will not take the money," she replied. "To tell you the truth I have no use for it. But I will tie the knot you bid me tie. It is thus with me: the knots with which men charge me to bind them, I can by no means refuse to fasten; but I cannot undo them. That they must do for themselves."

"Tie this knot," he said, with a faint piteous laugh. "And let it remain tied till I ask you to undo it. But first—since you do not want it—"

He flung the silver into the canal.

"Now take my thanks for what you are going to do for me, since you'll take nothing else. Here's the scarf."

She took it. He crossed his wrists, and held them out. She tied the scarf loosely—once.

"I am pleased to do you this service," she said kindly, in her solemn, perfect speech, that seemed unsuited to her poverty and her humble trade. "Chiefly I am pleased because of the honour which is mine, that I should take the place of the dweller in that grey small house on the hill yonder. For I suppose, were she here, you would beg her, rather than me, to tie this knot."

His crossed wrists fell apart; the silk scarf fluttered to the ground.

"My God! No!" he said, shuddering. "What do you mean? Who are you?"

"The Willow Weaver."

"Do you know *her?*"

"Of whom do you ask me, my child?"

"My—my mother," he faltered; and now the tears were in his eyes, his throat was choking, and he turned his face from her.

"Surely!" she made answer, "I know her well. And because such a mother as this makes my weaving easier, I, the Willow Weaver, shall be mother to her son to-night."

"I do not deserve it," he muttered.

She did not heed him; she wove apace, seated as before, leaning on the door-post of her hut. He fell beside her, kneeling, and holding out his hands to her pleadingly:

"Willow Weaver," he cried. "If you know about her, do you know about me too? Or must I tell you?"

She laid down the basket and the withy she held, and touched his brow lightly with her palm.

"Surely!" she said, "I know about you. Child of so many prayers, of such vain hopes, of so many innocent womanly ambitions never now to be fulfilled, is it not an evil thing that the loving unwise heart in that hill cottage should break through you? Is it not an evil thing in the eyes of a Willow Weaver, that one crooked twig should make the whole weaving awry? Yet these things are so, and may not now be changed."

She spoke with sober and stern tenderness. He flung himself on the heap of willow-withies, and hid his face from her.

"I know it," he sobbed. "Do you think you need to tell me that? I was going to kill myself when you talked to me

of my mother. And what more can I do? What more can I do?"

"You can turn the tide by the waving of your hand," said she. "You can stay the flight of the earth through space; or you can kill yourself. Behold! the one is as possible as either of the others. Will you mend the broken heart in the hill cottage by the way of the black canal? Will you wipe out the shame of a soul by the death of a body?"

He moaned, and thrust his fingers through his hair, clutching and twisting it.

"Be wiser, child," she said. "My words are harsh, my thought is gentle towards you. I said I, the Willow Weaver, would be your mother to-night. What do you see from my hut door, my child?"

He raised himself obediently from the withies, and told her what he saw.

"And yet there is more to be seen here," she said. "Because there is more I spoke to you harshly, pointing out the ill you had wrought. For I knew that here, even here in this very spot, there is another country whereof you are native born, and wherein you live. Therefore, son of that good mother of whom you and I know, lie at peace upon these withies, cut from the floating island in this lake whereon we look; I shall sing you a Cradle Song that you may sleep. When you wake the Child's Song shall never wholly leave your ears on this side of that death you sought but now, and you shall break heart and brain with longing after it in vain. This, for the sake of that good mother, is the Willow Weaver's mercy to you; and you shall find that men too have mercy on those who hear in broken snatches the Child's Song."

The power of the woman was upon him; meek and dazed as a tired babe he lay upon the willow withies; he heard the sound of the twigs as she twisted them in and out in her weaving. He could neither move nor speak; he wondered dreamily whether he lay in a trance or swoon, or whether this was death, and thus the problem of his vanishing was solved without effort of his own. He felt either the light cold touch of her finger tip, or the touch of a willow withy between his brows. Suddenly, how and when he did not know, he saw that other country of which the Willow

Weaver spake; he had not moved from the spot; he felt sure his body lay on the willow withies in the hut by the canal. He knew it lay there with a burden upon it of sin and folly, of ignorance, shame, and remorse; but they belonged to the place of their brooding; and he, reaching forth in order that he might know, knew them as apart from himself, like a school task learned well or ill, with praise or the rod for its reward. He saw the other country; and this was the fashion of that which he thought he saw, whether he saw it as it was, is another matter.

On every side lay the broad shining levels of a lake of silver, he did not know whether it was water, or silver fire that had no heat, but was still and cool as the hour before a summer sunrise. He saw no shores nor any boundary set to it; as far as his eyes, or some other sense than sight, would suffer him to perceive, the waters lay. From the lake rose a many-petalled pink blossom; about each petal quivered a delicate fringe of many-coloured flame, and at the heart of the fiery flower that sprang from the water's breast was music. As he saw these things his life passed into them; or else they were the body of his life. Thereupon a certain knowledge came to him; but it was knowledge the man was never able to tell to any one, not even to himself. He heard a high clear voice singing, so he afterwards remembered, but whether it was the Cradle Song of the Willow Weaver, or the speech of the wordless music at the blossom's heart, he could not tell.

It is my belief (I, who tell these things) that the words, and indeed the whole matter, were by no manner of means such as are here recorded. He told me the words he heard were something like to these; but he admitted they were not really like them either in sound or sense.

This is what he crooned in the day that came after, when men said his mother-wit had been stolen by the Folk of Peace:

Thou mak'st thy cry to me, thou mak'st thy plea;
I watch the waters of a changeless sea.
Upon its breast I mark a Shadow fall,
Wherein a myriad shadows toss and crawl.
Weep'st thou because their turmoil will not cease,
O passing ripple on the Lake of Peace?
I watch the toiling shadows fight and strive,

I hear the murmur of a Dream-World hive.
Why is their warfare more to thee, than me,
Thou wave that risest from a boundless sea ?
No shadow-battle stirs the silent breast
Of the deep waters of the Lake of Rest.
Where mourning shadows throng the dreary side
Of the black river's foul and sluggish tide,
I see the shining of the Silver Peace,
I hear its music bid their moaning cease.
Thy fair is foul to me, thy foul is fair ;
Thy songs are cries, thy joys are pain-fraught care ;
Thy griefs are gladness, and thy woes are gain,
Thy deaths are jewels in an age-long chain.
Thy sins but shadows on the waters wide,
Thy virtues gleams upon the silent tide.

* * * * *

When those twenty-four hours in which Ralph Campion was to vanish were ended, he came wandering, hatless, over the green-brown fields in the drenching rain ; he was soaked to the skin, but he did not seem to know this. He asked to see his superior and elder, who was even then in serious consultation with his father-in-law and employer. When this man—Mr. Warrener—heard Ralph Campion was there, he was glad. He was a plain-dealing person, and he thought when people did wrong and were found out, it was good for them to be punished. His son-in-law, on the other hand, was sorry and alarmed.

"Show Mr. Campion in," said the older of the two men who were discussing Ralph Campion's sins. Mr. Campion came in, dripping. He smiled, greeted his hosts, and tried to explain what had happened and why he had not vanished. The two listeners looked at each other silently ; to do the younger of the twain justice he seemed to be shocked and dismayed. There was a pause. The elder laid his hand on Ralph Campion's shoulder.

"Sit down, Campion," he said gently. "Sit down and keep quiet. You're dripping wet, you know ; you'll be ill, you must see the doctor. I'll send for him at once. There's no need for you to worry about anything."

Then he drew his son-in-law out of earshot.

"This must be hushed up," he whispered. "You see what's happened to him. Didn't you see it yesterday ? Where are his

people? They must be sent for; and the doctor too. I'll telephone to him at once. Whether this is a cause or an effect I don't know. Be charitable and assume the first. Anyway we will say nothing; he's not responsible for what he did."

It was more of a truth than he knew. The other man, white as a sheet, assented eagerly.

Certain superstitious folk of Celtic blood said the son of the sorrowful, patient little old widow, who lived with his mother in the small grey house on the windswept hill above the churchyard, had wandered in the "gentle places" whence no man ever returns to the human habitations; only the bodily seeming of such a man comes back; he is away with the "good people"; at night he dances in their mystic rings and makes merry with them in the heart of the hills. This, said they, was the case with Ralph Campion; for he had the look of eternal childhood on his face, and the fairy fire was in his eyes. But they were wrong: it was with him as the Willow Weaver said, the Cradle Song of the Children of the Lake of Peace would not wholly leave his ears; and because he could not recall nor sing it perfectly he wandered bewildered, trying vainly to interpret its broken snatches, with labouring brain, and longing, breaking heart.

MICHAEL WOOD.

PLATO once said: "With your favour, sir, it is not always the part of virtue and bravery to preserve either your own life or your neighbour's. He that is a man in good earnest must not be so mean as to whine for life, and grasp intemperately at old age: let him leave this point to Providence. The women can tell him that we must go when our time is come. His duty is to consider how he may make the most of his life, and spend what there is to the best advantage."

MARCUS AURELIUS, *Meditations*, 46.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF TRI-UNITY

The doctrine of the Trinity is by many stated to be a dogma that must be accepted submissively by the human intellect as a thing beyond its power to grasp. To this idea enlightened thought strongly objects; and the ground of its objection is as follows.

The human mind is the creation of God, Who is Truth and Reason. Consequently, Truth can never be contrary to Reason.* It may be in its fulness above the *comprehension* of the highest reason of limited creatures; but it must be capable of *apprehension;* else the truth about reason is denied.

The mind that has seldom, or never, been exercised upon metaphysical problems lacks the power of apprehension, not on account of inherent inability, but on account of want of practice, and of the necessary training to develope the required ability. Besides, minds differ; some being strong on the analytical side, and some on the synthetical. Everyone can see differences; but it takes natural gift, and the careful cultivation thereof, to see uniformities.

Metaphysically, there are two ideas of "One": that of a singularity, and that of a unity. The former is a purely abstract idea. A "One" which exists alone, having no "Other"—never, by the nature of the case, in any relation to another, because there is but itself, and so perfectly simple and homogeneous that it can contain in itself no power of division, or forth-putting in lower manifestation as "Many"—is an idea which even human (trained) reason can *see* to be "unable-to-be." It would be (if it could be) like the Point-Being in *Flatland* which is thus described: "He is himself his own world, his own universe; of any other than himself he can form no conception; he knows not Length, nor Breadth, nor Height, for he has had no experience of them;

* See Hegel's *Philosophy of History*, pp. 14 ff. of Bohn's edition.

he has no cognisance even of the number Two; nor has he a thought of plurality; for he is himself his One and All, being really Nothing" (p. 91).

Such a being would be Anti-God—the very reverse of all that Is, the most practical concept of the Devil.

The other idea of "One" is that of the Unity; the All considered in the light of its perfect interior harmonisation; made up of elements all in perfect union; so that, though "Many" as to content, it is "One" as to Itself in Itself. Destroy the harmony, the unifying, in such a concept, and you get as a result, a complex of un-unified elements which, *ex hypothesi*, will necessarily (in so far as they are cognisant of each other) be in a state of disunity, strife, and opposition, each convinced that it alone ought to be, and eager to extinguish every "other" in order that it alone may "Be." Here we have another conception of the Devil.

Thus arises the metaphysical idea of "Two" which is concerned not at all with *quantity* but only with *quality*. If there be ten thousand of one sort and ten thousand of another, the state, to the metaphysician, would be a duality; because it is the "sorts" and not the number of each sort that is regarded.

If there be "Two" that are not antagonistic, but have found, each of them, their true relation to the other, and know that "each supplies defect in either," we should, speaking metaphysically, call them not "Two," but "One"; a unity, the result of a unit-ing. In no sense would they act as a true "Two." Each would be "at-oned" to the other; and for all practical purposes, and in the estimation of reason, they would be "One."

But why, if this be so, are they two in any sense? Why not one single thing with no idea of Two-ness?

Because to be so would involve a most extraordinary loss of much that is very good. First, can we not understand that in the very consciousness of *complementariness* a great deal of very sweet and beautiful realisation arises? To be rich, with no conception of poverty, would be a slighter thing than to be rich in the presence of poverty, and so with all the possibilities of joy in the supplying of the lack of those who were poor. Consciousness, on which realisation depends, depends itself entirely on ex-

perience of a contrary. One who had not even the consciousness of want, would not realise, or rejoice in, his fullness. The highest quality of joy conceivable to reason arises from the making of the "not me" as happy as I am; that is, from the supply of need, the bringing together of fulness and emptiness, and the making of them One. The emptiness gives to the fulness the ability to realise the delight of fulness; and the fulness gives to the emptiness the delight of now being full, of the ending of the distress of emptiness in the joy of realised fulness.

We have approached the problem thus far from the human, rather than the divine, side of Tri-unity. The "One" is the fulness; the "Two" is the emptiness; and the "Three" is their union, the new state made possible through both being "at-oned." And it should be observed carefully that the "One," "Two," "Three," are here used in a qualitative, and not a quantitive sense. The sum of a quantitative one, two, three, is six; but in the qualitative sense, "Two" means another "One," different from (complementary to) that which we called "One"; a new state—we might almost say a new Being—resulting from the unifying, the "at-one-ment," of the "One" and the other "One." So the sum of the qualitative One, Two, Three, is not six, but either One or Three. As two units and their union it is Three. As a true unit, a true union, it is One; as are oxygen and hydrogen when they unite to form water.

Now this principle is of universal applicability to all mundane things, and it is so because—for human reason—it is the root idea of the nature of the Source of all mundane things. But as applied to the Source Itself, our opposition is not of good and evil, supply and need, in the ordinary human understanding of the words; but rather of being and manifestation, idea and form, spirit and embodiment.

For everything that can come into human consciousness must be (in a sense) *concrete*. Pure thought, abstract power, unembodied love, are concepts which we reach, not by direct cognition, but by direct cognition of *the embodiments* of these ideas, from which we then abstract the embodiment; whereupon—by a necessary process of mind—the abstract concepts alone remain. We do not *know* these abstracts as abstract, but we know what

to call them; and—knowing this—our mind (if we are not trained thinkers) sometimes falls into the mistake of supposing that we know them because we can name them. But if they were actually apart from embodiment, we could not even name them; no faintest concept of such ideas would ever arise in our minds. For the abstract, as abstract and apart from embodiment, could only be for a mind—if such could be—also abstract and apart from embodiment.

On the higher ground of the Being of God our illustration from oxygen and hydrogen fails. No absolutely perfect illustration can be—*ex hypothesi*—possible; for hydrogen is not that through which oxygen manifests, but is itself of like plane with oxygen. Thought and word form a better illustration. This is the illustration which God Himself has given us. For the Son is the Word by Whom the Father (the Thought) is revealed. We cannot think of Being apart from Quality. Only through Quality, Sort, Nature, can we know Being. The Father supplies the Potential, the Basal Source, the Power; the Son supplies the Quality, the manifested Nature, the Character. The Spirit is the going forth of these Two into Operation, whereby arise the Works or Wonders which manifest the Quality of the Son and stand in the Basal Power of the Father.

It is the teaching of the greatest of all Mystics (Jacob Boehme) that the Father's property should be there, but hidden; giving basis as a dynamic, but not giving quality; because this property is in Itself, and as apart from that of the Son, a fierce, angry, wrathful quality; at least it appears thus when manifested as quality. But what would be of such a quality when manifested remains (when in Its right place as a hidden basis) Power, Might, Strength, the unassailable potential and dynamic of the second element of Being, the quality of the Son. In every Being there must needs be these two elements—Power and Quality, Basis and Nature; the former the hidden dynamic, the latter the manifested characteristic. And these Two are One; that is, Two for limited apprehension; One to perfect apprehension.

And, for limited apprehension, the going forth of these Two into operation is a third concept; for we can conceive of Them as in Themselves, apart from their operation; and we can

conceive of Them as operating. This third concept, for us, is the Holy Spirit. The Son manifests the Father to Himself (perfect comprehension); the Spirit manifests the Father and the Son to us (imperfect apprehension). So, as orthodox faith has rightly expressed it, the Father is One; the Son is One; and the Spirit is One (not One, Another, and a Third); and all the "Ones" are One.

It would require greater space than that at our disposal to suggest how the separation in human thought of these Three arises from the conditions of limited faculty. What to God is One, to man is Many. It is permitted to us to think and reason thus in order to realise our faith, and show that it is not unreasonable. For humanity is, as yet, not perfectly unified with the Father; or, in other words, not yet grown up to the "full grown-man," which is "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." "But of His fulness have all we received"—in its wholeness, as yet, only potentially, just as in the babe is (potentially) the whole man; in realised consciousness we have as yet received only as much as we are capable of consciously receiving; and in the evolution we shall receive ever more and more and more, until God is, not only in divine consciousness (this He is ever) but in full human consciousness also, All in All. And, necessarily, when the whole content of each is alike, All are One.

These brief suggestions are offered, not as the conclusion of the whole matter, but as slight suggestions towards arriving at a reason for the faith we hold; lines of thought which, if followed up earnestly, and under the guidance of the Wisdom given to all who ask it, may lead to fuller understanding.

GEORGE W. ALLEN.

GLIMPSES OF THE EIGHTH MUSE

(CONTINUED FROM p. 257)

I DO not know when or where I should end if I narrated in full all my minor, momentary adventures on what I suppose to be the astral plane of the Theosophists. How I have found myself careering along at a great pace, in the company of others, through the low brushwood of a thick, and apparently impassable forest, crying out or hearing others cry out (I forget which) that it was the astral plane; how I have spun along, seemingly in a train, watching for a moment the pink faces of houses (a case of very vivid astral vision) as they flew by, houses like nothing in the world that I have ever seen, except, perhaps, on a very much more modified scale, in Tangier; how once, to prove to a by-stander that we were not on the physical plane, I raised my right arm (I seem generally to like doing conjuring tricks during sleep) and bringing it down on the middle of my left, succeeded in making the two arms, after a moment's pause, *pass through each other;* or how, finding myself near a cliff's edge, one night, during the sleep of the body, in the company of an earth-friend, I was doubtful for a moment on which plane we were, and was about to try the flying-test (one can, apparently, always fly on the astral plane, and I am beginning to use it as a regular test, when in doubt), when my friend sped on ahead of me to the cliff's edge, and taking a tremendous leap, described in the air one of the most splendid human-curves I ever saw, while I quickly followed; or how, finding myself on board ship, and spying in the distance a light on the sea, I leapt from the ship, and flying in the direction of the gleam found that it emanated from a very beautiful figure, whose exact appearance I cannot remember, but who was bathed in a light almost as snowy-white as that I described in a previous account; these incidents I just mention, and others I

omit, because I do not wish to be mistaken for Mr. Bailey, the New Voice from Eurasia, who, according to Mr. Belloc in his book, *The Path to Rome*, "does not end at all, but is still going on."

Before, however, proceeding to describe one or two more classes of experience, I must first mention a most remarkable case of sleep-clairaudience, which occurred to me a day or two ago, just before I began to try to sort out the details of this story. I was just waking up last Sunday morning (January 4th, 1903) when I suddenly found myself conscious of a great stillness, of the kind that seems to envelope one after taking a couple of breaths of laughing-gas, a stillness which was only broken by slight scraping sounds and vibrations in the ears, such as I have remarked above to be characteristic of the process of anæsthetisation. The chief other phenomenon I observed was that my body (what body I cannot say, as I was nominally asleep), was prickling and pulsing in a very marked manner, and these sensations continued, if I mistake not, until the phenomenon which I am about to relate ceased. I immediately knew that I was, astrally speaking, "switched on," and that I was about to get a clairaudient message. In a moment it came, both in matter and manner one of the most extraordinary astral communications I have ever received. The voice was marvellously near and clear, and the person from whom it came seemed to be close to me. And yet, at the same time, there is also a sense in which, I think (however madly contradictory it may seem to say so) the voice seemed to come from a distance as if spoken through a telephone. Anyhow there is no doubt as to whose voice it was. It was the voice of my dentist in London, and he was speaking of some dental operation he was just going to perform on me. "You know, Mr. Calignoc," he began, "I'll just—" and he went on talking quite fast for what seemed about half a minute, speaking several sentences, that is to say, and apparently accompanying his remarks in his ordinary manner, with a dental examination. Shades of unhappy hours I have spent in Wimpole Street! I did not attend much to what he said after the first sentence, and, in any case, I think the remarks were far too technical for me to recall them. But to *how* he said it I attended very much indeed, and I

can only say that I am inclined to place it very high among my psychical experiences. The reality of the aural effect was intense, past anything I have ever known on this plane, I was going to say. The gentleman I am speaking of has, in physical life, a peculiarly sympathetic and pleasant voice, and this voice, with all its shades and variations and undulations of tone, I heard that Sunday morning. (He may smile if he reads this account, but I am here concerned only with the hardest of hard facts, not with smiles.) Meanwhile, I lay perfectly still and listened, for I knew that I was "focussed" to a nicety, and that any movement on my part (even that involved in the effort of speaking) might throw this extraordinary example of astral *rapport* out of gear. As he finally drew away, or rather, perhaps I should say, as I drew away (for I do not know that he did), and began to wake up, another voice just started to speak to the left of his, as it seemed, but I did not catch what it was talking about. Then I woke and took the time immediately, and found it to be as nearly as possible a quarter past seven, a quarter past seven on the morning of January 4th, 1903, when this (to me) extraordinary phenomenon occurred.

A word as to the psychical effects of opium in my case. Till the end of 1900, the greatest amount of opium I had ever imbibed was that comparatively infinitesimal quantity to be found in the cough mixture of the enterprising chemist or the rough-and-ready practitioner. The effect upon me of the gentle, insinuating cough-mixture was, I remember, in one case at least, that, before going to sleep, I had a fairly vivid vision of a palatial chamber, crammed with page-boys, of classic profile, all dressed in green and gold. This multiplication of object seems to be a characteristic effect of opium both in its primary and secondary stages. At the end of 1900, *i.e.*, at the beginning of the illness I have already spoken of, in the absence of a correct diagnosis and treatment, I was simply drenched with this drug. The primary effects were, of course, pleasant enough. I seemed to be lifted a quarter of an inch above the body, and consequently, for the moment, out of all pain. Before this continued administration of the drug began to prove seriously baneful, an amusing incident occurred. One night (I think it was in the middle of the night,

and that I had waked to take food), on smoothing down the bed-clothes just next to my face, I caught sight of the most absurd little man, not more than three or four inches high! He appeared to be wrestling with something, and, in fact, he was trying to roll along a small object, that looked like a milk can, in the direction of my face; just as porters roll milk cans about, while the train waits aimlessly at country railway stations. Directly he caught sight of me, however, he relaxed his toil, and a look of the utmost mischief came over his face. By some quick motion that I could not see, and by some contrivance the working of which I could not follow, he managed to give me a squirt on one of my cheeks from the milk can. Perhaps it was not a milk can after all, but a bay-rum bottle, and the mischievous little man was the barber-king in fairyland. Anyhow, I felt the cold shock so clearly on my face, that I burst out laughing and touched my cheek with my hand; but, of course, the skin was perfectly dry, and my little knight of the milk can had vanished, insignia and all. My nurse asked what was the matter, and I told her, but I am afraid neither she nor anyone else, to whom I have imparted the story, believes, as much as I do, in the real existence of the little man. He reminded me, however, of the story told of Anna Kingsford. This extraordinary lady is said to have *heard* something rustling about among her papers. She at once investigated the matter and discovered a gnome, armed with a shovel, fooling about. Asked what he was doing there, he made a feeble excuse and vanished. I do not, however, remember what language he talked.*

I will readily confess, however, that I am not half so strongly convinced of the "reality" (I wish I knew what that word meant!) of my opium-experiences, as of certain of the visions which I have already narrated, and I am inclined to believe that some of the opium-experiences, at least, were phantoms born of a diseased and poisoned body, though I also think that people are

* Since writing the above I have come to understand that Anna Kingsford's gnome talked French! But Anna Kingsford had been to see Madame Blavatsky that day. My opium-gnome, if genuine, was certainly astral, as the "little red fellows" seen by Manxmen in their native isle must also be, I fancy. But Anna Kingsford's gnome, unlike mine, *rustled, and spoke French*. Does not this argue something quite out of the way for a gnome, *viz.*, a power of rustling and a knowledge of French? I am afraid I see a master-hand at the back of Anna Kingsford's gnome. Whose that hand was, I will leave readers of Olcott's *Diary Leaves* to guess.

far too ready to put things down as unreal, which, if accepted as real, would oblige them entirely to reconsider their views of Life, and to construct a new and more suitable Theory of the Universe. If the creatures I saw during my opium-phase were real entities, which my bad physical state made me capable of seeing, but did not entirely, or did not at all, create, then I must have come very near crossing the borders of, at least, the Seventh Sphere again, if not (who knows ?) of the Unspeakable Eighth. For my experiences became, after some days of this opium business, literally hellish. De Quincey has told the world something of the sorrows of opium. I do not know that they could possibly be exaggerated. It was not a question of dreams. I was only too glad to be asleep, because that happily, at the time, meant unconsciousness. But my waking life was a continual prey to one long-drawn pageantry of phantasmal horrors. Yet, again, that is far too delicate and formal a piece of phrasing to convey the real state of the case. *They* did not merely pass in lurid procession before me, they crowded in upon me, making a monstrous hedge about me, and cutting me off from pleasant traffic with the delightful world. I can only hope that those, who left me *alone* then, did not know what they were doing. I can only hope that the faces (so many), that I saw then, do not really exist. When I say that I finally preferred to endure, for a while once more, the most ghastly, excruciating, physical torture rather than take any more opium, the more psychically-educated among the readers of the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW may know where I was, and what I suffered. I can only remember, off-hand, one real literary effort made to depict such a state as mine then was, and that, marvellous though it is, I do not find at all adequate to the facts, which are indeed more suited to be blotted out from the Book of Life than recorded in it. In one of his finest flights (I believe some people think the finest), Tennyson impersonates Lucretius beset by foul fiends on his latest day :

> Now thinner and now thicker, like the flakes
> In a fall of snow, and so press in, perforce
> Of multitude, as crowds that in an hour
> Of civic tumult jam the doors, and bear
> The keepers down, and throng, their rags and they

The basest, far into that council-hall
Where sit the best and stateliest of the land.

It is difficult to believe, after this, that the poet had not been through some such experience himself !

A few days after I ceased to take opium, and a day or two after I had undergone a medical examination under chloroform, I had a dream, which for two or three reasons is thoroughly worth recording. I dreamt I was walking down *the lower part of the hill at the top of which I was born*, when a dark-skinned man caught me up and passed close to me, whispering in my ear as he did so, "*Don't you know you've got cancer ?*" Immediately I hurried after him and began to argue with him about the matter, racking my brains for reasons on the other side to pit against his cruel suggestion. My dream ended on the spot, but, for some days afterwards, I suffered very much, mentally and morally speaking, from this dream. I had gone through so much physical pain during the previous few weeks, and, at intervals, during the previous few months or even years, that I did not think I had strength to bear any more. Also I was in such a weak, nervous state that I could not bring myself to ask the doctors point blank if they thought I had cancer or not. I once tried to put the question to a medical relative who came to see me, but he did not rebut the notion quite as decisively as I had hoped, but merely remarked, I think, that it was curious that I should have thought of that. So I imagined he was trying to break the truth to me very gradually, and this increased my mental anxiety tenfold. I used to wake at about four o'clock every morning for some days after that, and, lying there alone in my room in the Nursing Home to which I had been transferred, worry for hours over the pros and cons of the matter, knowing well that similar psychical warnings I had received in the past had sometimes proved only too true. However, in the eagerness of my heart, I found two arguments against this particular dream being true, and, in the light of my present knowledge, I might possibly have added others. I argued, in the first place, that a benevolent spirit would not have broken the truth to me in such an off-hand, brutally callous way, and that, consequently, if it was a spirit at all, it was a malevolent one and might very well be lying. The other alternative, of course, was that it

might be malevolent, and yet, on this occasion, be telling the truth. As to that I argued (knowing very little about the possibilities of karma) that higher spiritual powers would have prevented it committing such a gratuitous assault upon my peace. Finally, however, if I remember rightly (it is difficult to "speak by the card" about the exact details of one's own illness), I came to the conclusion that I was doing the dream an injustice, and derived much comfort from the discovery. Those who have read the *Annals* of Tacitus, will recall how, in the first book, a dream-story, similar to mine in its important features, is recorded. The night before Caecina was attacked by Arminius, the German patriot, "a ghastly dream," says Tacitus, "disturbed the general. He seemed to see Quintilius Varus, covered with blood, rising out of the swamps, and to hear him as it were, calling to him, *but he did not, as he imagined, obey the call, he even repelled his hand,* as he stretched it over him." (Church and Brodribb's Trans.) So also, in my case, I thought the important feature in my dream might not be the uncommonly unpleasant question, "Don't you know you've got cancer?" but rather *the fact that I instantly combated the idea.* And so, as in Tacitus' story, Caecina, after undergoing, it is true, a terrible time, finally "pulled through," and triumphal honours were decreed to him; so I also finally, in spite of a very generally adverse medical opinion, turned out not to have cancer, and triumphal honours, in the way of restoration to perfect health, were decreed to me. I have little doubt that, as a matter of fact, my unpleasant dream was due to my miserable faculty for "tapping the Zeitgeist," especially at awkward moments. In any case, regarded from a strictly Theosophical point of view, it was altogether a queer, as well as a severe, piece of karma. But karma for what? That is the sort of question one is tempted to ask.

I may add, by way of conclusion to the tale, that, a few days later, when I felt stronger, I told the dream to my medical relative, who probably still thought my case hopeless; and, of course, I got in return the hollow laugh I expected. It is difficult for some people to act a part when they are caught unprepared.

ROBERT CALIGNOC.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

MAN'S DEEPER SELF*

In the preceding chapters we have gained some insight into the structure of human personality through the analysis of some of the accidents to which it is subject. We have studied on the one hand the insistent ideas, the hysterical instabilities, the splits and alternations which seem to destroy that inward unity to the sense of which we instinctively cling; while on the other we saw how, in certain cases, specially fortunate individuals had extended the grasp of that inward concentration, and had integrated the personality still further by utilising uprushes of subliminal faculty to supplement or to crystallise the products of supraliminal thought.

We have now to consider that most important and most constant of all the phases or alternations of personality, *viz.*, *sleep*.

A physiological definition of sleep has never yet been achieved, and our increased knowledge of hypnotic sleep—induced in apparent independence of any or all of the supposed physiological requisites of slumber—renders its attainment even more problematical.

Considered psychologically, sleep is the suspension of waking consciousness; but this is a purely negative definition and we are called upon to seek its positive characteristics, regarding it as an alternation of personality, analogous to those which our previous analysis has abundantly shown it to resemble, and co-ordinate with the waking phase. Both phases, sleep and waking, appear to have been differentiated alike from a primitive indifference; from a condition of lowly organisms, which merited the name neither of sleep nor of waking. Indeed, sleep may rather claim to be regarded as the more primitive of the two; for

* *Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death*, by Frederick W. H. Myers; 2 vols., Longmans, Green & Co. Price £2 2*s*. See also the article "Science and the Soul" in the last number.

it is sleep rather than vigilance which pre-natal and infantile life suggests; and even for us adults, however much we may associate ourselves with the waking state alone, that state has at least thus much of secondary and adventitious characteristics, that it is maintained for short periods only, which we cannot artificially lengthen, being plainly unable to sustain itself without frequent recourse to that fuller influx of vitality which slumber brings.

Our review of sleeping faculty must thus begin from the red end of our spectrum of consciousness—the red end which represents the deepest powers which waking effort can exert upon our physical organism. Indeed we must begin below that limit, for most assuredly in sleep some agency is at work which far surpasses waking efficacy in this respect. For the regenerative quality of healthy sleep is universally recognised as something *sui generis*, and the wonderful renovation which even a few moments of sleep will bring about far surpasses the utmost which hours of lying down in silence and darkness can accomplish.

Again, as regards muscular co-ordination and control, these normally in sleep are neither needed nor possessed, but in somnambulism, the person can accomplish feats of accurate co-ordination and even of strength utterly beyond the utmost limit of his waking powers to accomplish. Similarly the power of visualisation is often very greatly intensified both at the onset of sleep, in dreams, as well as in the first moments after awakening. Sometimes indeed the creative power of the imagination, and the faculties of inward audition, vision and the like, are greatly exalted in sleep and may be turned to practical account, as was done by R. L. Stevenson; while both permanent nervous injury, or nervous benefit, and even stigmata, may be produced by unwilled self-suggestions in dream, as shown in cases observed by A. Faure, Dr. Holbrook, and Dr. Kraft-Ebbing.

The permanent result of a dream thus shows that sometimes —contrary to our usual notions—the dream has not been a mere superficial confusion of past waking events, but has an unexplained potency—drawn, like the potency of hypnotic suggestion, from some depth in our being which the waking self cannot reach. And this comes out even more forcibly in the fairly numerous

class of cases in which a dream has been the starting-point of "conversion" in a religious sense, or of a sudden, marked and complete change of moral character.

Moreover, many cases prove beyond any doubt the existence of some connection between dream memory and hypnotic memory, a connection which points, as Mr. Myers abundantly shows, towards the existence of some subliminal continuity of memory, lying deeper down than the evocable memory of ordinary life. Indeed in every recorded instance where there has been any *unification* between alternating states, it is, as he points out, the memory *furthest* from the waking life whose span is the widest, whose grasp of the organism's stored-up impressions is the most profound. And the observed facts even indicate that many impressions, which have never even for a moment come within the apprehension of the supraliminal consciousness, are nevertheless retained by the subliminal memory, and are occasionally presented in dreams with what seems a definite purpose. Of this Mr. Myers cites several most striking instances, and the fact itself is altogether beyond doubt.

In these cases—such as Prof. Hilpricht's, for instance—we seem to reach the utmost intensity of sleep-faculty within the limits of our ordinary spectrum; but Mr. Myers then goes on to give us a series of intensely interesting cases in which the information conveyed in a dream lies altogether beyond what could have been normally known. The cases of Mr. Squire, Mr. Watts, Canon Warburton, Mrs. West, Mrs. Boyle, and numbers of others which have been most fully and carefully investigated and verified, illustrate the fuller emergence in the dream phase of our personality of those latent faculties such as telepathy, telæsthesia, clairvoyance, clairaudience, precognition, etc., of which some sporadic signs and intimations have been noted in our analysis of previous chapters.

To sum up our study of sleep; we have seen that in sleep there may be an increased co-ordination or centralisation of muscular control, and also an increased vividness of inner perception as well as of creative power. The dreaming self may undergo sensory and emotional experiences apparently more intense than those of vigilance, and may produce thereby lasting

effects upon the waking body and mind. Further, in sleeping or hypnotic states memory may be both wider in range and fuller in content than the waking memory; and also the power of inference and argument may be intensified in sleep, as is proved by the solution in sleep of problems which have baffled waking effort.

If then we attempt some generalisation—[admitting for the moment as an hypothesis the existence of a spiritual, or as Myers calls it, metetherial world]—we might perhaps think thus: Sleep is the infant's dominant phase; the pre-natal state resembles sleep rather than waking and so does the whole condition of our lowly ancestors. And as the sleeping state is the more *primitive*, so also it is the more *generalised* and the more *plastic*. Out of this dreamy abeyance between two worlds, the needs of the material world are constantly developing some form of alert activity, some faculty which was potential only, until search for food and the defence against enemies compelled a closer heed to "the life of relation," lest the relation should become only that of victim to devourer.

We shall thus have two phases of personality developing into separate purposes and in separate directions from a parent stem. The waking personality will develop external sense organs and will fit itself progressively for the life of relation to the external world. It will endeavour to attain an ever completer control over the resources of the personality, and it will culminate in what we call *genius* when it has unified the subliminal as far as possible with the supraliminal in its pursuit of deliberate waking ends.

The sleeping personality will develop in ways less easy to foresee. What, on any theory, will it aim at, beyond the familiar intensification of recuperative power? We can only guess, on my theory, that its development will show some increasing trace of the soul's less exclusive absorption in the activity of the organism. The soul has withdrawn from the specialised material surface of things (to use such poor metaphor as we can) into a realm where the nature of the connection between matter and spirit—whether through the intermediacy of the ether or not—is more profoundly discerned. That same withdrawal from the surface which, while it diminishes power over complex muscular processes, increases power over profound organic processes, may at the time increase the soul's power of operating in that spiritual world to which sleep has drawn it nearer.

It is a natural and easy transition to pass from the study of normal sleep to the examination of that great experimental modification of sleep which, under the names of *mesmerism* or of *hypnotism*, has yielded such an immense harvest of fertile and suggestive observations. Accordingly, it is to the study and analysis of the phenomena known as mesmeric or hypnotic that Mr. Myers devotes his fifth chapter, which is a very full one,

so much so that such a summary of it as our space will permit must be almost unduly condensed.

Mr. Myers first shows that hypnotism is an experimental development of the sleeping phase of personality; then, reviewing the various accredited modes of inducing hypnotic effects, he shows that these resolve themselves, on close examination, into suggestion and self-suggestion. Further it becomes evident on reflection that suggestion from hypnotisers resolves itself also in turn into self-suggestion—a conclusion which leads Mr. Myers to define "suggestion" as *a successful appeal to the subliminal self.*

Next, by careful analysis of the main achievements of hypnotism, we are shown that these, all of them, seem to imply an increased subliminal *vitalisation* of the organism; and again, that self-suggestion is exercised most effectively when it is supported by strong faith in some external vitalising or succouring power—a point which leads the author to the conclusion that man's spirit does actually draw in energy from some spiritual environment.

Our previous study, especially that of sleep, had shown the obvious desirability of reproducing and consolidating by experiment some part of that sporadic and spontaneous faculty which comes to the surface especially in vision and in sleep-waking states. But were it not for the knowledge which hypnotism has almost accidentally brought to us we should find it hard indeed to devise any appropriate scheme of experiment. However, hypnotism has been discovered and opens for us an easy road; but we must still remember that we are only likely to reach experimentally the "middle level" centres of the subliminal self. But this is enough to prove that hypnotism is no disconnected or extraneous insertion into experimental psychology, but rather a useful name for a group of necessary, although empirical and isolated, attempts to bring under control that range of submerged faculty which has already from time to time spontaneously presented itself to our notice.

Having thus established the legitimacy and orthodoxy of hypnotism, Mr. Myers then proceeds to speak of the various leading discoverers and investigators and their methods, reaching eventually the conclusion stated above that these are all

ultimately reducible to self-suggestion, and that "suggestion" in all its forms may be defined as a successful appeal to the subliminal self.

In this way Mr. Myers is able to present the puzzle of the capriciousness of successful suggestion—which is a very marked feature of the observations—as part and parcel of the larger problem of the relationships of the supraliminal and subliminal self—a conception which throws some light upon this bewildering subject. For we have seen that the subliminal self is specially concerned with the sleeping phase of personality, and we may therefore expect that hypnotism will involve some developed form of sleep. For the hypnotic trance is not identical—as some extremists have held—with ordinary sleep, since therein the subliminal self comes to the front in response to our appeal, and displaces just so much of the supraliminal self as may be needful for its purposes.

Charcot—the great rehabilitator of hypnotism—supposed that its stages followed a fixed physiological law, but this has since been completely disproved and hypnotic states have been shown to resemble rather alternating personalities of shallow type. Indeed the tendency of modern research has been rather to prove that hypnotism is far more a psychological than a physiological phenomenon.

But beneath and between the awakenings into limited, partial alertness, which constitute these hypnotic stages, lies that profound, hypnotic trance which can be best described as a scientific or purposive rearrangement of the elements of sleep; a rearrangement in which what is helpful is intensified, what is merely hindering or isolating is removed or reduced. A man's ordinary sleep is at once unstable and irresponsive. You can wake him with a pin-prick, but if you talk to him he will not hear or answer you until you rouse him with the mere noise. That is sleep as the needs of our timorous ancestors determined that it should be.

Hypnotic sleep, on the contrary, is at once stable and responsive; strong in its resistance to such stimuli as it chooses to ignore; ready in its accessibility to such appeals as it chooses to answer. Prick or pinch the hypnotised subject and although some stratum of his personality may be aware, in some fashion,

of your act, the sleep will generally remain unbroken. But if you speak to him—or even speak before him—then, however profound his apparent lethargy, there is something in him which will hear.

All this is true even of the earlier stages of trance. Deeper still lies the stage of highest interest — that sleep-waking in which the subliminal self is at last set free—is at last able not only to receive but to respond; when it begins to tell us the secrets of the sleeping phase of personality, beginning with direc tions as to the conduct of the trance or of the cure, and going on to who knows what insight into who knows what world afar.

In order to test and explain the scope of his definition of hypnotism, Mr. Myers then proceeds to lead us, in considerable detail and with wonderful care and knowledge, through a very wide survey of hypnotic results, which is far too elaborate and crowded with detail to admit of summarisation. It must suffice to say that he fully and amply establishes the validity of his definition, as well as illustrates the value and practical utility of the point of view which it expresses. Incidentally we are pre-sented with numerous instances of the suggestive or hypnotic induction of supernormal powers, such as clairvoyance and the like; but even apart from these, the whole trend of the survey shows that the effects of suggestion—however capricious or grotesque these effects may sometimes be—are essentially effects of *vitalisation* and imply that some energy is added, though in an irregular fashion, to both organic and psychical operations.

This naturally brings us to the next stage of our inquiry: the question as to the nature and source of this energy which both telepathic suggestion and self-suggestion imply. And after a careful discussion of the whole subject, Mr. Myers comes to the conclusion that no real explanation of hypnotic vitalisation can be given except upon the general theory that a world of spiritual life exists, with which the deeper self of man is in relation and upon which it can draw. Or to state the theory more fully in Mr. Myers' own words:

> Each man is essentially a spirit, controlling an organism which is itself a complex of lower and smaller lives. The spirit's control is not uniform throughout the organism, nor in all phases of organic life. In waking life it controls mainly the centres of supraliminal thought and feeling, exercising

little control over deeper centres, which have been educated into a routine sufficient for common needs. But in subliminal states—trance and the like—the supraliminal processes are inhibited, and the lower organic centres are retained more directly under the spirit's control. As you get into the profounder part of man's being, you get nearer to the source of his human vitality. You get thus into a region of essentially greater *responsiveness* to spiritual appeal than is offered by the superficial stratum which has been shaped and hardened by external needs into a definite adaptation to the earthly environment. . . .

The ultimate lesson of hypnotic suggestion, especially in the somnambulic state, is, therefore, that we thus get, by empirical artifices, at these strata of greater plasticity—plasticity not to external but to internal forces—where the informing spirit controls the organism more immediately, and can act on it with greater freedom.

This conception seems to throw a light upon a fact repeatedly observed, but hitherto hard of explanation. The somnambulic state seems to be the introduction to two powers apparently quite disparate—the self-sanative and the telæsthetic. The highest development of sleep thus involves at once more penetrative bodily recuperation, and more independent spiritual activity. The spirit is more powerful either to draw metetherial energy into the organism, or to act in partial independence of the organism. The cases already cited of "travelling clairvoyance" have, in fact, generally occurred during sleep-waking states, originally induced for some healing purpose.

take this to mean that the spirit can in such states more easily either *modify* the body, or partially *quit* and return to the body. In other words, it can for the time either pay the body more attention, with benefit, or less attention, without injury. I use the word *attention* because, in the impossibility of conceiving how a spirit can affect or control an organism, the most fitting term seems to be that by which we designate our own attempts at concentrating the personality. I would say in crude terms that the soul keeps the body alive by attending to it, and (as explained in Chapter IV.) can attend to central operations more directly than to superficial ones—to the activities of sleep more directly than to those of waking. Hence in deep states it can partially withdraw attention from the organism and bestow it elsewhere, while remaining capable of at once resuming its ordinary attitude towards that organism. Bodily death ensues when the soul's attention is wholly and irrevocably withdrawn from the organism, which has become from physical causes unfit to act as the exponent of an informing spirit. Life means the maintenance of this attention; achieved, in this view, by the soul's absorption of energy from the spiritual and metetherial environment.

And after briefly considering the wider bearing of the view here enunciated and its relation with the religious experience of the human race, Mr. Myers concludes this chapter with the eloquent words:

. . It suggests—what narrower definitions have not yet suggested—the possibility of a world-wide faith, or set of the human spirit, which may make for an ever more potent mastery over organic hindrance and physical ill. Let the great currents of belief run gradually into a deeper channel. Let men realise that their most comprehensive duty, in this or other worlds, is intensity of spiritual life; nay, that their own spirits are co-operative elements in the cosmic evolution, are part and parcel of the ultimate vitalising Power.

In beginning his next chapter, which deals with the phenomena of *sensory automatism*, Mr. Myers remarks: "We have now reached a central node in our complex argument," and it therefore seems advisable to quote at some length his summary of its past course and to indicate its future development.

Several lines of evidence, already pursued, converge here to form the starting-point for a new departure. Our view of the subliminal self must pass in this chapter (Chapter VI. dealing with Sensory Automatism) through a profound transition. The glimpses which we have till now obtained have shown it as something incidental, subordinate, fragmentary. But henceforth it will gradually assume the character of something principal, persistent, unitary; appearing at last as the deepest and most permanent representative of man's true being.

First of all, in Chapter II., we realised that secondary streams of consciousness and memory, separate from the ordinary supraliminal stream, are in certain cases developed, and may even become permanent, thus either alternating with the original stream of memory or supplanting it altogether. . . .

In the next Chapter (III.) we approached the subject from a different side. Without entering upon any cases obviously abnormal, we traced the uprushes of the subliminal faculty which occur, helpfully and sanely, in the course of ordinary thought and life. . . .

In Chapter IV. we traced the varieties of subliminal action in that alternating phase of our personality which may be said to lie wholly beneath the threshold of waking consciousness.

We found that the state of sleep reproduced and varied the subliminal phenomena observed in waking hours. The pictures and utterances of some *dreams*, presenting themselves without our conscious elaboration, resemble confused fragments of the inspiration of genius. Pushed somewhat further, becoming more intense and more separate from waking life, dreams turn into somnambulisms (discussed in Chapter V.) and thus may develop into veritable fissions of personality.

For the most part, dream introduces us only to incoherent thought, somnambulism only to irrational action. Yet from time to time we have found in dreams indications of a memory which surpasses waking memory.

. . . . During various forms of sleep itself, moreover, something of unusual faculty seems to be exercised; mathematical or philological ingenuity may surpass its waking level; the senses may show a delicacy of which we had not judged them capable. And in the background of all this we catch glimpses of still higher faculty; of those supernormal powers of telepathy and telæsthesia on whose existence our belief in a unitary Self must ultimately be so largely based. . . . The subliminal self appears to exercise in sleep an increased control, and to be able thereby to carry the physical organism into higher vitality, the mind into readier communication, by supernormal methods, with other minds, and into scenes beyond the range of sense. Incidentally we perceive a new development of multiplex personality; a new power of alternating or combining streams of memory, of changing for a time or permanently the character and the will.

Our last Chapter (V.) was devoted to this hypnotic concentration and expansion of human faculty. . . . And here, more than ever—both in hypnotic phenomena and in the analogous cases of spontaneous somnambulism—we perceived elements of new supernormal faculty mingling with heightened faculty of familiar types.

Each, then, of these several lines of enquiry has led us, through widely varying phenomena, in substantially the same direction. From every side we have indications of something complex and obscure in the structure of human personality; of something transcending sensory experience in the reserves of human faculty.

We have come to a point where we need some further colligating generalisation; some conception under which these scattered phenomena may be gathered and exhibited in their true kinship. Some steps towards this the evidence now to be presented may enable us to take. Considering together, under the heading of sensory and motor *automatism*, the whole range of that subliminal action of which we have as yet discussed fragments only, we shall gradually come to see that its distinctive faculty of telepathy or telæsthesia is in fact an introduction to a realm where the limitations of organic life can no longer be assumed to persist. Considering again the evidence which shows that that portion of the personality which exercises these powers during our earthly existence does actually continue to exercise them after our bodily decay, *we shall recognise a relation—obscure but indisputable—between the subliminal and the surviving self.*

Mr. Myers then proceeds to define *automatism*, using it as the widest term to include the whole range of subliminal uprushes into ordinary life. Under *sensory automatisms*—which are dealt with in this chapter—he includes the products of inner vision or inner audition externalised into quasi-percepts; while he applies the term *motor automatisms* to all subliminal messages conveyed by movement of limbs, or hand, or tongue, initiated by an inner motor impulse beyond the conscious will.

But there is also a fundamental difference between Mr. Myers' point of view and that of ordinary psychology. While the latter regards the supraliminal life as the substantive or normal personality, of which subliminal life is the semi-conscious stratum, Mr. Myers reverses this view and regards supraliminal life as a special or privileged case of the whole personality, and holds therefore that each ordinary sense or faculty will appear as a special case of some more general power, towards which its evolution may be tending. Each sense organ is usually supposed to obtain fresh information only through its own end-organ, but we shall see that new and true perceptions are also generated within the brain.

Analysing the observed facts, Mr. Myers shows us that vestiges of the primitive undifferentiated sensitivity persist in the form of *synæsthesiæ*, *e.g.*, when the hearing of some external sound carries with it the seeing of some form of colour. Now such percepts originate *within* the brain, and we can trace a regular succession of stages linking them, outwards, with ordinary vision, and inwards with sensory hallucinations. Going *outwards*, we have the series (to trace vision only): coloured audition, light flashes, due to mechanical stimuli of the optic nerve or eye, after-images and ordinary vision. Proceeding *inwards* we have coloured audition, memory-images, dreams, imagination-images, and finally visual hallucinations. We thus see that an hallucination is in reality an intensified internal vision. Now the faculty of internal vision varies very widely in different persons, and while hallucinations sometimes arise from well-known morbid causes, they are quite as common in health, and these latter, arising under quite normal conditions, are more instructive, as they are apparently spontaneous modifications of central percepts.

It used to be held that an hallucination was proof of some morbid condition; but this view has been shown to be quite unfounded by Mr. Gurney's extensive statistics of hallucinations occurring to persons "in good health, free from anxiety and completely awake." And the very full and complete investigation made showed conclusively that for the majority of hallucinations, as for the great majority of dreams, no special explanation

(either physiological or supernormal) can be offered; while in most of the coincident, veridical cases, the events coinciding with the hallucinations were unknown to the percipients at the time.

These veridical hallucinations also afford evidence of a development of fresh faculty, and some interesting questions arise as to the apparent spatial relationships involved.

Moreover mental visions can be controlled, *e.g.*, by hypnotic suggestions, and further actual hallucinations can also be thus produced, and since such suggested hallucinations involve at least a very great increase in the visualising power of the subject, they afford another example of that hypnotic evocation of fresh faculty which has already been referred to.

A simple empirical method of studying the correlation between the various types of internal vision may be found in crystal gazing, which seems to afford the readiest and easiest means of controlling the inward vision, and Mr. Myers devotes some interesting pages to this topic, reaching the conclusion that induced crystal visions illustrate all the various types of spontaneous sensory automatism.

Now, in order to have any objective validity—as some of these crystal visions experimentally induced have proved to possess—these visions must represent knowledge supernormally acquired, or else direct communication between the subliminal strata of two minds—in other words telepathy.

Further telepathy must exist if any disembodied intelligences exist; and on the principle of continuity, evolution from the lower carries with it the presumption of development into the higher. Thus the operation of telepathy is probably constant and far-reaching, as well as intermingled with ordinary methods of acquiring knowledge. We are thus led to a brief statement of the experimental investigation and proof of telepathy by the S.P.R., and thence Mr. Myers passes on to consider some of the hypotheses, such as brain waves in the ether, which have been suggested in explanation. These he discards as inadequate to meet the facts, and finally accepts, provisionally at least, the hypothesis of a "psychical invasion," which involves the conception that different segments of the personality can operate inde-

pendently of and unknown to each other, and sometimes apart from the organism. The truth of the first part of this has been established by hypnotism, *viz.*, the independent operation of different segments, with separate streams of memory and consciousness working through the same organism. The second part, *viz.*, that these segments can sometimes operate apart from the organism, is in turn established by the study of the cases brought together in this chapter, which, however, form only an almost infinitesimal part of the total evidence available. It would take us too long to discuss or analyse these cases, besides which to possess their full convincing power they should be studied in the original. But what might be called the crucial test is furnished by the fact that appearances resembling in all respects those classed as veridical hallucinations have been experimentally produced, *not* by hypnotism, or in any abnormal condition of agent or percipient, but by the deliberate, voluntary effort to project himself on the part of the agent. This experimental fact is so vitally important in its bearing on the whole subject that one instance at least must be quoted here in full.

A certain Mr. S. H. B. (personally known to Mr. Gurney) had already once successfully attempted the experiment of projecting and rendering himself visible to others at a distance. Mr. Gurney then requested him to send him a note on the night that he intended to make his next experiment, and on the morning of Monday, March 24th, 1884, received from him the following note:

March 22nd, 1884.

Dear Mr. Gurney,—I am going to try the experiment to-night of making my presence perceptible at 44, Norland Square, at 12 a.m. I will let you know the result in a few days.—Yours very sincerely,

S. H. B.

The next letter was received in the course of the following week:

April 3rd, 1884.

Dear Mr. Gurney,—I have a strange statement to show you, respecting my experiment, which was tried at your suggestion, and under the test condition you imposed.

Having quite forgotten what night it was on which I attempted the projection, I cannot say whether the result is a brilliant success, or only a

slight one, until I see the letter which I sent you on the evening of the experiment.

Having sent you that letter, I did not deem it necessary to make a note in my diary, and consequently have let the exact date slip my memory.

If the dates correspond, the success is complete in every detail, and I have the account signed and witnessed to show you.

I saw the lady (who was the subject) for the first time last night, since the experiment, and she made a voluntary statement to me, which I wrote down at her dictation, and to which she has attached her signature. The date and time of the apparition are specified in this statement, and it will be for you to decide whether they are identical with those given in my letter to you. I have completely forgotten, but I fancy they are the same.

S. H. B.

This is the statement:

44, Norland Square, W.

On Saturday night, March 22nd, 1884, at about midnight, I had a distinct impression that Mr. S. H. B. was present in my room, and I distinctly saw him whilst I was quite wide awake. He came towards me, and stroked my hair. I *voluntarily* gave him this information when he called to see me on Wednesday, April 2nd, telling him the time and the circumstances of the apparition without any suggestion on his part. The appearance in my room was most vivid and quite unmistakeable.

L. S. VERITY.

Miss A. S. Verity corroborates as follows:

I remember my sister telling me that she had seen S. H. B. and that he had touched her hair, *before* he came to see us on April 2nd.

A. S. V.

Other cases are also cited by Mr. Myers, and he concludes the chapter with the following words:

In these self-projections we have before us, I do not say the most useful, but the most extraordinary achievement of the human will. What can lie further outside any known capacity than the power to cause a semblance of oneself to appear at a distance? What can be a more *central* action—more manifestly the outcome of whatsoever is deepest and most unitary in man's whole being? Here indeed begins the justification of the conception expressed at the beginning of this chapter;—that we should now see the subliminal self no longer as a mere chain of eddies or backwaters, in some way secluded from the main stream of man's being, but rather as itself the central and potent current, the most truly identifiable with the man himself. Other achievements have their manifest limit; where is the limit here? The spirit has shown itself in part dissociated from the organism; to what point may its dissociation go? To what degree of intelligence, independence, perma-

nence, may it conceivably attain? Of all vital phenomena, I say, this is the most significant; this self-projection is the one definite act which it seems as though a man might perform equally well before and after bodily death.

BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE NEO-PLATONISTS

(CONCLUDED FROM p. 249)

AGAIN, if knowledge without virtue is vain, virtue without knowledge is insecure, and has no stable foundation. Therefore Plotinus says that it is Dialectic or Metaphysics—the science of Being—which supplies principles to the other two branches of philosophy; to ethics as well as physics. Following Plato, Plotinus recognises three temperaments in mankind as peculiarly conducive to the ascent to God: those of the musician (or artist), the lover, and the philosopher. The musician and the lover must become philosophers by learning that the beauty which they pursue is in truth something apart from the sensible manifestation of beauty which here excites their regard; that the presence of beauty in anything is the sure token of a divine origin; that the love of beauty, however disguised or distorted, is at bottom naught else than the love of God, since "God is the All-fair." The philosopher, if he be worthy of the name, is both musician and lover as well; it may be, not in the vulgar sense of the words, but certainly according to their higher and more universal significance. For the harmony of music is but an image of the universal harmony; the love of man is as a spark from that great Love which lightens all the world—the strongest of bonds, which binds the universe together, and conjoins the mortal with the immortal.

And though the aim of philosophy be to detach the soul from the body, we shall not accomplish that aim by refusing to recognise and to enjoy the beauty which is manifest in body. The

love of sensible beauty is a necessary discipline of the soul, and we advance not by despising, but by outgrowing it, as the man outgrows the pleasures of the child. When we have indeed outgrown it, when we are aware that it is but as a shadow of the more excellent beauty of the mind, then, but not till then, we may "close the eyes of the body, and make use of another sight, which," says Plotinus, "all possess, but few employ." In this ascent, therefore, we lose nothing. All that we have truly loved remains to us, as we rise from the imperfect intimation to the more and more perfect realisation. This is what Plotinus means when he says that "the soul, divesting itself of everything foreign to God, ascends until it alone beholds God alone." For the things of which the soul thus divests itself are not realities, but obscurations of the reality, since God alone is in all things the innermost reality.

The happiness which the wise man seeks is something far removed from the vulgar conception of happiness. In this respect Plotinus goes further than Aristotle, who, while defining happiness as "an activity of the rational soul in accordance with the highest and most perfect virtue," makes it a condition that external circumstances shall be in some degree propitious. This concession to human weakness Plotinus absolutely rejects, and in the plainest language. "If we suppose two wise men, one of whom has all the advantages of nature and fortune, while the other is without them, is not the former the happier?" And the answer is: "No; if they are equally wise, they are equally happy."

There is a Stoic severity about this doctrine which at first hearing seems a little chilling. Yet if we are to take happiness in the high sense which these philosophers attached to the word, Plotinus was undoubtedly in the right. Happiness, according to his own definition, is "the possession in energy of the perfect life"; and the perfect life is obviously not that of the body or animal nature, which is neither perfect nor pure, being mingled at every stage with death. The perfect life is that of the immortal essence of the soul, energising in conformity with the divine Mind, and the possession of this life is in no way dependent on external circumstances. "He alone is truly happy who has the perfect life in energy, and has identified himself with it. That

such a man possesses happiness is proved by the fact that he desires nothing more. He finds his good within himself; and the Good Itself is the cause of the good in him. What he still seeks, he seeks as requisite, not for himself, but for something which belongs to him (*e.g.*, his body). In adversity he is none the less happy. If he is afflicted, the affliction does not touch the inner man, but only that in him which hath not intellect."*

Plotinus goes still further. Happiness is a state of the soul, but does not necessarily imply the reflection of that state in our everyday consciousness. The wise man may be happy even when unconscious of his happiness; for happiness resides in active wisdom, and the higher part of man may be active without transmitting the knowledge to the animal. Intellectual energy may be active in us without our perceiving it. Perception implies reflection—a turning back of the thought upon itself, so as to reflect itself in the imagination as an object in a mirror. Now, if the mirror be removed, the object is still there, though no longer reflected. Even in this waking life we often act without being at the moment conscious of our action; in fact, unconscious energy—that which is forgotten in its object—is of all energy the most intense.

I find in Emerson a recognition of "the distinction of the outer and the inner self; the double consciousness that, within this erring, passionate, mortal self, sits a supreme, calm, immortal mind, whose powers I do not know, but it is stronger than I; it is wiser than I; it never approved me in any wrong; I seek counsel of it in my doubts; I repair to it in my dangers; I pray to it in my undertakings."†

Maurice Maeterlinck has expressed a similar thought. "We possess," he says, "a self more profound and more inexhaustible than the self of the passions or of the pure reason." Our ordinary consciousness is "a plant of the surface," far distant from this "great central fire of our being." "I may commit a crime," he continues, "without the least flutter in the smallest flame of this fire; and, on the other hand, a glance exchanged, a secret thought, a moment of silence, may stir it in its depths, and cause it to overflow upon my life. It may be reached by a breath, yet

* Plotinus, *Ennead* i. 4. 4.

† Cabot's *Life of Emerson*, i. 213.

ignore a tempest. We must seek that which reaches it: all is there, for it is there that we ourselves are."*

Plotinus formulates his thoughts on this subject in the doctrine—which, I believe, is peculiarly his own—that our souls do not wholly descend; that, however far our consciousness and our energies may have become engaged in the life of this world, with its passions and its trivial aims, there is yet, in the inmost soul of every one, an essence remote from these temporary interests, an essence which dwells for ever in the divine; and that this essence, however little we may be aware of its presence, is indeed the true soul, the true self, in each one of us. It is this essence that is indicated in the famous maxim, "Know thyself"; a maxim of all the most essential and the most difficult to obey. We are happy in the sense of these philosophers, then, only, when our thoughts and our energies are in harmony with this divine essence.

It has been said that Dialectic furnishes principles to the other two branches of philosophy. In the Platonic sense, Dialectic means not merely a system of logic, but the application of a logical system to the science of metaphysics or ontology. Now as physics—the science of phenomena, or apparent being—is the lowest branch of philosophy, metaphysics—the science of real being—is the highest. Between these two is the place of ethics—the rule of right conduct—which leads us from the illusions of sense to the perception of true being, and by developing the divine nature within us, brings us into touch with the divine reality in all things. All reality is comprised in Mind, regarded as a universal principle. Thus we have two worlds: the world of Mind, or the Intelligible World, as it is commonly called; and the world of appearance, or the sensible world. The former includes in itself all real being; the latter is simply a manifestation of the former under material conditions and limitations.

This broad distinction being made, we find that the true, or intelligible, world is again distinguished into a triad of principles, of which the second emanates from the first, and the third, in like manner, from the second. This doctrine of the three hypostases, or substantial principles, must be regarded as the central

* *Le Trésor des Humbles: Novalis.*

doctrine of Neo-Platonic metaphysics. The suggestion of the doctrine may be found in Plato, but it was for the first time definitely formulated by Plotinus, and was accepted, substantially without change, though with some added details, by his successors.

Strictly speaking, the first of the three hypostases does not belong to the intelligible world, but transcends it. It is God in the highest; "that beyond which nothing is, and after which all things aspire."* It has no attributes, since it transcends even being; it is *no thing* in itself, but the cause of all things. This principle is necessarily beyond human comprehension, and the appellations which are given to it—the One, and the Good—indicate at most only something of the relation which the universe bears to the First Cause. Yet although it transcends all things, it is also within all things: the Unity which is not Being, but by which alone Being is possible; the Good to which all Being eternally tends, the supreme object of desire to all.

From this principle emanates the second, called by the Platonists Mind or Intellect. This second hypostasis is itself a triad, consisting of Being, Life, and Intellect; only as yet the three are unseparated, and together constitute but one essence. In other words, the Intellect which perceives, the Intelligible which is perceived, and the act of perception, are identical. Intellect looks ever within, towards the central source of its being, the first hypostasis. And looking within, it beholds all things in itself, and as itself. The thoughts of Intellect are Ideas, *i.e.*, the essential realities of which all things in our world are but shadows or imperfect manifestations. All these ideas are comprehended in Intellect, and are one with it, even as in every individual mind the thoughts that it contains are one with the mind that thinks them. Only whereas universal Mind is eternally active, and infallible in its action, since in it is comprised the truth of all being; our individual minds are intermittent in activity, impeded and deceived by the conditions of this partial life to which they have subjected themselves.

Intellect, or Mind, being then the first manifestation of the God who is beyond all things, a further degree of manifestation

* Proclus *Elements of Theology*, 113.

is reached in the third hypostasis, Soul, which is the utterance' or *logos*, of Intellect, as Intellect is the utterance, or *logos*, of the One. Proceeding from Intellect, Soul is also an intellectual essence; but whereas pure Intellect is stable, Soul is in motion. The function of Soul, says Plotinus, is to move towards and about Intellect. Pure Intellect knows itself wholly, and without transition; all that it possesses is ever present to it in energy, being indeed itself. Soul, although as an intellectual essence it possesses all things within itself, energises with transition, passing from one act to another. The activity of Intellect is internal; all that it produces it perceives as itself. Soul, on the other hand, alone of the three hypostases, produces itself externally, and its production is the visible universe.

In Soul again, as in Intellect, a triadic distinction is to be noted, though properly so only in its individual manifestations, such as human souls. As a universal hypostasis its nature is twofold. The higher, or pure, soul, looking unceasingly within and through itself to the hypostases which are beyond it, receives from them the principles which, by the agency of its lower power, the irrational soul, or Nature, it produces externally in the creation of the sensible world. These two aspects have their counterparts in every individual soul. The higher is that part of ourselves which, according to Plotinus, never descends, but, like the universal soul, remains always on high, looking towards Intellect, and acting with unimpeded energy, though we, in this lower life, are rarely conscious of its action. The lower, or irrational, soul in us is that faculty by which we are correlated with the external world, and of which the corporeal senses are the organs of perception.

Between these two faculties in the individual is the place of the third faculty—the rational soul. This is in a special sense the individual himself; possessed of reason and freewill, by which he is enabled to raise himself to the divine, but also to debase himself to the brute. The rational soul is therefore the seat of virtue and vice; the higher, or pure, soul being beyond virtue, since it is beyond the need of purification; and the irrational soul, considered simply, being below virtue, since it is without reason and therefore without responsibility. In our life the rational

soul is the special attribute of humanity, though there are not wanting signs of its presence in what we call the lower animals.

These faculties of the soul are not separate principles, but merely separate aspects of the activity in manifestation of one simple essence, the Soul itself. The lower faculties emanate from the higher, and it is often difficult, perhaps impossible, to draw an exact line of demarcation between them; as, for example, in our observation of the lower animals we continually find it impossible to distinguish between the actual exercise of reason and the irrational instinct, which is itself, so to speak, a vestige of reason irrationally produced. The pure soul, in its highest energy, is the true, the divine, self in each one of us. It relates us to the universal Soul, to the pure Intellect, from which it is hardly to be distinguished, and to the First Cause itself. If in this life we are commonly unconscious of its presence, it is because, in the words of Emerson, "the consciousness in each man is a sliding scale, which identifies him now with the First Cause, and now with the flesh of his body." The rational soul in us is the human self, which it behoves us to raise until it is indistinguishable from the divine, instead of suffering it to sink, as we often do, to the passions and appetites of the irrational life.

Not that the irrational life—the life of the body—is in itself evil, though it may be a condition of evil to the individual. Universal Soul, looking towards Intellect, is filled with "reasons" or productive principles proceeding from the Ideas which are in Intellect. These reasons it produces externally, in matter, as the body of the visible world; and this production takes place not as a result of deliberation, but essentially, as a light illumines the darkness, and without impediment to the higher life of the soul. Matter, in which the production takes place, is a vestige, at the furthest remove, of the infinity of the first Cause. Beyond it nothing is, and in itself it has no being apart from the forms and life which are ever manifested in it by the soul, and which are as a reflection of the true forms and life which subsist in the soul itself. Thus the generation of the material world is an essential activity of universal soul, an activity without beginning and without end; and, as Plotinus says, the soul does not create

through an inclination to matter, but contrarily: for if it incline to matter it must be from forgetfulness of intelligibles; and if it forget these, how can it make the world, since the intelligible world is its model for this world?

What is called the fall or descent of the soul is, therefore, not applicable to universal soul, but only to soul in its individual manifestations, since it is caused by an inclination to matter and the material life, and a forgetfulness of intelligible truth. It is the individual, rational soul which thus descends, losing consciousness of its own higher self, and dwelling in the midst of shadows which it mistakes for realities.

In conclusion, I will venture to say a few words on the relation of Neo-Platonism to Christianity. That Neo-Platonism had a considerable influence upon Christianity—an influence not merely contemporary with the Neo-Platonic school, but apparent in the mediæval Church, and thence transmitted even to our own times—is undeniable. But that the influence was reciprocal we have no grounds for believing. Plotinus himself, it can hardly be doubted, must have known something of Christianity,* but there is no evidence in his writings that he had paid any attention to the subject, or that it had influenced his thought in the smallest degree. It is true that in one of his books he exposes the fallacy of certain doctrines held by some of the Gnostic sects, but so impersonal is his treatment that he never mentions who were the advocates of these doctrines; we learn from Porphyry that they were Gnostic Christians. The doctrines, however, which he there refutes are distinctively Gnostic, and have never been accepted by orthodox Christianity.

But if Plotinus found it possible to ignore the claims of Christianity, the same attitude of quiet indifference to a new and revolutionary creed became impossible for his successors. In the days of Plotinus the ancient faith was still in the ascendant, but the rapidly increasing influence and power of the new faith were soon to compel the attention of the philosophers. To a superficial view it might seem that, having to choose between Christianity and Hellenism, they would have inclined to the former

* His teacher, Ammonius Saccas, is known to have been a Christian in his youth.

or, at least, to a neutrality not unfriendly to it. The new religion presented more points of similarity to their own ways of thinking than could be found in the creed of the pagan populace. It had assimilated, and was still assimilating, much of the wisdom of Greece. Yet the fact remains that in these Neo-Platonic philosophers—that is to say, in the wisest, most virtuous, and most intellectual men of the age—Christianity met its steadiest and most formidable opponents.

Their attitude was not altogether without reason. That the creed of the populace could never be the creed of philosophy, they well knew. Religion was not to them a set of dogmas, to be imposed upon all men alike. They knew that in all men the inward sense of religion, whatever its outward form, must vary with the stage of development to which each had attained. Freedom of thought was essential to philosophy, and this freedom the Hellenic religion did not refuse. Here, at all events, were no rigid lines of demarcation between orthodoxy and heterodoxy. The imperial government had respected the faiths of other nations, and had even received the gods of the aliens into their own Pantheon. Jupiter was no jealous god, and his worshippers allowed that even barbarians might adore the same divine presence under other names. And if this latitudinarianism meant indifference on the part of the many, it was not so with the more earnest and thoughtful. Its innermost significance was indicated by Proclus, when he declared that the true philosopher should be the high-priest of the universe, and not of this or that particular creed.

Christianity allowed no such latitude. By Christianity I do not now mean the ethical and spiritual teaching of Christ, but the body of dogmatic theology which his followers superimposed upon that teaching. Purer and more elevated than the popular creed which it was gradually supplanting, the orthodox Christian faith was becoming more and more rigidly defined. Not the spirit only, but the letter of Christianity was held necessary to salvation; and of the letter only one interpretation was to be deemed orthodox. You must believe, said in effect every Christian sect, not only what we do, but as we do, or it will be the worse for you.

Now this intolerant spirit, derived from Judaism, was foreign and not easily intelligible to the Greek mind. The Greeks did indeed regard those as impious who denied the existence of the gods, and the divine providence in the affairs of men. Even Plato (*Laws* x.) was not unwilling that such persons should be punished by law for their impiety, though in this point the Neo-Platonists would have refused to follow their master. But this condemnation of impiety was far removed from the zeal for uniformity in religious matters which found a crime in every difference of opinion. Moreover, it was at all times rather theoretical than practical. The condemnation of Socrates was only ostensibly an instance of religious persecution ; and, to come nearer to the times with which we are dealing, the cruelties inflicted upon the Christians were undoubtedly due to political motives. It is more than probable that, could they have escaped the suspicion of disloyalty, and refrained from insulting and assailing the creed of their fellow-citizens, they might have worshipped God as they pleased without any interference on the part of the imperial government.

Their intolerance repelled the philosophers. The popular Hellenism, though, as I said, in itself less pure and less exalted than Christianity, presented no such barriers to the exercise of free philosophic thought. It was this consideration, I believe, which, beyond all others, determined the philosophers in their opposition to the new doctrine. Other considerations were, no doubt, mingled with it—respect for the old traditions of Hellenism, disgust at what they deemed the impiety of the Christians—but this was their leading motive. They were, as Mr. Whittaker has called them, "the champions of the old intellectual liberty of Hellenism against the new theocracy." It must be owned that the subsequent history of the Christian churches has gone far to justify the position taken up in respect to Christianity by the Neo-Platonic philosophers.

Wm. C. Ward.

THE OLD MONK'S TALE

In a German monastery famous in the Middle Ages for its culture and learning lived an old monk into whose care the books and manuscripts were given. His face bore the expression of peace, but there was nothing in it of the high intellectual powers of the other monks, nor of that eager wish for learning which shone in the features of the young students. He fulfilled carefully his humble duty to keep away dust and moths from the treasures of science, handling them evidently with great love and reverence, yet without ever opening their pages.

Once there had been an eager competition among the young students for a prize of great honour and one of them was sitting in despondency alone in the library; his haggard and pale face told of many a night's work spent in vain, only to see the prize carried off by a fellow student almost without an effort.

The old monk approached him with the sympathetic question: "What ails thee?" and the youth, his heart full of his misfortune, poured forth a stream of complaints and accusations of himself and the world around him, although he felt sure the old man would not be able to understand the weight of his trouble. But in the aged monk's kind face had come a dreamy, far-away look; when the young man had at last exhausted his flow of words, and there was a pause, the old man began:

"When I came to the monastery many years ago, I too was young and ambitious, and intended to do as the others did. I had made up my mind to become a learned man and worked day and night. When the others laughed at me for my hard understanding I thought I might make up for it by working still harder. Then came the dark day when I felt I could never master my task. After midnight prayers the others retired to their cells, but there was no sleep for me. I stayed behind in the chapel, my soul full of both prayer and rebellion against God, and the wide, empty space seemed not empty and wide enough for the fierce struggle in my heart.

"I know not how long it had lasted, when my attention was attracted by a light and a fragrance beyond earthly sweetness. At the same time I noticed that I was no longer alone. Hundreds, nay thousands, of men and women filled the seats around me, and all looked at a woman of more than human height and of celestial unspeakable beauty who stood in the midst of them. The light streaming from her grew stronger and stronger and shone on the gilded ornaments and the coloured windows, filling every nook and corner of the building, which now seemed to have increased to an immeasurable size.

"On a book which the lady held in her hands, I could read in golden letters the word 'Wisdom.' She began slowly to turn over its leaves. Then she tore off one and gave it to some one in the crowd, and another to someone else. A third got two leaves and others again even more; for some she had only half a page. When my turn came she tore off just a tiny slip for me. As I touched it I felt a slight shock, and looking up I found it was all dark again and that I was alone.

"But the paper was still in my hands. By the dim light of the ever-burning lamp before the Virgin I found that it was no longer a slip torn off, but had now become a tiny square full page. The next day by daylight I discovered on it strange characters and diagrams which I could not understand. Yet its fascination was so great that every moment I had to spare I was trying to learn to understand it. After a long while I saw a letter here and there.

"Later on I found that there were words, and one day to my surprise and joy I noticed that my tiny treasure had grown in size. The more I worked the more it grew, slowly and imperceptibly like the trunk of a tree grows. One does not notice it and yet every year it is getting stronger.

"Since then," concluded the old monk, "my mind has found peace."

He turned away from the young student to tend the manuscripts and books he loved so dearly, and which he knew the day would soon come when he would be able fully to understand.

GERTRUDE SCHACK.

SOME KÂRMIC PROBLEMS

In our early Theosophical days we grasped the broad idea of Karma, and it is only as we plunge more deeply into study that we discover the innumerable complexities in the working out of the Good Law; initial difficulties vanish as our vision clears, but new ones ever arise on the mental horizon, so that our ignorance seems to increase more rapidly than our knowledge.

In taking up some of these problems for study, we may assume that all Theosophists are acquainted with the three-fold division of Karma, and with the general workings of desire, thought and action.

The first type we may consider is an action which seems to be entirely out of relation to the character of the actor, as when a man of high character suddenly commits a crime. Such an action may be the result of a cause set going long ago in his past, a cause which has not found its opportunity of acting until many lives after the one in which it was generated. We have here an extreme instance of a general rule, that a man's actions often bear little relation to his present ideas. His actions are mostly the results of his desirings and thinkings in the past, modified but slightly by his desirings and thinkings in the present. A man is at one and the same time the reaper and the creator of Karma, and doing is reaping. As he acts he is sowing fresh seed for the future in his present desirings and thinkings, but the action as such is the harvest of past sowings; it is the outcome of the man as he was, not of the man as he is. To judge a man by his actions is to pass judgment on the man of the past, not on the man of the present; hence "Judge not" has been the maxim of the Teachers. None can judge a man aright, unless he can read his thoughts and desires, the outgrowth of his present character. Wide is the difference between our thoughts and our actions, our aspirations and our achievements.

The thought comes from what we *are* at the present time, we create it according to the powers we have evolved; the action is fettered on all sides by its generating causes in the past, and is the manifestation of what we *were*.

The most startling discrepancies between present character and present actions arise in the more highly evolved types, and especially in persons whose evolution has been rapid.

In a far-off past a man has desired and thought an evil thing, and has completed it on the astral and mental planes (we will return to this in a moment). Now behind each man is a mass of mixed Karma, and only a certain amount of it can be worked out in any given personality. The Lords of Karma select out of this mixed mass such portions as are sufficiently congruous with each other to be worked out in a single type, within certain limitations of character and circumstances, and having regard to the persons in incarnation at the period of this particular man's life. The evil thing awaiting manifestation as action cannot find its opportunity for many lives—very possibly because the person or persons related to it do not take birth at the time when the man is on earth. Hence it is held over life after life. Meanwhile the man is making rapid progress, develops his character and strengthens all his powers. Yet this veritable sword of Damocles is suspended over his head, ready to fall. The opportunity for action comes at last, and the evil thing takes birth as an action. The saint sins, to the astonishment of himself and of those around him; and all men question: "Why is this? Surely his present strength should suffice to prevent such an act."

This brings us to the meaning of the phrase used above: "completed it on the astral and mental planes." An activity is composed of three stages—desire, thought, act; we wish for a thing (desire), we think how to obtain it (thought), we grasp it (act). During the first two stages we enjoy comparative freedom; as we are desiring, thought, prompted by experience, may step in and wrestle with the desire, may conquer and slay it, so that that activity is stayed and does not pass on into the second stage. Or we may reach the second stage, and be thinking how to accomplish our desire, and other thoughts, again prompted by ex-

perience, may wrestle with this thought and overcome it, and the activity is stayed at the second stage. But when the second stage is completed, and the thought is ripe for action, so that only the open door of circumstance is needed for the thought to burst through it into action, then freedom is past, and the moment the door opens the act will be done.

Sometimes a wall of circumstances is built between the completed second stage and the third, and the action waits; death may come, but still the action waits, standing on the threshold until the door opens. Many lives may pass, and the door may not open; suddenly, in some life, circumstances open the door of opportunity, and the man performs the action without another thought, aye, though fifty or a hundred lives may have intervened. Such an action is inevitable, for its generating causes are complete, and, however incongruous it may be with the tenour of the life in which it occurs, it must come.

It must be remembered that the condition of the inevitableness of an action is that the desire and thought stages are *completed*. If there is a moment in which the man can think before he acts, if the action be not instinctive—done without thought—he can resist. There are all grades of difficulty in resisting the impulse to do a particular act, but wherever there is time to think there is power to resist.

It may not be amiss here to note the fact that if a man who has some evil thing behind him awaiting birth as an act, be a man sufficiently evolved to remember his past, he may then destroy the evil Karma that waits on the threshold, he may burn up Karma by knowledge. For he can send against the completed thought a new current of thought of the opposite character, and destroy the evil ere opportunity has manifested the thought as act. In this way also, where the act is connected with a person, an ancient enemy, the enemy may be turned into a friend by sending to him streams of good will ere the meeting on earth takes place, and the old hatred seeking revenge may be made love seeking to bless.

The great Teachers of the world, knowing this possibility, have ever inculcated universal love and goodwill, and by obedience to Them a man may transform an ancient foe into a friend,

even though he wots not of his existence. For, taking it for granted that in his past he has generated some Karma of hatred, he may daily send out a wave of goodwill to all that lives, so that his love, outspreading in all directions, may quench any fires of hatred still fed by long-past wrongs.

Some interesting kârmic problems arise in connection with World-Teachers, the Divine Men who come into the world for its helping. For instance, let us consider the "working of miracles" by the Founder of Christianity, miracles being, as we know, manifestations of the subtler forces on the physical plane.

The Karma generated by a miracle is of two kinds. First, there is the good done by it physically and mentally; secondly, there is the effect of the miracle on the minds of the onlookers. Such a manifestation of super-physical power usually convinces a number of the spectators of the authority of the person wielding the power; as time goes on, the miracle becomes more and more of a difficulty in their minds, until in the majority of cases it comes to be regarded as a trick or a hallucination, and resentment too often grows up against the Teacher, who is regarded as a deceiver. This evil thinking grows out of the act of the Teacher, since if He had not performed the miracle, the antagonism would not have been generated.

Yet it may be necessary for the Teacher to gain by such means a hearing for his Message; it may be necessary, from the condition of the earth at the time, that there should be an exhibition of occult powers. Then the Messenger of the Great Lodge must, having undertaken the task, use the necessary means to win a hearing, and vindicate the reality of the invisible worlds, and hence He generates this mixed Karma of good and evil, working on for hundreds of years. We can see in the modern revolt against miracles, due to what is called "the scientific spirit," the weapon against Christianity forged by that past necessity. What can the Teacher do? He must strike the balance between the good and the bad results, and do the action which brings the preponderance of good as its result. He must deliberately take on Himself the evil Karma as part of the sacrifice He makes in helping the world. And the way this Karma works is to bind Him to the movement He has started, and He

must remain with His religion, guiding, loving, helping, until the Karma is exhausted that He generated in performing His work of salvation.

Many Messengers of the White Lodge, greater and lesser, have brought such reaction on themselves in the doing of the work—Mme. H. P. Blavatsky is a notable recent example. Out of this we may draw the general principle—one of the greatest practical importance—that no action done in an imperfect world can be wholly good in its results. "Every action is surrounded with evil as a fire is surrounded with smoke." No action that we can do is wholly good. All actions generate mixed Karma, because, being done in an imperfect world, the best must cause some friction, and we can only strive to choose the lines of work in which the good most preponderates. We must study the Law in order that we may understand its workings, and then in all our activities seek the balance of good, cheerfully bearing the inevitable evil which must accompany all the good we do.

Nor must we forget the goal to which the universe is tending. It bears as fruitage not only Divine Men, but within its matrix a LOGOS is evolving, who will be the builder of a higher universe. Great as a LOGOS is, He has climbed through all the forms—mineral, vegetable, animal, human, superhuman; and it is only because He has done this that He has acquired all-knowledge, and thus can begin a higher universe within the one in which He evolved. All the imperfect stages are necessary for the gaining of perfect knowledge, and what is a passing misery which produces an everlasting power? All the sufferings round us work to this end, as well as towards the evolution of each individual, and all the friction that occurs is caused by the continual growth. As we all evolve, the friction diminishes, and the Saviours in the later stages of evolution, being surrounded by more highly evolved beings, will have a better field to work in than had Those of the past, and thus less evil Karma will be generated in the doing of Their good work.

When we understand this part of the working of the Law, we can act with cheerfulness, using our best judgment, reason, thought, and all our experience, performing actions to the best of our ability, sure that some good and also some evil must result,

but striving to maximise the good, to minimise the evil. In proportion as we reach this state of mind will our work be efficient, and we shall be able to see that while the Logos of the universe rules and guides all, among us also a Logos is evolving and we with Him. At every stage there is and must be imperfection, good and evil mixed, and all we can do is to cause as much good and as little evil as possible. To be troubled and regretful is to increase the friction which delays the total evolution, and anxiety can only throw fresh obstacles in the way. Brave cheerfulness is our right attitude, and as we advance we must grow more calm, peaceful, serene, contented, no matter what troubles may surround us. In the midst of the storm we may carry a heart of peace. If we clear our eyes from personality; if we learn to identify ourselves with the Divine Man who is our Self; if we seek only God and the Law, indifferent to all our own circumstances; then the vision will become clearer and clearer, the mists will disappear, the path of right conduct will shine out, and even if sometimes we fail to tread it, the very failure will teach us to tread better in the future, for "Never doth one who worketh righteousness, O Beloved, tread the path of woe."

ANNIE BESANT.

PHILOSOPHY

THE discovery of that which is true and the practice of that which is good, are the two most important objects of philosophy.—VOLTAIRE.

PHILOSOPHY is a modest profession, it is all reality and plain dealing; I hate solemnity and pretence, with nothing but pride at the bottom

PLINY.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

The Living "Dead"

On the Other Side of Death. By C. W. Leadbeater. (London: Theosophical Publishing Society, 3, Langham Place. Price 6*s.* net.)

Among Mr. Leadbeater's many contributions to Theosophical literature, none, perhaps, is likely to find a wider public than this handsome volume, *On the Other Side of Death.* It is of universal interest, for as the author truly says: "The one thing which is absolutely certain in the future biography of all men alike is that one day they must die." "Certain is death to the born," says the *Bhagavad Gîtâ.* Death is, in truth, the only certainty for every man on earth. All else may vary in men's lives, but this—never. Naturally have men, therefore, continually questioned of the "other side," and all religions have given an answer more or less full.

In these modern days, in order that the materialistic belief that man perishes with his body may not triumph over the innate conviction, "Not all of me shall die," the spiritual Guardians of the race have seen fit to pour a flood of light into the darkness, and to lift the veil which covers from mortal eyes the other side of Death. First came the ever-strengthening evidence collected by the Spiritualists, seeking to clothe again with earthly matter the man unclothed of it by death, and thus to win evidence of the persistence of the personality beyond the grave, sufficiently clear and cogent to be accepted as demonstrative proof. For all patient and serious investigators they have established this persistence beyond reasonable question. Then followed the Theosophists, who sought to penetrate for themselves to the further side, and to go "living" among the "dead" instead of bringing the "dead" back among the "living." Of these latter is, of course, Mr. Leadbeater, who, however, in his earlier days, made effective use of the earlier methods. That the terms "living" and "dead" are ludicrously inappropriate both Spiritualist and Theo-

sophist declare; indeed, if they are to be retained, their use should be reversed, and "dead" should be used for us who are clothed in physical bodies, and "living" for those who are freed from the burden of the flesh.

Mr. Leadbeater begins by clearing out of the way some of the misconceptions about death that cloud men's minds, and he performs this preliminary task very effectively. He then sketches the evidence for continued life, and the way in which it may be obtained. Religious misconceptions are next dealt with, and then he turns to the Theosophical attitude towards death. Here he remarks that birth and death are by no means the most important points in the life-cycle, the most important being the point in each life-cycle at which the forthgoing energy of the Ego ceases its outrush, and turns inward again to its source. In Peru and in ancient India, he says, this was the time for withdrawal from worldly affairs, so that purification and detachment began in middle life, instead of being put off, as is usual now, until after death. Chapter v. deals clearly and concisely with "the facts as they are," and the next chapter gives some most interesting details on the effects of various vices in Kâmaloka, and then speaks of the life there of the intelligent man and of the unselfish worker. Luminous chapters follow on Astral Surroundings, The Desire Elemental—an unfortunate name for an important fact—and An Extension of Consciousness, and then we have a chapter on Invisible Helpers.

Mr. Leadbeater next turns to the evidences for apparitions of various kinds, and carefully classifies and arranges a very large number of old accounts and new, explaining and elucidating and introducing order into the chaos of facts. This part of the book is a remarkable proof of the value of Theosophical knowledge, and though few understand the subject as Mr. Leadbeater does, all students should realise this value when they wander in the jungle of ordinary collections of abnormal experiences. This part of the subject closes with some sensible advice on "how to meet a ghost," and a protest against the irrational fear of a fellow-creature in need, merely because he has lost his body.

A similar task of arrangement is next performed in regard to Spiritualistic phenomena, of which Mr. Leadbeater has had a very large and varied experience. This sub-division is closed with a chapter on the attitude of Theosophy to Spiritualism.

The thirty-second chapter is on Heaven, and is singularly beautiful and lucid; it should prove most useful to many Theosophists,

who have but vague and cloudy ideas in regard to that important stage of the pilgrimage of the Ego.

"The nature of the evidence" is then considered, and this brings us to the thirty-fourth and concluding chapter on "How clairvoyance is developed." Safe and unsafe methods are noted, and the advice given on the choice of methods is most timely, in these days when so many undesirable ones are offered to the public. Most important also is the warning that the would-be clairvoyant should purify the moral nature ere he seeks to possess psychical powers, lest his very success should lead him to moral downfall.

Mr. Leadbeater's book is a distinct enrichment of our literature, and when we consider the amount of travelling and of public work in which he has been engaged, it is wonderful that in a single year he should have added to our libraries three such books as *An Outline of Theosophy*, *Man Visible and Invisible*, and *On the other Side of Death*. Each book in its own place is admirable, and the Theosophical Society has cause to rejoice that among its oldest members it numbers one who shows such untiring devotion and such well-directed energy. Mr. Leadbeater does not work for the reward of gratitude, but the thousands he helps must keep him surrounded with a great army of "rosy elementals" of loving thoughts.

ANNIE BESANT.

AN INTRODUCTION TO "THE ANCIENT WISDOM"

The Elements of Theosophy. By Lilian Edger, M.A. (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1903. Price 2*s*. net.)

MISS EDGER gives us in the space of 202 pages a clearly written and thoughtful introduction to our colleague's well-known and widely-read volume, *The Ancient Wisdom*. It is practically a digest of the leading ideas in what we may consider to be, so far, Mrs. Besant's most important contribution to Theosophical literature, and will doubtless be of service by filling a gap between Mr. Leadbeater's successful little venture *An Outline of Theosophy*, and Mrs. Besant's hand-book. Miss Edger prefaces her book with a useful chapter on the origin and objects of the Society, based on our veteran President's chronicle in *Old Diary Leaves*; for the rest the work is well done and the manner of expression is suggestive and moderate. There are, however, two reasons why we should have preferred Miss Edger to compose an introduction of a more independent character. In the first place,

The Ancient Wisdom is very clearly written and it is difficult to misunderstand what Mrs. Besant intends to convey, except, perhaps, to some extent in the Introduction and the first chapter, which cover ground inherently of the very greatest difficulty; a further introduction, therefore, which avowedly "tries to avoid the most difficult points," may perhaps prejudice to some extent the sale of *The Ancient Wisdom*, which is of course the last thing Miss Edger would dream of being party to; while in the second place Miss Edger shows that she has herself thought deeply on the subject and is quite capable of putting forward the present result of her own digested studies in her own way.

G. R. S. M.

The Philosophy of Astrology

Theoretical Astrology. By H. S. Green. (London: L. N. Fowler & Co.; 1903. Price 1s. net.)

This little book is the third of a series of astrological manuals. We welcome it heartily, as being an attempt to investigate the philosophical pre-suppositions of the science with which it deals. The importance of this side of the subject is, in our opinion, only too frequently neglected by writers on astrology. And this neglect is at least a part cause of the contempt in which many people hold those who follow Emerson's bidding and "hitch their waggon to a star." We do not fancy that mere evidence in favour of planetary influence will ever, in itself, convince the sceptic. It will be necessary for votaries of astrology to prove that their science is not only true, as a matter of fact, and borne out by experience, but that something of the sort is *à priori* probable and to be expected.

This task Mr. Green essays to perform, when he links his favourite science to certain Theosophical tenets. Astrological influences cannot, he wisely says, be physical influences. They must emanate from those supra-physical regions which, as Theosophy declares, exist throughout the Universe.

In addition to some rather good descriptions of the differences between the influences of cardinal, fixed, and common signs, Mr. Green makes some decidedly illuminating remarks on the meanings of the mundane houses. What is wanted here is some single principle of interpretation from which the various meanings commonly attributed may be deduced. When we are told, for instance, as we

sometimes are, that the sixth house signifies "sickness, uncles, and domestic servants," we have a right to ask where the sense comes in and what is the connection of thought. And with this sort of difficulty Mr. Green endeavours to cope.

We cannot help feeling, however, that the author has fallen a victim to one weakness which is common to most astrologers. And that is the endless piling up of astrological influences. Not content with ascendants, zodiacal signs, mundane houses, planets, fixed stars, aspects, "directions," solar revolutions, synodical lunations, and diurnal figures, etc., etc., in the ninth chapter we are led into a perfect Cretan labyrinth of secondary planetary influences. What one feels about these things is that they may be true, but that no human mind, as at present constituted, could possibly grasp and weigh their subtle proportions if they were. To introduce them at all, therefore, seems to us to be doing what a young German of our acquaintance once called "organising a universal muddle." It would, of course, be possible for the astrologer to reply that, in doing this, he was only trying to make astrology resemble the complexities, in a word the "universal muddle," of life itself, but we think that, as long as astrology is not generally received among us, it would at least be wise policy in the astrologer to confine himself to the workings of the primary and more powerful influences, and cause those to stand out clear, sharp, and strong.

R. C.

A Self-Made Reincarnationist

Birth a New Chance. By Columbus Bradford, A.M. (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. For sale by Theosophical Book Concern, Chicago.)

A note printed on the publisher's paper cover which protects the binding of this book makes it specially interesting to us. The author says: "When this book was written, the author had not the slightest knowledge of Theosophical teachings. His postulate of repeated lives on this earth, by means of rebirth, through fixed laws of human character and conduct, grew out of what seemed to him an intellectual and moral necessity from which there is no escape. Having once adopted tentatively the belief that 'the dead live again by being born again' as a working hypothesis, all the known facts of human life, and all the teachings of the Bible, logically and rationally interpreted, seemed to him to support the hypothesis. . . . Since

writing the book the author has read a number of Theosophical works, and gladly testifies that he has found in them much that he regards as confirmatory of his position, and also much that he regards as a corrective of some of his reasoning."

Having so often commended this course to our readers—to take karma and reincarnation merely as hypotheses and see for themselves how many problems clear themselves up on this view—we cannot fail to be interested in a writer who has done this and actually come to the conclusions we have anticipated ; to note where his independent research agrees with ours, and to see where the information of our own authors has to be utilised " to teach him the way of God more perfectly." That he has been willing to receive this further teaching shows a freedom from prejudice from which much may be hoped hereafter.

Mr. Bradford prefaces his book by a series of thirty-two propositions, of which he says : " Many of them will seem quite at variance with orthodox standards. But I do not regard the term 'orthodox standards' as meaning *orthodox standstill*. Those who do thus interpret the term are excused from reading this book. Orthodoxy means, etymologically, correct reasoning and believing. I write therefore in the interest of real orthodoxy."

" Real orthodoxy " is thus claimed for a system which starts thus :

" The human race is a growing race, in process of rising from animal to angel.

" Man's so-called 'fall' was in reality not so much a fall as a failure to rise, when he had evolved to that plane from which he might have risen rapidly.

" Though his race has risen slowly, it is as a whole higher to-day, physically, morally, and spiritually, than at any time in its history.

" Man dies, not because he sinned, but because he was made to die.

" But it has been designed from the beginning that man shall cease from dying when he quits sinning, and otherwise proves worthy of living for ever."

A curious mixture of right intuition as to the " germ " of the new physical body, and of confusion as to the state after death, leads the author to maintain that the soul's consciousness altogether passes out of existence until the new body is ready to receive it, but we have nothing against the next proposition.

"This germ, or seed, into which the soul retreats [of course *we* should say 'which the soul retains'] at death answers well to the Apostle Paul's metaphor of the 'bare grain' which, he declares, is the only part of the body that is buried that will be in the new body when the dead person lives again."

Nothing, from the point of view of an ordinary Christian, could be better than the following:

"If we are to believe that God has any design for our race, as a race, in this world, as everything visible clearly indicates, we know that he is either bringing back by birth the same individuals who have lived here before and died, or creating new ones by birth to take the places of the dead. There are abundant reasons for believing he is bringing back the same persons again and again, and next to none for the belief that all who are born now are newly created. There is better ground, therefore, for believing that we shall live again on this earth after death, than for the belief that we shall go at once to some other world to live. A place that is good enough for God's creatures to live one time is good enough for them to live a second time, a third time, or a thousand times, if so many times are needed to exhaust the possibilities of that place for human development."

Our author is quite clear that the reward or punishment for the deeds done in the body must be received as a new life upon the earth where they were done, and, knowing nothing of the higher portion of ourselves which lives ever, he can only suppose the life between lives to be an utterly unconscious one. In fact, the indications given in the Bible are far too fragmentary and imperfect to form the foundation of a clear view of the future state; and if this be doubted, we need only refer to the fact that no two theologians entirely agree in the deductions they draw from them. As regards America, the point is well worked out by Mr. Bradford, though to a European it seems strange that the notorious Dr. Talmage should be considered an authority to be reckoned with. One objection to reincarnation often made—that we do not remember our past lives—is particularly well answered, by showing the horrible burden such remembrance of all our faults and failures in our lower lives would be. There are many other questions which it would well repay our readers to look up for themselves in the volume. The whole matter is treated, not with the flippancy of the controversialist, but with serious desire to help, under the feeling (the experience of which is so familiar to so many of us, and so deeply felt) which he thus expresses in his Introduction:

"As a public teacher, a considerable part of whose business it is to console the bereaved, I have come honestly to believe that the consolations commonly offered on funeral occasions do not console. Furthermore, I do not believe they ought to console, for I think they are radically wrong."

The reviewer, for his own part, is somewhat proud that never, from the first moment of his ministry, could he take any other view of the "consolations of religion." There are many Theosophists who can say, as he does, that it was just this steady pressure of dissatisfaction with the means given them by their religion to help the troubles and sorrows of others, far more than any trouble of their own, which has made them so thankfully accept the light of Theosophy.

A. A. W.

The Gnomic Haweis

Realities of Life. Being Thoughts gathered from the Teachings of the Rev. H. E. Haweis, M.A., by Jessie M. Oliver, with an Introduction, Memoir and Portrait. (London: Elliot Stock; 1902. Price 3*s.* 6*d.*)

In this booklet we have a tribute of affectionate remembrance of the Rev. H. E. Haweis, that eccentric, kind and clever soul who, almost more than any other clergyman of his time, realised the critical stage through which the Church was passing, and who recognised the necessity of adapting his services and preaching to the people if he desired to gain their attendance. The compiler of this book, realising that only a few of Mr. Haweis' writings will live, has carefully selected some of the "jewels of thought, utterances with the abiding freshness of eternity upon them," which are scattered through his less important works.

Though there is nothing of any striking originality, there is a new presentment of familiar ideas which is of interest. The marked characteristic pervading these utterances is distinctly that of "healthy mindedness," showing the brave spirit of the man who all through his life was handicapped by severe physical disabilities. Mr. Haweis had the artistic faculty of discerning the beautiful in life, and a fund of humour which helped him to bear his burdens.

To give an idea of his power of observing and realising the time in which he lived we will quote some of his thought on Religion. He says:

"The greatest tribute to the necessity of religion is, that it survives its out-worn forms; the greatest proof of the essential truth of Christianity is, that in spite of the twaddle talked every Sunday throughout England in the name of Christ, Christianity is still alive."

"To be a true saint is not to be like St. Simeon Stylites, or even like Paul, but it is to be like Jesus; no strange being at war with things secular, but still a being lifted up in pure energy and perfect balance—'in the world yet not of the world.'"

"Truth at first hand is better than truth at second hand, and authority is not safe if it is pitted against inquiry, if it seeks to silence questions or coerce the conscience."

Again, on wit and humour stress is laid showing their use in life: "Wit is not only highly moral, but extremely recreative and stimulating."

"I myself firmly hold that, wisely used and well, wit is a most effective disciplinarian, and one of the greatest sweeteners and purifiers of life."

On Dissent he says: "Dissent is none other than the long-stifled cry of the nation's conscience hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and bearing witness to a living spirit held in the frozen death grip of an ecclesiastical dead letter."

Space does not permit us to quote more, but many will find suggestive and stimulating thoughts in this little book.

M.

Samples of Hell

Traditional Aspects of Hell (Ancient and Modern). By James Mew. With Seventy-nine Illustrations from Original Sources. (London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; 1903. Price 6*s*.)

We congratulate Mr. Mew on producing a most readable book. His is not the ponderous tome of a German scholar who regards himself as having sinned against the Holy Ghost if he is caught omitting one single ingredient from his *Quellen* or his *Litevatuv*; Mr. Mew has not a single note from cover to cover, but every page bears unobtrusive evidence of wide reading, cultivation, and good feeling, and, best of all, our *cicevone* takes us round with a pleasant smile and a fine humour of which the over-serious alone will deprive themselves of the enjoyment. Mr. Mew's ambition is modest; his desire is solely to introduce to our notice the "more interesting features of the most prominent ancient

and modern hells." This he does with much urbanity and with the help of a number of thrilling illustrations from what the title-page describes, with conscious or unconscious humour, as "original sources." The samples of Hades which are presented for our delectation are selected from Egyptian, Assyrian, Brahmanic, Buddhist, Zoroastrian, Classic, Scandinavian, Hebrew, Christian, Muslim and Barbarian hell-representations. At the end of his review of some of the main features of the Christian Hell, Mr. Mew becomes serious, and protests, though not in his own name, against the blasphemous dogmas based on these horrid imaginings of human passion. But is the idea of hell (apart from dogmas) solely created by the human imagination? And if so, what is imagination? It seems real enough for the image-makers or image-conceivers; nay, the images seem to be more powerful than their creators. To-day we are shifting our idea of hell from the category of crude physical torments which delighted or amazed the materialistic notions of our forefathers, to a category of more refined and mental tortures, from which even the most sceptical sinner who denies a future existence, shall not be allowed to escape; for the theory of carrying our hell about with us applies to mortal man at every moment of his existence.

G. R. S. M.

Some Stones which the Builders Rejected

The Extra-canonical Life of Christ: Being a Record of the Acts and Sayings of Jesus of Nazareth drawn from Uninspired Sources. By Bernhard Pick, Ph.D., D.D. (New York: 1903. Price 5s.)

Those who are interested in apocrypha and desire to peruse a convenient selection from the tangled mass of early tradition and later legends which gathered round the memory of Jesus, cannot do better than procure Dr. Pick's latest book. It is divided into four parts: (i.) Comprising narratives referring to the Life of Mary, and the Birth, Childhood, and Boyhood of Jesus; (ii.) Narratives of the Passion and Resurrection; (iii.) Miscellaneous Records; (iv.) Sayings of Jesus. The last part (pp. 249-312) will perhaps be the most attractive to the general reader, bringing together as it does sayings from the lost Gospels of the Egyptians, Hebrews, Ebionites, and of Matthias, Philip, and Thomas, of Eve, and of John at Paris, from the Preaching of Peter, and the Oxyrhynchus papyrus and Fayoom

Gospel, and even from Mohammedan sources. Dr. Pick's scholarship is the warrant of reliable translation, and the bibliographical indications in the Introduction will be of great service for any who desire to continue their studies in this fascinating direction. The Theosophical Publishing Society will supply copies.

G. R. S. M.

Magazines and Pamphlets

Theosophist, April. This number of "Old Diary Leaves" is entirely occupied with the Judge scandal. For our own part we should have been glad had the Colonel's plan been consistent with leaving the matter in the semi-obscurity of his published reminiscences of the earlier Coulomb affair. The time has gone by when anyone can feel anything but sorrow for the fall of one who had laboured so earnestly and so long for the good cause. As to the facts, no one who was not personally mixed up with the affair could for a moment have doubted.

Next follow a very important lecture by Mr. Leadbeater, entitled "The Necessity for Reincarnation"; a careful study of "Free-will and Necessity," by A. Schwartz, mainly arranged from the works of Mr. Sinnet and Mrs. Besant; "Disharmony *versus* Harmony," by W. R. Mayers; "The Three Stages in the Life of a Nation," in which Kali Kuntu Sen tells us that when men begin to *think* "it begins to dawn upon their minds that *Jñânam* cannot mean the few metaphysical technicalities and abstractions we learn from this or that philosophy, or the reading of some indifferent vernacular treatises on *Pañchadesi* or the Vedânta or some stray and disconnected passages from the Purâṇas or the Upaniṣhads" (I should like to put the English equivalents for these, but haven't the courage!—A.A.W.) Between "'knowing' and 'becoming' there lie æons of time, during which man is to rise by mighty efforts." Next comes a review by J. J. Vimadalal of the remarkable article contributed by Mr. F. C. Beaman to the March number of *East and West*, to which I drew attention last month; and the number concludes with the continuation of Miss Crewe's "Light on the Path."

Prasnottava, March and April, announces that Mr. G. Arundale has taken over the editorship, and the late editor declares himself "relieved at the thought of this happy change, and wishes the Magazine (as we all do) a long and prosperous life." I suppose it is a matter of congratulation that the Activities of the Section are suffi-

cient to fill the two numbers with the sole exception of what promises to be a valuable study by Miss Edger entitled "Thoughts on the Zoroastrian Gâthas." It is to be hoped that the new editor will be able to obtain a renewal of the exceedingly valuable notes on the interior life which have at times made the *Prasnottara* precious to its English readers.

Central Hindu College Magazine, for April, well keeps up its level; and the contributions of Miss Ward, Mrs. Lauder, and Mr. G. Dyne, are of more than usual interest.

The Theosophic Gleaner, April, is produced on a somewhat novel plan, and we venture to think one which will attract more readers. The articles are: "Absolute Abstract Motion," by Mr. Sutcliffe; the sketch of Mrs. Besant from *The Lotus Journal;* "Where many Philosophers Meet," by Narrain Rai Varma, in which the opinion of Indian philosophers as to our Western thought is thus briefly (and, we doubt not, correctly) summed up thus: "Shankara went into his work thoroughly. Kant and Schopenhauer did not so go into theirs. Why not? Because they couldn't!" Further, translation of Goethe's "Gott und Welt"; "Psychical Research," from our own "Watch-Tower," and other interesting excerpts; under the head of "Our Visitors," an account of Mrs. Besant's visit to Bombay; and a well-selected collection of "Notes and News."

Also from India, *Siddhanta Deepika; The Dawn*, March, containing amongst much other interesting matter a paper by Mrs. Besant on the "Attitude of Modern Science towards problems of Higher States of Consciousness"; a thoroughly readable and valuable number of *East and West*, for April; and the *Indian Review* for March, which we also heartily recommend to our readers.

The Vâhan for May. The Enquirer treats first a question on the meaning of the "Great Renunciation," so often spoken of in our books. In connection with the apparent contradiction noticed in one of the answers between the Buddhist doctrine that Nirvâṇa, as a "place of no return," may be reached by evolution, and the Hindu doctrine that no karma of action can *deserve* perfect or complete Mukti, it might perhaps be suggested that whilst we cannot but grant to the Hindu that no karma, which is after all only a matter of the World-Illusion, can possibly give access to the state altogether beyond Mâyâ by any claim of merit, it is doubtful if this doctrine comes any way "into practical politics." I do not think the Buddhist Nirvâṇa goes so high; as far as I am aware we have no information of *any* state

from which, sooner or later, the soul does not return in due time, however long that time may be. Of the absolute and complete loss of *all* identity in the ocean of the Divine which seems to be the Hindu Mukti I do not find any trace in the teachings we have received, and I hope there is no such thing. But there is surely no need for us humans of the twentieth century to dispute over it. The other questions are as to the value of giving utterance to our worries—upon which C. M. makes the common-sense remark that to pass on the worry to somebody else is certainly *not* to exhaust it ; a modest request for a detailed explanation of the mastery over thought required for a Theosophist, in answer to which S. C. contrives in two columns of *The Vâhan* to give more useful detail than the querist had any right to expect; and lastly, one on the standing puzzle of free-will and necessity.

The Lotus Journal, May. This bright little periodical contains much good reading, including the conclusion of Mr. Leadbeater's lecture on "Purgatory," and the editors may be congratulated on their efforts to deserve success. We hope that at the year's end they will be able to say they have obtained it.

Bulletin Théosophique, April and May, announces the formation of a new Branch in Bulgaria. The report of the General Secretary to the Convention held on the 15th March, speaks very encouragingly of the progress of the Section, especially in Paris and Marseilles. He reports twenty Branches, of which five are new ; five centres, and an increase of 163 members since the last Convention.

Revue Théosophique, March and April nos., have for their main contents the opening of an important series by Dr. Pascal on Karma, under the title of "The Law of Destiny" ; Mrs. Besant's protest against a certain tendency to make of her and Mr. Leadbeater "little tin gods on wheels" ; Mr. Sinnett's paper on the "Photography of the Invisible" ; Mrs. Besant on "The Value of Devotion" ; and an interesting study by L. Revel on "The Mystic Silence," of which we borrow the opening paragraph. He says : "For the Poet and the Philosopher the Silence is active, it is the fruitful source of all activity of Mind and Soul. For the Theosophist, the Silence has a still deeper meaning ; it is in It and by It that is manifested the Power which dwells in us, and with which the soul must unite itself in order to attain, not, as the Catholics would say, its final end ; for end there is none, and evolution is unlimited ; but the higher degrees of its progress."

Theosophia for April has, besides translations, a paper by H. J. van Ginkel on "Astrological Influences." We find from the reviews that the same writer has published a translation of Mr. Sinnett's *Incidents in the life of Mme. Blavatsky*. We welcome every attempt to keep H. P. B. in evidence, now that there are comparatively so few of our members who have known the power of her presence in life.

Théosophie for May is a particularly interesting number. Amongst the Notes of M. Kohlen's Addresses is a valuable hint to members not to be too anxious to expound Theosophy to strangers—the danger being that we frighten them by its apparent complexity from any further study, instead of attracting them.

Der Vâhan for May has its regular abstract of the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW and the *Theosophist*, with full and interesting reviews of Leadbeater's *Man, Visible and Invisible*, and the new German edition of his *Astral Plane*. The selection from the English *Vâhan* follows, and the number is concluded by a review of the German translation of Mrs. Besant's *Dharma*.

Teosofia, March and April, have original articles by G. Rosa, U. F. del Giglio and S. Ferrari. The Notices inform us of the visit of Mr. Mead and his "gentile signora," and give us the welcome news that *La Revue*, a leading Parisian contemporary, has inserted two very favourable articles on Mme. Blavatsky, under the title of "A Modern Magician."

Sophia (Madrid) March and April, besides translations from Mrs. Besant, have two papers by E. Gonzales-Blanco on "Hylozoism as a World-Conception," and the conclusion of D. Velloyo's interesting "Theogony and Magic amongst the Aborigines of Brazil."

Translations from Mr. Mead and Miss Edger form the chief contents of the April no. of *Teosofisk Tidskrift*.

We have to welcome amongst our extra-European magazines the first number of the *South African Theosophist*, which we owe to the energy of our members at Johannesburg. In his "Foreword" the editor, Major C. L. Peacocke, writes: "At the beginning of the present year the small original group, reinforced by other students carried hither with the new influx, started organised work; the result has been far beyond our fondest hopes, and the interest evinced by enquirers leads us to believe that a very strong centre will shortly be firmly established in Johannesburg. Within two months our little group has grown from a total of seventeen to a fair-sized Branch of seventy Members and Associates, practically all of whom show their

genuine interest by regular attendance two or three times a week at lectures and study classes. Correspondence is being opened up with detached enquirers in other parts of South Africa, and we believe it only requires the presence of an active student in two or three towns to bring into existence Branches in these places." The spirit of our brothers in Johannesburg is shown in his concluding words: "If these teachings be true, then *Theosophy is the most important thing in the whole world;* if they be false, then the Founders of the Great Religions, Philosophers, Saints and Martyrs, shall have laboured and suffered in vain, and nothing will be left for man but gross materialism which dwarfs the soul, or gross superstition which dwarfs the intellect." The magazine is well printed and got up, the matter—original and selected—good; the hearty good wishes of all Theosophists must go out to our brave South African pioneers.

Theosophy in Australasia (March) seems waking up from its solemnity, and gives us a lively "Outlook" on things in general. The solid portion is supplied by Mr. Johns' paper "National Responsibility." The Sectional Financial Statement so nearly balances that we can't call it discouraging—perhaps next year the balance will be on the right side again.

New Zealand Theosophical Magazine, for March, contains the continuation of Miss Davidson's "Illusions," two papers by Marian Judson, and "The Law of Correspondence" and "The Dual Aspect of Manifestation," under the signature of Philalethes.

The Theosophic Messenger (San Francisco), March, is mainly devoted, as is quite natural, to the cult of Mr. Leadbeater; but a page is well used in reproducing a vigorous denunciation of the doctrine of vicarious atonement by a gaol chaplain, who says: "The fact is that most of the convicts are church members or non-professors, whilst among all the convicts I have known I have met neither Unitarian, Universalist, nor Spiritualist, nor yet a Swedenborgian. The reason is not far to seek. These modern movements in the religions have no magical cowardly scheme by which they can escape the results of their own responsible conduct."

Revista Teosofica, January and February numbers, are confined to translations.

Sophia (Santiago), March, has also an interesting set of selections.

Theosofisch Maandblad, April, on the contrary, has nearly all original matter, the only exception being that, in answer to a ques-

tion, the Editor "takes the liberty," as he says, to print Mrs. Besant's paper on "Prayer" as the best answer he can give.

Also received: *Modern Astrology*, with a continuation of Mrs. Leo's paper on the "Wisdom Religion"; *Mind; La Nuova Pavola; Light; N.Y. Magazine of Mysteries; Light of Reason; Animal's Guardian; Psycho-Therapeutic Journal; Logos Magazine.* Of pamphlets: *The Children's Cross*, by C. A. Eccles; two penny publications from Tolstoy from the Free Age Press; *The Christian Life*, by F. T. S. I., 4½*d.*, to be obtained from 53, Imperial Buildings, Mexbro', a very nicely written and useful attempt to work the Theosophical teachings into the ordinary Christian faith and life. A friend has also sent us for notice a slip from the *Petit Messager* (Brussels), containing an interesting summary of "Religion in Ancient Egypt," written by Mr. J. Redwood Anderson, M.S.T., which encourages us to hope for something more extensive from his pen hereafter—he must not let his studies in this important and little-known branch of Theosophy end with an article in a newspaper. A. A. W.

CORRESPONDENCE

England and India

To the Editors of the Theosophical Review

Permit me to call the attention of A. A. W. to the complete misrepresentation of my views contained in the statement: "Mrs. Besant wants more millions for India. But the failures of our civilisation are not to be set straight by taxing the English poor for the benefit even of Hindus." I must conclude that the reviewer did not read the pamphlet, but criticised what he thought I was likely to say, for there is not in the pamphlet *one single word* about England giving India financial aid. I noted that too many millions were taken away from India to be spent in England, and the great cost of English officials; so far from wishing the English poor to be taxed for Hindus, I alluded in one brief paragraph to the cost imposed on India, the fact being that it is the Indian poor who are taxed for the English benefit. I did not complain that this should be so, but only said too much was taken. I am the more inclined to think that the reviewer did not read the pamphlet, as the points it does deal with, religion, education, famines and manufactures, are not touched on. Annie Besant.

Printed by the Women's Printing Society, Limited, 66 & 68, Whitcomb Street, W.C.

THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

VOL. XXXII JULY 15, 1903 No. 191

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

The Passing of a Friend

IT is with regret that we have to record the passing away of a tireless worker for Theosophy in the person of our friend Miss Shaw (of Harrogate), who fell asleep at Amsterdam, where she was on a visit of work among our faithful colleagues in Holland, on June 7th. Louisa Shaw was—and of course is still—one of those who form the real backbone of the Theosophical movement. For her Theosophy was not a theory; she carried it out in every detail of her life, it was her one thought and aspiration, and formed the mainspring of her every action. Trained in all the spiritual discipline of the excellent Society of Friends, for many years she has devoted herself to our movement, labouring chiefly at Harrogate, where she was the Secretary of the branch, and in the North, where she was a familiar and welcome visitor to all the branches of the Federation. Passing away at the comparatively early age of 45, it is to be regretted that we have not more from her pen, so that greater numbers might share in the help she gave so ungrudgingly to so many by voice and example, be-

queathing to them a memory that will ever be held in deep respect and affectionate remembrance. Our friend may indeed be said to be happy in her death, for the circumstances of it which we record elsewhere, have evoked an expression of such deep sympathy and good feeling from all, and have especially knit together so closely our colleagues of Holland and the North, that our natural regret in the loss of her physical presence is more than compensated by the good she has bequeathed to us. No better memorial of her could be printed and no better indication of her character given, than the paper, "The Purpose of the Theosophical Society," which we present to our readers in this number, a paper which we received on the very eve of the day of her passing from the body, and which contains the last words she addressed by voice to her colleagues of Harrogate, and now by pen addresses to the Society at large.

* * *

The Realisation of a Scientific Dream

At the International Congress for Applied Chemistry recently held at Berlin, Sir William Crookes delivered a remarkable address entitled "Modern Views on Matter: The Realisation of a Dream." The immense importance of Sir William's researches for students of Theosophy can be very clearly seen from the exceedingly suggestive article contributed by our colleague, Mr. Dyne, to our present issue. It therefore requires no apology for our appending the short report of our great chemist's address as given by *The Times* of June 6th.

The lecturer said that for nearly a century men of science had been dreaming of atoms, molecules, and ultramundane particles, and had been speculating as to the origin of matter. They had now got so far as to admit the possibility of resolving the chemical elements into simpler forms of matter, or even of refining them away altogether into ethereal vibrations or electrical energy.

Sir William Crookes then gave a brief account of some investigations bearing on the constitution of matter and the possibility of dissociating the chemical elements. He remarked that a number of isolated hypotheses as to the existence of matter in an ultra-gaseous state, the existence of material particles smaller than atoms, the existence of electrical atoms or electrons, the constitution of Röntgen rays and their passage through opaque bodies, the emanations from Uranium, and the dissociation of the elements were now welded into one harmonious theory by the discovery of Radium. After

paying a high tribute to the labours of M. and Mme. Curie and M. Bémont, he proceeded to describe some of the characteristics of Radium. He said that the most striking property of Radium was its power to send forth torrents of emanations. A convenient method of observing these emanations was to fit a blende screen at the end of a brass tube with a speck of Radium salt in front about a millimètre off and to have a lens at the other end. The emanations could then be observed in the form of scintillations on the screen. In conclusion, Sir William Crookes remarked with regard to this and other experiments :

"Indulging in a 'scientific use of the imagination' and pushing the hypothesis of the electronic constitution of matter to what I consider its logical limit, we may be in fact witnessing a spontaneous dissociation of Radium—and we begin to doubt the permanent stability of matter. The chemical atom may be actually suffering a catabolic transformation, but at so low a rate that, supposing a million atoms fly off every second, it would take a century for its weight to diminish by one milligramme.

"It must never be forgotten that theories are only useful so long as they admit of the harmonious correlation of facts into a reasonable system. Directly a fact refuses to be pigeon-holed and will not be explained on theoretic grounds, the theory must go or it must be revised to admit the new fact. The nineteenth century saw the birth of new views of atoms, electricity, and ether. Our views to-day of the constitution of matter may appear satisfactory to us, but how will it be at the close of the twentieth century? Are we not incessantly learning the lesson that our researches have only a provisional value? A hundred years hence shall we acquiesce in the resolution of the material universe into a swarm of rushing electrons?

"This fatal quality of atomic dissociation appears to be universal, and operates whenever we brush a piece of glass with silk; it works in the sunshine and raindrops, and in the lightnings and flame; it prevails in the waterfall and the stormy sea. And although the whole range of human experience is all too short to afford a parallax whereby the date of the extinction of matter can be calculated, 'protyle,' the 'formless mist,' once again may reign supreme and the hour-hand of eternity will have completed one revolution."

* * *

Modern Adamites

EPIPHANIUS in his encyclopædia of heresy tells us (*Hær.*, lii.) of a strange sect called "Adamians," who supposed themselves to be restoring primitive innocence by calling their community Paradise and worshipping in a state of nudity. As Hort says (*Dict. of Christ. Biog., s.v.*) :

They met for divine service in hypocausts. They stripped at the door (where chamberlains were stationed to receive the clothes), entered and sat down naked, both sexes alike, and so continued while the readings and other

parts of the service proceeded. . . . The whole sect professed absolute continence; and excluded from communion any offender against the rule, alleging as a precedent Adam's expulsion from the Garden after eating the forbidden fruit.

These Adamites are interesting enough in themselves, and much might be said of them and their allied sects of early times, but no longer are they only a theme of curious scholarship, they now suddenly step from out of the obscurity of heresiological history and ancient legends and appear again in the twentieth century in full daylight. Under the heading "The Dukhobors on the Saskatchewan" *The Times* of June 6th prints a most instructive account of a fresh outbreak of fanaticism among these unconscious "reverts" to a primitive type of "Christianity." From this account the quotation of the following paragraphs will prove of special interest.

Most of those who had been persuaded to go on pilgrimage were collected at Tambofka, on the north of the river; and it was determined to cross by Lovell's Ferry to that place, which was reached before sunset. The headman reported that there were about sixty pilgrims in the village, and that at dawn a number of them, after divesting themselves of all clothing, had marched down the village street, and then held a religious service in one of the houses. No notion of immorality attaches to this proceeding, their idea merely being that they must conform in such services to the condition of our first parents before the Fall—for which reason, among other things, they are vegetarians.

A meeting was called at the school-house; and the pilgrims were told that their march must be stopped, and that they must return to their homes. Parapotkin was asked how many believed in the extreme new doctrine; and he engaged to find out. After the meeting, while the agent and his party were watching the people from the front of the house, an elderly man suddenly ran across the yard, absolutely nude, followed by a number of girls and men and women of all ages, in the same condition, forty or more in all. They stood for a few seconds huddled together, and then as quickly disappeared. The interpreter, being asked the meaning of this, explained that he had been requested to find out the number of these people. Orders were given that such things must cease, and the law was explained to them; but these Russians seemed merely to be filled with wonder, and were most indignant at any idea of impropriety.

Here, as in so much else of a like nature, the whole trouble is the materialisation of mystical dogmas, and the trying to get back whence we came by physical means. But how intensely

interesting it all is! We are indeed on the threshold of strange phenomena in things religious in this twentieth century, and may it be that the Theosophical Movement may keep a cool head and sane heart in the midst of these "reincarnations" of ancient notions.

* * *

From the Indian Census Report

In his report on the census of the united provinces of Agra and Oudh, which was taken just before the creation of the new North-West Frontier Province, Mr. Burn makes some highly instructive remarks which deserve reproduction (see *The Times* of June 2nd):

The Mahomedan increases more rapidly than the Hindu population, the followers of the Prophet being better fed, more fertile, longer lived, more prosperous, and wholly irresponsive to proselytism. Christians have increased by seventy-five per cent., but there are still only fifteen native followers of our faith in every 10,000 of the population. The increase is among the converts made from the very lowest castes by the American Methodist Episcopal Church. The chapters on religion and caste are of considerable value. Mr. Burn finds "freedom from dogma to be one of the most striking characteristics of Hinduism as a whole," and the general result of his inquiries is that the great majority of Hindus have a firm belief in one supreme God, between whom and the innumerable godlings there is no conflict, the former being too exalted to be troubled about every-day affairs, which are the proper care of the latter and lesser class. It would be an entire mistake to conclude from the absence of regular religious congregational worship that the Hindu is irreligious, and "his code of morality is much the same as that of most civilised nations," beyond the customs of which his reverence for his parents extends. The doctrine of Karma "that a man shall reap as he has sown, is an appreciable element in the average morality." The majority of orthodox Hindus profess a religion which is pantheistic as followed by the more highly educated, tending to become polytheistic as held by the illiterate masses, in whose case the use of material images is held to be necessary for worship. Of the average Mahomedan Mr. Burn says his standard is much the same as that of the average Hindu or the average Christian, and the more enlightened "are directing their efforts towards a genuine deepening of religious life." The caste prohibition of the re-marriage of widows, which, of course, British Indian law sanctions in all cases, obtains in respect of only a quarter of the population, of which among Hindus and Mahomedans less than three per cent. can read and write. "Infant marriage is characteristic of high, and widow re-marriage of low, castes." Mr. Burn agrees with M. Sénart and Mr. Risley in holding that the development of caste to its present condition is due to the fact that the

so-called Aryan invaders came in contact with inferior races from which they recoiled, an attitude which has been adopted by the peoples into whose countries they penetrated. He attributes less importance to occupation and sectarian divisions of religion in the formation of new groups, and sees that education and facilities for travel are powerful solvents of the caste restrictions on food and drink.

* * *

THE following delightful story requires no ponderous commentary or dull drawing of a moral; it has the virtue of explaining itself and its wisdom *saut aux yeux*, as they say in a country which understands these things better than our sober selves. The story-teller is Mr. Jerome K. Jerome in his recent novel *Paul Kelver* (London: Hutchinson & Co.; 1902).

"He's got more sense."

One girl, a dear, wholesome creature named Janet, stayed with us for months, and might have stayed years, but for her addiction to strong language. The only and well-beloved child of the captain of the barge *Nancy Jane*, trading between Purfleet and Ponder's End, her conversation was at once my terror and delight.

"Janet!" my mother would exclaim in agony, her hands going up instinctively to guard her ears, "how can you use such words?"

"What words, mum?"

"The things you have just called the gas man."

"Him! Well, did you see what he did, mum? Walked straight into my clean kitchen, without even wiping his boots, the ——," and before my mother could stop her, Janet had relieved her feelings by calling him it—or rather them—again, without any idea that she had done aught else than express in a fitting phraseology a natural human emotion.

We were good friends, Janet and I, and therefore it was that I personally undertook her reformation. It was not an occasion for mincing one's words. The stake at issue was, I felt, important. I told her bluntly that if she persisted in using such language she would inevitably go to hell.

"Then where's my father going?" demanded Janet.

"Does he use language?"

I gathered from Janet that no one who had enjoyed the privilege of hearing her father could ever again take interest in the feeble efforts of herself.

"I am afraid, Janet," I explained, "that if he doesn't give it up ——"

"But it's the only way he can talk," interrupted Janet. "He don't mean anything by it."

I sighed, yet set my face against weakness. "You see, Janet, people who swear do go there."

But Janet would not believe.

"God send my dear, kind father to hell just because he can't talk like the gentlefolks? Don't you believe it of Him, Master Paul. He's got more sense."

I hope I pain no one by quoting Janet's simple wisdom. For that I should be sorry. I remember her words because so often, when sinking in sloughs of childish despond, they afforded me firm foothold. More often than I can tell, when compelled to listen to the sententious voice of immeasurable Folly glibly explaining the eternal mysteries, has it comforted me to whisper to myself, "I don't believe it of Him. He's got more sense."

* * *

A Mr. Hovenden, who has published two considerable volumes under the titles: *What is Heat and Electricity?* and *What is Life?* has sent us a leaflet purporting to detail experiments in which the molecule of a gas or vapour is rendered visible and resolved. He begins by denouncing Scientists in general as "a body of place mongers," and then, as H. P. B. would have said, "bears on gradually." One great complaint is that he is called to order when he rises at meetings of the Physical Society to talk about "seeing gaseous molecules" and that his papers are not published by that body, though, while being a life-member, he is yet asked to subscribe to it during its financial troubles. However, while recognising that scientific orthodoxy resembles most other 'doxies we are less concerned with his personal grievances than with the experiments he describes, which he claims to be quite *new*, and to make it possible for anyone to see the molecules of matter with the naked eye. These we shall proceed to discuss.

A supposed Resolving and Seeing of the Molecule

Having heated alcohol or water in a flask, he illuminates the space above the liquid with a powerful beam of light, and he observes particles floating and swirling about in the flask, which he tells us are the molecules of the liquid rendered visible to the eye; and he goes on to remind us that the human breath from the mouth becomes visible in cold weather though invisible in hot. So far there seems nothing specially new—except his bare assertion that what is seen is the molecules of the liquid.

Next he shows us—a very old observation by the way—that when the image of a heated iron bar or the flame of a spirit lamp is thrown upon a screen, a flow of liquid is seen oozing out and

"anti-gravitating" from the heated body. Here again he claims that the molecules are rendered visible.

But he does not even deign to discuss the possibility that the explanation usually given of these perfectly familiar and well-known observations may be correct, *viz.*, that when air is heated by contact with a hot iron or lamp flame it expands and is relatively lighter, and consequently refracts light rays to a smaller extent than the surrounding cold air, and that hence the convection currents rising from the hot body produce, through these differences in refractive power, the observed appearance of an upward flow of liquid. He prefers to put forward what he regards as "the only possible explanation" of these experiments, *viz.*, that "the minute spheres (molecules) soak in this fluid, increase in dimensions (just like a soap bubble when it takes in hydrogen and rises), and suddenly dart off the liquid and become enlarged and *lighter* molecules, and thus the invisible molecule in the liquid becomes visible in the vaporous or gaseous condition."

All this is unadulterated non-sense, and we can only suggest that Mr. Hovenden should take a course of physics before setting any more riddles to the "immoral" scientists whom he denounces.

[B. K.]

THE sovereign good of man is a mind that subjects all things to itself, and is itself subject to nothing; such a man's pleasures are modest and reserved, and it may be a question whether he goes to heaven, or heaven comes to him; for a good man is influenced by God himself, and has a kind of divinity within him.—SENECA.

IN GOD'S VINEYARD

One day in Time's Annals, one of God's fair daughters awoke from dreams with a desire "to know."

What she wished to know she could not have told you, but would probably have answered, had you questioned: "Oh! something more than I see."

Some people, who ought to have known better, would have told her "not to be curious." Another might have said: "Just believe." A third might have cautioned her, with the grand truth of "fools walk in, where angels fear to tread," and so on.

But had they done so, I think their words would have carried little or no weight with my heroine. She is deservedly called a heroine; because "heroes" and "heroines" are epithets applied to those who "stand out" from the ranks of ordinary people, folks who require something like an earthquake to awaken them from their lethargy of mind.

Now my heroine, whom we will call Kweeri, because of her inquiring mind, was awake. Being awake is a very different state from being half awake. Many people are the latter. You meet with them every day. They assume a semi-contented frame of mind. They will quietly sit whilst rich gems of knowledge are poured into their laps, which they shake off the moment the weight thereof is apparent, and so they resume the apathy of contentment.

What did you say, gentle reader? Oh! no; they never dream of showing gratitude to their benefactors. Indeed, these members of what we may term a half-awake tribe, have managed to exterminate from their system both gratitude and desire. Now although we hear of a very happy state in which "desire" is so controlled that one might deem it extinct, I venture to think that it is unwise to crush so eminent a virtue, too soon; for the plant that puts forth perfection of bloom ere maturity is reached never reaches that state, but is maimed.

Kweeri was full of intense desire. It almost burnt her up at times. She questioned within herself, and rightly, "if such desire exist within the creature, there must be satisfaction for that desire."

"When I was a child," she would argue, "I wanted very much, as I want now, to pass beyond the wall that bordered the garden. The dear old garden that was my world; I knew there was something beyond that wall, though it looked to join on to the sky, and I was right. Now I know that something exists beyond the wall of my sight, which I must, and will find out."

How? What an answering that little word of three letters requires—How!

Someone has said, and personally I feel much indebted to that someone, that the answer to every question lies at the side thereof. Like many other wonderful things it makes no noise; does not sound a blast from a trumpet, saying "I am here! Behold me!" It simply lies there, awaiting the picking up.

Kweeri was toying with a book as she pondered over the "how." Presently her gaze became riveted upon the pages of the book. She became almost vacant in expression as she remained transfixed in thought. The letters on the page seemed to turn into human beings, and grew accordingly, until letters, page and book entirely disappeared from view, and Kweeri found herself sitting on a grassy mound in a very beautiful open place in a country she could not recall, having no memory of being there before. Yet at the same time she felt quite "at home," as we say, and was cognisant of all surrounding her.

She remembered asking herself questions; the book she was reading seemed to answer; and now she knew herself to be on the track of finding out.

With a sigh of content, she realised the possibility of attainment touching desire! At last she had begun. That was something to be very proud of.

To have begun! Here another saying runs through my brain, "A thing begun is half done."

True, oh! true, wise philosopher, wheresoe'er thou roamest! I would go farther in my enthusiasm and say: "It *is* done,

when begun, for eternity." For the mind conceives before the body manipulates, and that which is conceived in the consciousness is immortal; whilst the handywork of man, be it never so perfect, will return to dust in the course of ages.

At last she had begun! Now, what to do?

She was not left long in doubt, for again, if I may be pardoned the interrupting of my own story, who that is seeking diligently, with a high purpose and a single eye, is ever left in doubt for more than a brief second, during which realisation takes form?

In new and strange surroundings the eye of the mind is not at once keenly alive to the vibrations around.

Kweeri was only conscious that the brightness of this new country was very refreshing, and that the mound on which she was seated was very soft and of a very vivid green. She could not recall seeing such green grass before. It positively emitted a light from itself. Gazing around, she became conscious now that the trees were likewise of this intense colour, and indeed, all the foliage was delightfully vivid. She again drew a deep breath, feeling as though she had drunk deep of some pure water, such water as that which refreshes the weary climber of some mountain heights, drawn from a mountain lake. She observed that the heat of the sun was nicely tempered by a cooling breeze; and for awhile she did not notice that she had not the monopoly of this fair country. But presently, her gaze still travelling, for the first time she noticed some one busily employed close by. On close inspection from her seat of vantage she saw it was a man.

How strange! What could he be doing?

He was standing by a sheet of water, which to Kweeri's amazement, she had until this moment been in ignorance of; the water stretched beyond where sight could follow. Was he fishing?

No, for he had no rod, or anything approaching a rod. He was, to a casual observer, merely touching the water with his fingers.

To find out! Off bounded Kweeri, feeling light as air itself, and did not stop until she found herself just where she wished to be.

"Please can you tell me what you are doing?"

The stranger thus accosted turned on her a beautiful visage, full of the patience of one who imposes upon himself a task, however wearisome, for the ultimate good of all.

"Certainly I can tell you."

"I mean will you?"

"Yes, indeed I will, if you really wish to know."

"Oh! I do, I do."

"Very well then; you see this tiny shell?"

"Yes."

"It is quite empty."

"Yes."

"Now watch."

The stranger filled it with water from the lake. (Yes, it was a lake, though so immense that to the eye it looked like a sea, and stood as an object lesson for us not to judge from appearances.) Having done this he calmly emptied the water upon the land.

Kweeri gazed in astonishment at what appeared to her such a perfectly useless waste of time and labour.

"But why are you doing this?" she asked. "No benefit can possibly accrue to lake or land from such an action."

"Sometimes," answered the stranger, "the greatest thought is hidden under a seemingly flippant exterior. Likewise a grand purpose may conceal itself from the casual onlooker. When I was on earth——"

"Why!" interrupted the still astonished Kweeri, "where are you now?"

It was now the stranger's turn to look astonished. For the space of a moment he desisted from his unique employment, and faced his earnest questioner.

"I am in God's Vineyard," he replied; "where did you think I was?"

Kweeri looked somewhat puzzled; a silence reigned between them. Then she said, with a decided ring of I-intend-to-get-to-the-bottom-of-this in her voice, "Am I not then on earth?"

"Oh yes, you are on earth; but a difference exists between 'being on earth,' as you think of it, and 'being on earth' as I made use of the remark.

"Here, in God's Vineyard, are the Thinkers, and true Toilers of the world. You see earth, or the sphere we will call the world, it being the world to us, is really a much more wonderfully complex organisation than man, in the garb of a casualist, would deem it. It has chambers so secret that no mechanic has yet discovered the key to unlock the door leading to them. Indeed, there is no door to unlock in the ordinary way of speaking of locks and doors. Man ought to just walk in. But he cannot as yet, for these chambers defy him, with the exception of a very few indeed. And until man shall take himself in hand, saying, 'I *will* know!' he hasn't begun to dream about the first necessary steps leading to them."

"Oh!" said Kweeri, joyfully, "I have taken those first steps, for that is just what I have said."

"Of course you have taken the first steps, else you would not be here."

"Tell me more of the Thinkers," she plaintively requested.

The stranger complied.

"As I remarked a little while ago, some few beings think it worth their while to 'stand still,' and ask the silence to tell them its story; and if they are truly seeking to know, they never ask in vain. For such asking is prayer. Then these few eventually find themselves in God's Vineyard, providing they never turn back. It is very serious to turn back from either a good thought, action or desire, because for every *one* step taken backwards *two* will be required to be taken for each one ere he or she can regain the deserted position: and when you begin multiplication who shall limit the sum total! So above all things, let me advise you not to go back by so little as half a step. Many obstacles confront the beginner, but none that he cannot overcome. Besides, in God's Vineyard power can always be drawn down to help you."

"What do you mean?" asked the still puzzled Kweeri, "how can I draw down power?"

"By earnest desire, or prayer. You are here through that very process of 'drawing down power,' though you were not aware that you possessed this faculty. Now, however, that you see the result, you will know. And knowing brings more power

and more power brings more knowing, and so on, in this realm of eternal eternities."

"Oh!" cried Kweeri, now in an ecstasy of joy. "Oh! how glorious it all seems. I don't think I ever realised before what a splendid conception Life was."

"Realisation is one of God's early blessings. Some people, when they are given this blessing, think God has none other in His storehouse, and so they stand still, very thankful for what they have got."

"Is God disappointed then?"

"God cannot be disappointed because He knows all, and knowing all includes the 'disappointed.' He waits with infinite patience, and infinite love, until that promising soul is touched from within or without, by some power which energises it afresh. That soul then sees that the first blessing, though great, was but a crumb from the whole."

"You are a Thinker?" ventured Kweeri.

"I am. But I had a great fault, which I am now striving to overcome. When on earth I found myself often disappointed because the people I worked with gave no heed to my 'thinking.' My thoughts were valuable because I drew them from the Great Thinker. But I made the mistake of expecting the 'person' to receive some scant attention as well as the 'thoughts' of the 'person.' Now, my fault lay in not separating very definitely the 'thoughts' from the 'Thinker.' The Thinker should pour out his power in the shape of words or actions, and should then recognise his duty to be done; so lest I again should fall into this mistake I am here of my own free will, teaching myself a never-to-be-forgotten lesson."

Again Kweeri murmured "How?"

"You see I am employed in continually filling and emptying this minute shell. The drop of liquid which it holds represents my power; the shell, myself; now, although I have taken a considerable quantity of my power from this lake of power, the lake is no wise disturbed, nowhere is its quantity perceptibly diminished. Such was I to the world. Such shall I be again in a future incarnation plus the knowledge of this little truth, though 'every little helps the Whole, man must not mistake his little for the Whole,'"

In the flash of a second Kweeri saw thousands of such God-like workers all bent upon the self-inflicted task of fitting Self for the Self-less. Each and all bore the unmistakable seal of happiness.

As for my heroine, a mist seemed to have passed from her understanding. One day she, too, would be in this great Vineyard working out her special work. Some power now seemed drawing her away. She closed her eyes very tightly and held her breath, and so awoke, to find the book she had been reading lying on the floor and her own little body full of aching pains, doubtless brought on by the cramping position in which she had dreamed her dream of being in "God's Vineyard."

L. B.

THE RELATION OF THEOSOPHY TO THE CHURCHES

I HAVE to-night to give the concluding lecture of this series* and to indicate what I consider to be the relation which Theosophy bears to the Christian Churches. We have had speaking to us representatives, and I think you will acknowledge able and typical representatives, of the Church of England, the Labour Church, the Methodist Churches, the Congregational Churches, the New Church, the Society of Friends, the Salvation Army, and the Unitarians, and they have enabled us to see how much better it is to look at a belief or a Church sympathetically from within rather than antagonistically from without. When this series of lectures was contemplated it was hoped that we should have had representatives from the Roman Catholic Church and the Presbyterian Church, but we were unable to arrange this as we wished, and therefore I must be specially careful in what I say to give their own account of themselves.

* This series of lectures was delivered under the auspices of the Harrogate Branch of the Theosophical Society during February and March of the present year, under the title "Unity with Diversity in the Christian Churches."

I speak for myself and as representing the Theosophical Society in Harrogate when I say that we are very grateful to all those who have come among us and who have so earnestly, tolerantly and kindly expounded in our Hall their own beliefs.

To all alike we tender our hearty thanks, and we hope that those of us who heard the addresses and the larger number who read the excellent reports which appeared weekly in the press, may have caught a glimpse of the unity of the life working in the many and diverse forms of the Churches.

All these Churches are called and call themselves Christian, *i.e.*, they all acknowledge Jesus Christ as their Head, and look upon their own Church as His body or instrument for work upon earth. That work is twofold: individual and general; it relates to each individual soul and to the general well-being; its aim is to save from sin and to hasten the Kingdom of God; its object the overcoming evil with good, darkness with light, error with truth. This was, is, and will be the work of the Churches.

Briefly and very imperfectly I propose to indicate what each Church has done and is doing for individual and general well-being. Beginning with the Roman Catholic Church. This Church keeps before us and emphasises the fact that Christ is still with us a Living Presence, a Sounding Voice; by setting aside a special class distinct from all others, who could not absorb political power, who had no family cares to distract their minds, and who made private and public virtue their chief concern, the Catholic Church during the Dark Ages softened the harshness and tempered the violence of those harsh and turbulent times. She was the champion of the oppressed poor, of the serf, of the captive, of the defenceless, of the downtrodden. Her influence was most widely spread, overleaping the bounds of class and nation. For many centuries she was the ark in which was preserved much of the mental and spiritual life of the time. The beautiful cathedrals and abbeys which even in their decay adorn our country, as well as the continent of Europe, are a substantial and evident proof of the devotion and ability with which her adherents were inspired. Time would fail to tell of her good works, of her missionaries from Paulinus to Damien, of her Noble Army of Martyrs, of her Calendar of Saints, of lives refined,

sweetened and purified by her teachings and ministrations, and above all of her priests, who have laboured so often and so sedulously for what they believed to be the highest good of their fellows.

The truths which the Church of Rome affirms are the heinousness of sin, and the world-wide difference between truth and error; the incessant struggle going on between those two; man free to choose and God's Grace assisting him in the awful struggle.

The central Catholic truth is the birth, life, death and resurrection of Jesus, and the Living Presence of Christ in His Church which is symbolised and made real by the Sacrament of the Mass. The worship of the Virgin Mother has been an almost unmixed good, and has done more to check men's proneness to brutality than all the laws which only punished crime. This Church's prayers for the dead assure us that they are not removed from our love and our help, and her teachings as to Purgatory indicate that there is no sudden transition from human error, restlessness, and faultiness to the perfect peace and holiness of the heavenly life. Briefly, the great Catholic truths seem to be the Living Voice, the Sacraments, the Church visible and invisible, the Body of Christ. These are but different aspects of the same thing, the application of the work of Christ to the needs of all humanity. In Christ all men are one; His Church is the true Republic, where freedom is the law of duty, where all are sons of God, and whose brotherhood is the brotherhood of joyous service. Perhaps more than any other Catholic institution, the Sacrifice of the Mass is the most important and characteristic. It implies the need of prayer, the fitness of worship, the craving for Divine communion, and above all the personal realisation of the presence of God.

Next comes the Church of England with its Arminian liturgy and its Calvinistic articles, with its three fairly marked schools of High, Low, and Broad Church. According to Hooker's theory Church and State are not two societies but the nation under different aspects. Every Englishman is a potential Churchman. In idea the whole of humanity is the Church Universal, in fact those at present who are called out and live the higher life; in idea the Church of England consists of the

whole English people, in fact of baptised Englishmen and Englishwomen. To be a true man is to be a Churchman, and the promises of the baptismal service amount to an undertaking to be a true man, *viz.*, to give up the evil, to believe the true and to do the right. The Church of England is no aristocracy of the wise and good; no common belief is insisted on from her members; she is rather a sort of Noah's ark, and admits every unconscious child brought to her fonts simply because it is a human being. The Book of Common Prayer is its most characteristic feature, and carries us back to important epochs in our history. Henry VIII. gave us our Litany; Edward VI. gave us our Communion Service, where the prayers for the King have special reference to his youthful promise and tender years; Elizabeth is the sovereign mentioned in the Morning and Evening Services; the family of James I. are the princes and princesses for whom the Prayer for the Royal Family was first drawn up. The High Court of Parliament for which we pray was the Long Parliament of Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell. The Prayer for All Sorts and Conditions of Men and the General Thanksgiving were given to us by the divines of contrary schools in the reign of Charles II. The sovereign under the law of England is the only earthly head of this Church. Neither bishop nor archbishop can change its laws, nor prevent the change of its laws, in opposition to the declared will of the nation expressed in the supreme acts of the legislature or the supreme courts of law.

What shall I say of the Established Church of Scotland, the Presbyterian Church, which also flourishes in America, in N. Ireland, in the Netherlands, in France, in Germany, Hungary, Austria, Bohemia, Moravia, Poland, and Italy? It is claimed to be the largest in numbers of the Protestant Churches, having four million communicants on its rolls and not less probably than twenty millions professing its faith and receiving its ordinances. It has a noble history. It is to Calvin that it owes its origin, and it bore the same relation to Protestantism generally that the Methodist movement did later to the Church of England. The distinction of Calvin lies in his comparative neglect of dogma. He seized the idea of reformation as a real renovation of human character. He conceived the Church of Christ as a Society of

Regenerated Men. The moral purification of humanity is the guiding idea of his system. The Communion of Saints is held together by a moral, not by a metaphysical bond. He discerned the crying need of his time to be social discipline, rather than intellectual correctness. He enforced the two cardinal laws of human society, *viz.*, self-control as the foundation of virtue, self-sacrifice as the condition of the common weal. His polity aimed to afford a positive education of the individual soul; to raise up the enfeebled will, to stir the individual conscience, to incite the soul to feel its obligations, to substitute free obedience for passive submission; this was the lofty aim of his legislation. It was self-government mutually enforced by equals on each other; and in my opinion Calvinism saved Europe. It is also to John Knox that Scotland owes its parochial system, with a house for every beneficed clergyman, and at the same time a school with a schoolmaster's residence and salary chargeable upon the land established in every parish. If until quite recently the Scotch were the best educated people in Europe, the most intelligent, the most frugal and the most religious, it is in great measure owing to the kirk and school-house in every parish.

As to the part played by the Methodist Churches, I can only emphasise what was so ably put by the Rev. J. Day Thompson in his course of lectures. Methodism is a life—a broad, practical, vital religion for every day, involving certain truths and implying certain doctrines; but these truths and doctrines must be realised and expressed in a pure, devoted, earnest, enthusiastic man-helping and God-serving life—life first and doctrine second, and always doctrine for doing. Joined with this broad practical religion is a most admirable organisation, equal if not superior to that of the Church of Rome for English-speaking peoples.

The Congregationalist Churches hold that Jesus is the Head of His Own Church, and within that Church should have supreme authority. His word should be their supreme law and there should be no appeal to the state, and no submission to the state in matters of religious belief or ceremonial observance.

The same position is held by the Baptists, with this addition, that the Baptist asserts, and acts upon the assertion, that no religious ordinance is of any worth to God or of any value to

man except as the individual has intelligence and spirituality to participate in the ordinance. Each congregation exercises perfect autonomy in the management of its own affairs, is independent of state pay or control, and is responsible only to Jesus Christ, its living Head. The influence of Independency upon the nation has been great and salutary. We owe to Independency a large share in our most necessary political reforms, and it has combined religion with liberty and liberty with religion.

The Society of Friends or the Quakers realised the authority and universality of the Inner Light, the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, and emphasised the prompting of the Divine Spirit within the soul and its supremacy over both Church and Book. This principle was shown by them in silent worship, a free ministry, meditation and precise language. The application of their principles to small details such as punctuality, whispering, anonymous letter-writing, and the making of wills, may seem trivialities, but they are trivialities upon which much of our happiness depends. The effects of Quaker principles upon life seem to me to be an increased sense of personal responsibility, a profounder respect for each other's individuality, scrupulous veracity, great self-control, and much practical helpfulness. Enthusiasm and order, piety and punctuality, peace and progress, cleanliness, temperance, justice to women, the better education of the young, and the more humane treatment of criminals and insane, have been and are the effects of a partial following of that Inner Light.

The New Church emphasises the New Era of spiritual influence which has dawned upon the world, and the esoteric or symbolic meaning of the Scriptures according to the science of correspondences, which means that every outward object has a spiritual basis and is related to a spiritual condition. The key to this interpretation was supplied by Swedenborg.

The Labour Churches cannot be called specially Christian nor prominently religious. With them the order of importance is first economics, second ethics, and third religions; and they are too young at present to speak at all confidently of their further developments. Their two principles of trying to know the facts and loyalty to truth are principles which ought to unite them to

other investigators and other conscientious men, even where there is diversity of opinion.

The Salvation Army forms a strong contrast outwardly to the Quakers in its noisy methods and its love of military organisation, but both are eminently mystical and practical. The Salvation Army is conducting a Holy War against evil within and evil without. Its soldiers solemnly engage in their Articles of War to fight for God against the sinful pleasures, companionships, treasures and objects of the world; to abstain from all intoxicating drinks or baneful drugs, to use no bad language and read no obscene books, not to speak or act falsely, deceitfully, or dishonestly, but to deal truly, fairly, honourably and kindly with all, whether employers or employed. They promise never to treat any woman or child in an oppressive, cruel, or cowardly manner, but to protect them to the utmost of their ability and promote their well-being. Besides this very comprehensive pledge the officers must be specially holy men, with a soldier's spirit, full of compassion for man, intelligent, determined to improve themselves in body, mind and soul, humble in prosperity, persevering in adversity, obedient, gracious, orderly, punctual, loyal and business-like. If you read over General Booth's *Orders and Regulations for Field Officers*, you will get an adequate idea of the aims and methods of the Salvation Army. Many of those aims have been accomplished; sinners have been converted to saints, thieves, drunkards, and "ne'er-do-weels" to honest, sober, and industrious men. The Salvation Army has out of the roughest and most unpromising materials trained a company of officers and soldiers who are intelligent, enthusiastic, orderly, devoted, and obedient, and has grappled with human misery, incapacity, sin, and crime in a markedly successful way. The youngest of the Christian Churches, she is by far the most earnest, vigorous and disciplined. All success to her work and increased knowledge and wisdom to her workers.

Lastly the Unitarians, though they are not very numerous, are a by no means unimportant branch of the Christian Church. They stand for freedom, for veracity, for fellowship, for character, for personal, social, civic and national duty. Their great affirmations are the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and

each man's reason, conscience and heart as his ultimate authority in matters of religion—against that he is to submit to no authority of pope or priest or presbyter or General Council.

Now these Churches, the Roman, the Anglican, the Presbyterian, the Methodist, the Independent, the Baptist, the Swedenborgian, the Salvation Army, the Unitarian, and others we have not mentioned, are parts of a great whole, and that whole is the outward and visible Church of Christ. Each is a sharer of the wealth of the whole as well as a producer, a contributor and a recipient, contributing its own special view of truth, or example of devotion or organisation, and receiving as much of the common truths as it is able or willing to receive. This may be illustrated by any of the Church Hymn Books, for it is in their feelings of devotion, aspiration, praise, penitence, dedication, faith, hope and love that the Christian Churches draw closest together. For instance, if I take up the Primitive Methodist Hymnal, I find the authors of the hymns belong to almost all branches of the Christian Church. All branches of the Christian Church thus contribute to the public and private spiritual life of the devout Primitive Methodist, and the same is true, though in a lesser degree, of the other Hymnals.

In idea these Churches form the Body of Jesus Christ, that is, they are the vehicle through which and with which He works, and it is His Life which inspires and energises them. He has charge of them, He is their Master, Lord, Ruler and Guide as well as Comforter and Paraclete. Not that His Life and Spirit are limited to those who profess and call themselves Christians, nor is the Christian Church the only great Church in the world which in the past and in the present has illuminated and guided humanity. There are other great religions at present existing and there have been many which have passed away. As these religions appear to us, they seem a mixture of wisdom and folly, of light and darkness, of power and weakness, of good and evil. All alike, Egyptian, Hindu, Chinese, Chaldæan, Buddhist, Zoroastrian, Jewish, Christian, Mohammedan, have been founded in Divine Wisdom and limited by human ignorance. This ideal Theosophy or Divine Wisdom is the source of all Religions, and I hold that there have existed, exist and will exist Beings who

have charge of our evolving humanity and who from time to time incarnate as Divine Teachers. Each religion therefore proclaims the same fundamental truths in a manner fitting the time and circumstances. Each has a great Teacher, a Divine Messenger, who has charge of and inspires His own special believers. Jesus guides, helps and stimulates Christendom; Mohammed guides, helps, and watches over Islâm; Gotama guides, helps and inspires the Buddhist world; and all these, I believe, work in harmony with each other and with a Greater One who has charge of the spiritual evolution of humanity. The various Churches (meaning by Church a company of men who are "called out" from the world of unreality, darkness and death to the world of reality, light and life) in their totality, and not forgetting those, far more numerous, who are out of incarnation, constitute the Church of God—a great company ever growing greater of every people and nation and country and religion. And surely this is in accordance with our highest ideas and is confirmed by the facts. For God is no respecter of religions, and in each and all, and without them even, the sincere aspiring soul is accepted of Him.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

The realisation of this larger truth ought not to make us love our own religion less but should make us understand it better, and sympathise with and try to understand the faith of other men. When we have not only the Sacred Books of the Jews and the Christians but also the Sacred Books of the Nations, and the hymns and prayers of all peoples, we have a deeper reservoir to draw from than those who are supplied only from the Old and New Testaments, and we can add our contribution to that universal spirit of religion which is variously expressed in each and all. How differently the men of other religions appear when looked at from this point of view! All children of the One Father, equally objects of His care and love, and all with teachers and teaching suited to their stage of evolution.

It is true that religions in course of time become corrupt or

effete, and have to be supplemented by a new proclamation or a representation of the old truths. It is also certain that errors are contained in the sacred writings, and that allegories are mistaken for facts, mystic experiences for outward historical occurrences. But I am convinced that a deep study of religions will show beyond all possibility of doubt that they have all a common origin, and that common origin is the Theosophy to which we aspire.

The relation of Theosophy to the Churches then is to emphasise their basic truths, their common aim, and their common relation; to restore teachings which have been lost; to correct their exclusiveness; to vivify, to explain, and to purify.

In this series of lectures upon the different aspects of Christian Truth, there has been unconsciously brought out the value of their teachings, which owe their relative importance to the extent they develope the higher part of man's nature. Jesus said: "For this cause was I born and to this end came I into the world, that I might be a witness unto the Truth," and the Churches as carrying on His work are to be lights to the world by witnessing to truths not always perceived by the senses or lower mind but recognised by the soul and the higher reason. It is evident from what we see and what we hear that a certain amount of coldness—even when there is no repulsion—exists between one Church and another. Catholics, Anglicans, Presbyterians, Methodists, Quakers, Salvationists and Unitarians, live together in a town without mixing, like oil and water. Now this spirit of coldness or repulsion is quite contrary to the Spirit of Christ. The only test He ever gave, according to the Gospels, of recognised discipleship was mutual love: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one towards another."

I am sure that nothing would so draw those outside the Churches to their Divine Master as to see the barriers of exclusiveness broken down by the fire of divine love within them. At present the attitude of Christians towards each other is the chief cause of the attitude of non-Christians to them. Surely it ought not to be too difficult for those who love and desire to serve Christ who aim at becoming His disciples and learning of and

from Him, it ought not to be too difficult to try to understand others who also in their own way love and serve Him, and to embrace every opportunity of working together, and of emphasising their agreements rather than their differences.

Why should it not be done in Harrogate and by the Christians of the several Churches? The Christ loves equally Roman Catholics, Anglicans, Presbyterians, Methodists, Swedenborgians, Quakers, Unitarians, the Salvation Army, and the still greater numbers—the multitude—who belong to none of these Churches and who have no organ of expression. He pours out His light and love upon all these, and those of us who aim at becoming His disciples should try to show forth *the* essential characteristic by which such discipleship is known. This is why our first object in the Theosophical Society is to form a nucleus of the universal brotherhood of humanity without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or colour. We place brotherhood first, and try to understand and sympathise with all religious beliefs. Let those of us who are Christians try to rise to the point of view of Christ, that is, see the man under the creed and the God in the man.

Mr. Charles Booth has just published the results of his researches as to the religious state of London. I have not read the book, but from a review of it in the *Yorkshire Post* I gather that one great cause of the indifference of the great majority of working men and the poor generally towards religion, is the aloofness of Christians of one Church from those of other Churches. In this matter the clergy of the Established Church have the most to answer for, and if they were so disposed might profoundly and beneficially affect the other Christian Churches. With what divine pity and godlike patience is their Divine Lord working and waiting for friendly feelings and relationships between those who profess and call themselves His ministers. I think it is Emerson who says: "Just as much love, so much power," and nothing in the Christian or any other Church can make up for the lack of it.

In comparing one great religion with another, I find that Christianity is specially distinguished by the emphasis it lays upon kindly human feeling. "Love is the fulfilling of the

law," "The greatest of these is love," "But above all put on love which is the bond of perfectness," "Let us love one another for love is of God and God is Love," "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and He in him." Jesus summarised all the commandments into Love to God and Love to Man, and Theosophy enforces and emphasises this teaching. Not that Christianity neglects knowledge and wisdom; Christ is the Wisdom of God and the Power of God as well as the Love of God, only that Love predominates in the Master and should also do so in the disciples.

Again, earnest intelligent readers of the New Testament must have sometimes wondered why Jesus made so marked a distinction between what He taught His disciples and what He taught the multitude. It is said to the latter he spoke in parables but to the former it was given to know "the mysteries of the Kingdom." To the young ruler who asked him "What shall I do that I may have eternal life?" Jesus said, "Keep the commandments; do not murder, or commit adultery, or steal, or bear false witness, and honour your parents," to which the young man replied: "All these things have I kept from my youth up. What lack I yet?" Jesus said: "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come and follow me."

Now this term *perfect* was used by the early Church to denote those who were initiated into "the mysteries of Jesus." Other words very familiar to readers of the New Testament have a similar reference, such as "the Kingdom," "the Kingdom of God," "the Kingdom of Heaven," "the Narrow Path," "the Strait Gate," "the Saved," "Life Eternal," "Life," "the Second Birth," "a Little One," "a Little Child."

The term Perfect was in use among the Essenes, who had three orders in their communities, the Neophytes; the Brethren; the Perfect.

Until I read Theosophical books much of this was more or less unmeaning to me, but Theosophy throws light upon what before was obscure. Those who have read Mrs. Besant's *Ancient Wisdom*, or Mr. Leadbeater's *Invisible Helpers*, may remember that there comes a time in the upward ascent of the soul, a

growth gradually and sometimes painfully reached after many many lives upon this earth, followed by periods of purgation and bliss in the after-death states—there comes a time when the soul, having acquired discrimination between the real and the unreal, between character and possessions, gives its unreserved and entire allegiance to the Higher, dedicates and surrenders itself to the service of God, endeavours to do all things for the sake of right and love and not for the sake of reward either here or hereafter, learns self-control in thought as well as in speech and action, acquires tolerance, getting rid of bigotry, is steadfast and balanced, confident in God's willingness to teach and in its own power to learn. When souls exhibit these qualities then they are ready to enter the Path of Holiness, to enter the Strait Gate, the Narrow Way which leadeth to Life, the mind being illuminated and controlled by the spirit. Mr. Leadbeater and Mrs. Besant have both described something of this and later stages. And I hope the time will soon come when Christianity will again have men amongst her clergy who know these "mysteries of Jesus" of their own knowledge, men who are taught directly and consciously by Him and whose word therefore will be with power.

For my part, however, I have not been accustomed to look at Theosophy as a substitute for Christianity, but rather at Christianity as an expression of Theosophy. Theosophy or Divine Wisdom being the root of religions, sciences, philosophies, arts, ethics, governments, it bears a similar relation to Christianity, which is one of its expressions, that Christianity bears to Methodism or to Roman Catholicism. It is the relation of the whole to the part. Theosophy existed before Christianity, it found more or less expression in the religion of Ancient Egypt, in Hinduism, Zoroastrianism, and Buddhism. To-day it is proclaimed anew, and the light we have received from its truths we try to spread according to our ability. This Divine Wisdom, this Theosophy, may be heard of or read of, but in order to be at all effective it must be realised within ourselves. In order to *know* the doctrine we must lead the life.

And as we purify our lives, as we open our minds, as we unveil our spiritual perceptions, we shall recognise and love purity, intelligence and spirituality, wherever we see it, and ever more

and more appreciate and draw out the best in others as well as in ourselves.

We shall appreciate the excellences of the various Christian Churches, and by dwelling in thought upon them help to stimulate them. We shall appreciate the Roman Catholic Church for the religious aspect it gives to all life, and for its devout reverence to and service of the Lord Jesus, and for its recognition of a line of spiritual teachers who themselves are illuminated; we shall be grateful to the Anglican Church for its recognition of a national aspect of religion and for its wide tolerance of diversities of opinion; to the Presbyterian Churches for their assertion of God's sovereignty, of self-control, and self-sacrifice; to the Methodist Churches for reviving spiritual religion and for adapting their teaching to men of little education, and for their admirable system of organisation; to the Congregational Churches for demonstrating that where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty of joining freedom and religion together; we shall appreciate the Swedenborgians for their spiritual vision and loyalty to Jesus and the Bible; to the Friends for witnessing to the Christ within, the Living Christ, and the immediate teaching and inspiration of the Holy Spirit; to the Salvation Army for their intense earnestness, their rigorous discipline, their martial enthusiasm, and their entire self-surrender; and to the Unitarians for their realisation of the Love and Goodness of Our Heavenly Father, the universal brotherhood of man without any distinction, for their culture and their piety, their love of truth and mental freedom and their joyous confidence in the future welfare of all.

We recognise that all these are inspired by the Christ, and not only these who are called by His name, but others who outside the Churches are doing His work. He is a Master of Wisdom as well as of Love and Compassion, and is the inspirer of those who are ofttimes looked upon as hostile to Him.

Finally let me add, our work is the work of affirmation, of appreciation, of co-operation; our motto is Truth; our objects are human brotherhood, philosophic knowledge, and the science of the soul.

HODGSON SMITH.

GLIMPSES OF THE EIGHTH MUSE

(CONCLUDED FROM p. 336)

THOSE readers who may have found, as I have, that the planets of the solar system have a marked effect on mundane affairs, however incomplete our science of those effects may, as yet, be, and however limited our ability to predict them to a nicety, may be interested to know that my recent, more vivid, astral experiences have occurred during a transit of Uranus over the place of my Sun at birth and an application of the same planet to the trine of Neptune. I have found, further, that the positions of the planets have, perhaps not unnaturally, an influence over dreams and astral experiences generally, though I have not followed this part of the subject very closely.

Edward Maitland states in his *Life of Anna Kingsford*, though without giving, so far as I remember, minute astrological details, that his wonderful friend was thus affected on a famous occasion. In the summer of 1901, while I was staying at Margate, I had a most extraordinarily vivid clairaudient-dream during a transit of Venus over my place of Jupiter at birth, and a transit of Mars over his own place (at my birth). I dreamt I was reclining in a sort of deck-chair in a darkened room, while on my left, in a similar chair, lay, half-asleep, a friend of my private-school days, who had died in 1895. We had mutually sworn an oath, while at school together, that whoever of us died first should appear to the other, but he had never appeared, though I had had some fairly vivid dreams of him, both at the time of, and soon after, his death. This young fellow, as I say, was lying near me in a chair, apparently half-asleep, when he suddenly became disturbed and began to talk in his sleep. He first called out twice the Christian name of a lady who was well-known to me, then he ejaculated half-a-dozen short phrases which certainly

seemed to bear a considerable logical connection with each other, repeating the first three phrases twice each, the fourth three times (the words being uttered each time with an emphasis which gave the impression that the speaker was enduring an intolerable and ever-increasing agony), while the last two were spoken only once, but the very last was bawled in my ear with such fearful insistence, with such a ghastly yell of almost demonic triumph, that a cold shudder ran down my back at the horrible insinuation (that I either had taken, or was going to take, a man's life), and I lay still for some minutes, though awake, half paralysed with the grim reality of the thing. The reader may take it that, even at this distance of time, I am giving the words of my "dream" with almost absolute verbal correctness, though possibly the order of the phrases might be wrong in a single point, or a single word supplanted by its synonym. After the lady's name had been called out twice, then, the phrases ran as follows:

"In a country house, in a country house"——

"She's married a millionaire, she's married a millionaire"—

"He's ill-treating her, he's ill-treating her"——

"Kill him! KILL HIM! KILL HIM!"

The third repetition of the words "Kill him!" was followed by a tremendous sigh of relief, as if to convey the idea that the deed had been done, and that the extreme tenseness of the situation was at an end.

And then as I awoke came that ghastly yell of almost demonic triumph, of which I have spoken:

"That good stroke was YOURS!!!"

Can my feelings be imagined? No doubt I was really the victim of some over-festive elemental sprite, it will be said, and my friend had nothing to do with it. But I did not know that at the time. I was so struck with the dream, that I looked out the places of the planets immediately, and found that Venus was transiting my place of Jupiter at birth, which would account (astrologically) I suppose, for the quite unexpected announcement—"she's married a millionaire." As for the rest, I had thought when I began to write this story, that Mars was transiting my place of Saturn at the time of my dream, but I see now that when Venus was transiting my place of Jupiter that

summer, Mars was transiting his own place, a phenomenon which I undoubtedly thought at the time, and respectfully suggest now, to have been the astrological cause of all the imputations of violence and bloodshed in this undoubtedly extraordinary piece of dream-clairaudience.

Before concluding, I should like to say that there is one more topic on which I might be able to write a good deal, but which I prefer merely to hint at with a light and elusive pen. There is, I am now convinced, very near this physical earth, not in point of space, of course, but in point of psychic accessibility, a region in which dwell, or seem to dwell (much virtue in "seem," O materialist!) what I will call, for want of a better phrase, the "Spirits in Prison." While I consider this class to be infinitely higher than the demons of my opium-experience, still it is the source, no doubt, from which the cruder phenomena of the rough-and-ready *séance* are drawn, and anyone, who, like myself, has succeeded, by whatever means, in acquiring elementary psychic faculties, will probably have to suffer a good deal at the hands of the "Spirits in Prison," especially before he has attained to full and conscious control of his astral body. For myself, I sense these beings, as a rule, during the process of going to sleep at night, and during the process of waking up in the morning, and I have been half-awaked or even fully awaked on their plane by the most annoying and violent horseplay. "Storm in the night!" cries Tennyson's Lucretius, and this seems rather a favourite astral phenomenon of theirs, which they seem to be able to produce at will. I am always mistaking them for physical beings, and find it difficult to persuade myself at times that there are not physical intruders in the room. As for their mode of life, and their influence over the denizens of the physical plane, there is a good deal of what Herodotus would call "sacred story" connected with this matter, which, as the "father of history" would say, I know, but shall not tell. But I am beginning to have very little doubt that people who go in for spiritualistic mediumship run a very great risk of playing right into the hands of these "spooks." I have heard of a spiritualistic circle carrying on missions among them, and I have also heard of One who "preached" to them, with what result we are told,

but I should think it would be much better for many people if they gave them a "wide berth." I may add, for the benefit of the possible scoffer, that they are not "nightmares," though I have no doubt they are the spiritual cause of a good many, to persons whom some material cause (over-eating and the like) has detained on their plane. "Nightmares" do not as a matter of custom give you their names and addresses in an (astrally) audible tone, nor do they inform you of their nationality, nor do they become violent when their will is opposed. But all these and many other phenomena I can "sense," when drowsy, on a plane so close to our physical state that I am frequently unable to distinguish between the two planes, even after long practice. If I rummaged in the tablets of my memory, I think I could unearth some queer stories of mistakes I have made in this way. The fact is, that one begins to "sense" this lower part of the astral plane, before one has quite ceased to "sense" the physical plane. The mistakes arise, I think, because the two states simply dovetail one into another.

Some years ago a very favourite astral "illusion" of mine, especially if I had to be up at a certain hour in the morning, and I found myself still sleepy when the hour came, was that, while my body was lying calmly in bed, I would go through (astrally, of course) the process of beginning to get up, till suddenly this fool's paradise would be disturbed by some very physical person coming into the room and "routing out" my physical body. My answer always was: "Why, I thought I *had* got up." And thus, as always happened in those days, I got the utterly undeserved credit of being both lazy and a ready excuse-finder, to boot. While I take things more easily now, and do not trouble to rise astrally before I rise physically, nevertheless a curious thing happened to me the other night. Finding myself badly disturbed by the denizens of the plane I have been talking about, I struck a match and lit a candle on a table by my bed. Presently I blew it out and tried to go to sleep again. Finding myself disturbed again, I lit up again, and so things went on three or four times over. About the fourth time I had great difficulty in lighting the candle at all. It burnt very funnily and I was in great difficulties, when, suddenly waking up in my bed, I realised that

I had never even lit the candle once. I read in a London morning paper, some time back, that a witty Liberal journalist had talked of people who found a religion on the food they cannot digest. While I think the wit as well as the taste of this saying open to doubt, I may explain that I do not found any religion upon the various happenings which occur on the level of the "Spirits in Prison," though I think a science migh very well be founded on this particular form of dyspepsia.

The fact is that, if I had my way (and I suppose one always does finally succeed in having one's way), I would take the "Spirits in Prison" for granted, in spite of all my psychical curiosity to the contrary, and try to develope the higher clair-audient business. It is true that this might be to fall out of the frying-pan into the fire, or at best into the hemlock, for the world, for reasons best known to itself, does not like clairaudients, as many have found who have been less gifted than Socrates or Joan of Arc. Hemlock might not be so bad, it is true, and then it would always be a pleasure to "drink to the gentle Critias." But that other's was a different fate. Says a modern historian: She "was kept for many months in prison, subjected to cruel and ribald treatment, and examined again and again by bigoted ecclesiastics who were determined to prove her a witch. She constantly withstood them with a firm piety which moved their wrath, maintaining that her visions and voices were from God, and that all her acts had been done by His aid. After much quibbling, cross-examination, and persecution, a tribunal of French clergy, headed by the Bishop of Beauvais, pronounced her a sorceress and a heretic, and handed her over to the secular arm for execution." (Oman, *Hist. of Eng.*, pp. 237-238.)

Luckily for him, however, the modern Bohemian, of clair-audient tendencies, is not called upon to fulfil any higher mission than "to go straight on as he is going." He is not even requested, in pleading tones, as he might very reasonably be, to rid London of her newspapers or Paris of her *concierges*. And so he goes placidly on his way, content with an obscurer destiny than that warrior-maid, who passed through fire to the Moloch of national and religious prejudice in the market-place at Rouen.

ROBERT CALIGNOC.

THE PROBLEM OF POST-MORTEM COMMUNICATIONS*

HITHERTO we have been mainly occupied with the study of human personality in the living subject, under normal, normally alternating, diseased, abnormal, and artificially produced conditions. In the main course of the argument we have only as it were incidentally come across facts suggestive of *post-mortem* intelligence and the survival of personality after bodily death, though the whole trend of the facts and the conclusions to which they point, have been in the direction of establishing the thesis that man is essentially a spirit manifesting through a physical organism. Only in the last chapter, in discussing *Sensory Automatism*, were we met by numerous instances giving direct proof of influence exerted by, and intelligent communications received from, persons at the moment of, or very shortly after death. And, indeed, although it would involve straining the theory to breaking point, still it might be theoretically contended that the facts observed are capable of explanation on the theory of telepathy, subliminal clairvoyance and so on.

Now, however, we are about to enter upon the consideration of several classes of cases in which the agency of spirits, no longer in the flesh, seems directly and immediately involved, and some preliminary discussion will be required before we proceed to deal with the facts, which Mr. Myers has brought together in a series of three chapters, dealing with *Phantasms of the Dead*, *Motor Automatism* and *Trance, Possession and Ecstasy*. The last chapter dealt with *Sensory Automatism*, with auditory and visual and other hallucinations, both veridical and non-veridical.

* *Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death*, by Frederick W. Myers. See the articles "Science and the Soul" and "Man's Deeper Self," in the last two numbers.

Naturally, therefore, the further development of these into *Phantasms of the Dead* is clearly the next step in our programme, which will fall most easily under three heads.

First, then, Mr. Myers proceeds to discuss briefly the nature of the evidence as to man's survival of death which may be *theoretically* obtainable, and its possible connection with evidence already considered. *Secondly*, he gives us a classified exposition of the main evidence to survival so far obtained—excluding *Motor Automatism*, which must be dealt with later; and *thirdly*, he considers this evidence as a whole, both in its scientific and its ethical implications.

At the outset, then, it is evident that no new evidence for human survival, or for the reality of what are popularly termed "ghosts," can be expected to carry conviction to the resolute sceptic, unless it be *continuous* with old evidence. Hence the popular view which considers a "ghost" as *a deceased person permitted by Providence to hold communication with survivors*, cannot be uncritically accepted; for such words as *permission* and *Providence* are neither more nor less applicable to the phenomena we are to study than to any others. For there is no *à priori* reason whatever for assuming that such phenomena as apparitions and the like are "permitted" in any especial sense, or that they form exceptions to law, instead of being exemplifications of law. Nor is there any *à posteriori* reason for supposing any such inference to be deducible from the study of the phenomena themselves. And further, we have no warrant for the assumption that the phantom seen, even though it be somehow *caused* by a deceased person, *is* that deceased person, in any ordinary sense of the word. For example, when—to quote only one case—a Mr. Kirk caused by an effort of will an apparition of himself to a waking percipient out of sight, he was *himself* awake and conscious in the place, where, not his phantom, but his body, stood. Whatever, then, that phantom *was*—a "thought-form" the Theosophist might call it—however generated or conditioned, we cannot say that it was Mr. Kirk *himself*. And, of course, it would be equally unjustifiable to speak of any "ghost" as though it were the deceased person himself. And yet again, just as we must give up saying that the phantom *is* the deceased, so also

must we cease to ascribe to the phantom *à priori* the *motives* by which we imagine that the deceased might be swayed.

What, therefore, we must rather look for, in our study of Phantasms of the Dead, is "a manifestation of persistent personal energy" continuing after the shock of death, and such manifestations are not specially likely to correspond with the popular notions exemplified in the current "ghost stories" of magazine literature.

We ought rather to expect to find possible analogies to such cases as we have already studied, where communication has been effected between widely different phases of the personality—as between a person awake and a somnambulist, and so forth.

Roughly speaking, we may say that our experiment and observation up to the present point have comprised five different stages of phenomena, *viz:* (i.) hypnotic suggestion; (ii.) telepathic experiments; (iii.) spontaneous telepathy during life; (iv.) phantasms at or about death; (v.) phantasms after death. And again classifying roughly we find that there are three main forms of manifestation at each stage: (1) hallucinations of the senses; (2) emotional and motor impulses; (3) definite intellectual messages.

Now the same three classes meet us when we come to analyse apparently *post-mortem* communications also. But though the analogy is in our favour, yet a close discussion is needed of the conditions which a visual or auditory phantasm must fulfil before it can be regarded as indicating *prima facie* the influence of a discarnate mind. And to this Mr. Myers devotes some pages, quoting from Edmund Gurney, after which he proceeds to a detailed analysis of a long series of cases, upon the lines thus laid down.

He gives in detail most carefully evidenced cases in which: (1) repeated apparitions have shown continuous knowledge of the affairs of earth after the spirit's departure; (2) single apparitions have indicated knowledge of some *post-mortem* fact, such as place of burial, etc.; (3) have shown knowledge of the affairs of surviving friends; (4) have shown knowledge of the impending death of a survivor; (5) cases where a dying man perceives as spirits certain persons of whose previous death he was not aware; (6) cases

where phantasms have manifested knowledge that some friend who survived them has since died; (7) the case of Mrs. Bacchus, where the apparition of a deceased person is seen in the house where the dead body of his wife is lying; (8) cases where the phantasm shows knowledge of facts connected with his own earth life, especially his death and events connected therewith; (9) shows knowledge of previous relations with a survivor; (10) cases of compacts more or less precisely fulfilled; (11) or sometimes fulfilled in a sort of *deflected* fashion; (12) cases showing persistence of effort on the part of the deceased; (13) cases of phantasmal pictures truly presenting the chamber of death, the condition of the dead body, the death and subsequent arrangement of the body—and so on through many and various phases of phantasms, apparitions and visions.

Then come a series of cases suggestive rather of some persistent local residual effect, rather than direct causation on the part of the deceased. Many of these cases of "hauntings" are most difficult to understand and no scientific theory to explain them can yet be outlined. Myers inclines to regard them as local modifications *not* of the material, but of the metetherial world—a view not so very far removed from that which the study of psychometry might suggest, and which is supported to some extent at least by the investigations of trained clairvoyance.

Of course only a small selection of the available evidence is given by Mr. Myers, but more than enough, I think, to warrant his remark that we have reached a point when our study of these sensory automatisms in this and the preceding chapter, of their time coincidences and significant details, has taught us nearly all that it can, and that we must pass on to the wider range opened out to us in the phenomena of Motor Automatism. But referring, in closing this chapter, to the general ethical and scientific bearing of his results, Mr. Myers points out that the actual facts tend to efface from the mind the world-old idea that these apparitions and the like are evidence of the working of evil spirits, of malevolent powers, while they also give us ethical indications, of a lofty and at the same time evolutionary type, tending to demonstrate the profoundest cosmical thesis which we can conceive as susceptible of scientific demonstration.

The subject of *Motor Automatism*—especially in its most developed form of Possession, to be dealt with later—may be regarded as almost the most important section of our enquiry, and Mr. Myers leads us up to its consideration by first taking a backward glance over the road we have travelled, which it will be useful to quote here:

> Our main theme, I repeat once more, is the analysis of human personality, undertaken with the object of showing that in its depths there lie indications of life and faculty not limited to a planetary existence, or to this material world.
>
> In the *first* chapter this thesis was explained, and each chapter that has followed has advanced us a step towards its establishment. In the *second* chapter we found that the old-fashioned conception of human personality as a unitary consciousness known with practical completeness to the waking self, needed complete revision. We began by tracing instances in which that consciousness was disintegrated in various ways; and even among those morbid cases we found traces of the action of a profounder self. In the *third* chapter, dealing with the phenomena of so-called *genius*, we found further indications of a deeper self possessing habitually a higher degree of faculty than the superficial self can readily employ. In the *fourth* chapter certain phenomena connected with sleep—manifestations of supernormal faculty both telæsthetic, telepathic and premonitory—led us on to the conception of a highly evolved subliminal self operating with unknown faculty in an unknown environment. Nay, we have thus been led to think that this subliminal self represents, more fully than the supraliminal self, our central and abiding being, so that, when the slumber of the supraliminal self leaves it comparatively free, it performs two functions of profound importance: in the first place restoring and rejuvenating the bodily organism by drafts upon the energy of the spiritual world, with which it is in communion, and in the second place itself entering into closer connection with that spiritual world, apart from the bodily organism.
>
> Our *fifth* chapter on Hypnotism served as an experimental illustration of this view. We there found that we could, by empirical processes, deepen the sleeping phase of personality, and thus increase both the subliminal self's power of renovating the organism, both in familiar and unfamiliar ways, and also its power of operating in a quasi-independent manner in the spiritual world. In the hypnotic trance, moreover, that hidden self was able to come to the surface, to speak and to answer; to present itself as an independent agent with which we could directly deal. . . .
>
> From this point our evidence has taken a fresh start. We proceeded in the *sixth* chapter to the study of automatisms, that is to say, of manifestation of submerged mental processes, which do not enter into ordinary consciousness. For convenience sake I have divided these into *sensory* and

motor: on the other hand the sights and sounds which we see and hear through some subliminal faculty rather than through the ordinary channels of sense; on the other hand, the motions which we perform, the words which we utter, moved in like manner by some unknown impulse from the deeps within.

The *sensory automatisms* with which the *sixth* chapter dealt might be regarded then as *messages* from the subliminal to the supraliminal self. Many of those sensory messages seem plainly to have been originated in the automatist's own mind. These illustrated in a new way the co-existence of different series of thoughts, and expressions of thought in the same organism, but did not add to the evidence of supernormal operations. Other sensory messages, however, there were which the agency of a second person also was manifestly needed to explain. Such were the telepathic or coincidental hallucinations for which so much evidence has been adduced. These definitely indicate—I should rather say that they distinctly *prove*—a communication between the minds of living persons, independently of the action of the recognised organs of sense.

But this was not all. In the *seventh* chapter I went on to show that there was no valid reason to suppose that bodily death put a stop to the despatch of telepathic messages. By a long series of narratives I endeavoured to prove that departed spirits, perhaps as frequently as incarnate spirits, have communicated with incarnate spirits—with living persons—by telepathic sensory messages of the same general type. . . . And, I might fairly claim, that here the evidence for my primary thesis—namely, that the analysis of a man's personality reveals him as a spirit, surviving death—has attained an amplitude which would justify the reader in accepting that view as the provisional hypothesis which comes nearest to a comprehensive co-ordination of the actual facts.

But the phenomena of Motor Automatism will be found to add greatly to the evidence already presented. However, since abnormal or morbid vital phenomena obviously indicate lines of least resistance, change or weakness in the structure of the personality, it is highly probable that supernormal vital phenomena will manifest themselves along the *same* lines or channels, since these are already the lines of least resistance, and therefore Mr. Myers now devotes some pages to a discussion of the question as to how we shall distinguish the developmental from the degenerative phenomena. Each case, of course, must be dealt with on its own merits, but broadly speaking the class which interests us will be distinguishable by certain marked characteristics. Developmental, evolutive phenomena will be found to be characterised first by their independence, and second by their nunciative, or message-bearing characters.

Now, we have in ordinary muscle reading a simple instance of nunciative automatism; for, in spite of conscious voluntary effort to prevent it, some unconscious bodily tremour conveys to the muscle reader both the thought and the memory of the agent. And we see this also in a rather more developed form in the automatic writing of words in obedience to post-hypnotic suggestion, while the subject, reawakened to this normal state, is actively engaged in conversation and remains totally unaware of what his hand is writing. Table-tilting takes us one step further on the same road, and the automatic character of the messages so spelt out is clearly shown in the fact that they are very often altogether different from, or even contrary to, what is consciously expected or thought about.

Before entering on the topic which comes next in natural order, that of automatic writing, Mr. Myers discusses the two great historical instances of automatism presented by Socrates and Joan of Arc—the former in the main an instance of *inhibitory*, the latter of *impulsive* automatism. For the monitions of the Dæmon of Socrates consisted mainly in wise and sagacious inhibitions—in a voice or a sign which invariably checked him when about to do or say something unwise or inexpedient; while Joan of Arc was irresistibly impelled to the noblest doings by her voices, which, however, were not always clearly externalised.

These two great historical cases illustrate the farthest extent of the claim that can be made for the agency of the subliminal self in similar automatisms—apart from telepathy or possession. But they launch us on our subject with the consciousness of two difficulties. We have to decide for each case in particular—first, whether we are to call it sensory or motor; then, whether we are to attribute its origination to the automatist's or to some other mind.

Now in the first place we must reflect that if the subliminal self really possesses such profound power over the organism, as has been suggested, we may expect that its "messages" will sometimes express themselves in the form of deep organic modifications—of changes in the vaso-motor, the circulatory, the respiratory systems. Such phenomena are less likely to be noted or remembered as *coincidental*, from their very indefiniteness, as

compared for instance with a phantasmal appearance; but we have records of various telepathic cases showing disturbance of this type. And in some cases—as for instance in that of a Dr. N. cited by Myers—the telepathic impression first externalises itself as an emotion, then produces a sense of locality, and finally rises to the clear identification of a particular person. Again, in the case of Mrs. Hadselle, the impact first produces marked general *malaise* and restlessness, rising into a definite motor impulse, accompanied by an auditory hallucination, conveying to Mrs. Hadselle the pressing need for her presence at the moment on the part of a dear friend.

An interesting type of cases analogous to that of Socrates, here finds a place, illustrated, for example, in Mrs. Verrall, who has more than once observed in herself the fact that an altogether *forgotten memory* (so to call it) may automatically inhibit and neutralise purposive muscular adjustments, and thus, so to say, recall itself to the normal personality; while in other cases a long-forgotten interest does the same thing, actually controlling waking action and showing evidence of what at least suggests purposive attention and observation of the surroundings by a stratum of the personality lying well below the normal waking consciousness; as when Dr. R. Hodgson—who had years before been interested in collecting extra-leaved clovers—finds himself suddenly brought to a standstill and stooping down over some specimens of the kind. Some of these cases may perhaps be explained by sub-conscious perception or interpretation, not involving telæsthesia or telepathy; but in that of Dr. Parsons, whose life was saved through such an automatic inhibition, we are confronted with facts which seem beyond explanation in any such way, and almost force upon us the suggestion of subliminal telæsthesia or else of spirit guardianship.

There are some cases in which we find almost pure massive motor impulses, practically free from any sensory element, leading to various actions, as in the case of Mr. Garrison, who, under such a motor impulse, left a religious meeting in the evening and walked eighteen miles under the strong impulse to go and see his mother, and found her dead; or in that of Mr. Skirving, who felt himself irresistibly impelled to leave his work and go home—*why*

he knew not—at the moment when his wife was in fact calling for him in the distress of a serious accident.

Speaking generally, we may arrange these various modes of subliminal motor message, according to their increasing specialisation, in somewhat the following order:

1. Massive motor impulses, like Mr. Garrison's.
2. Simple subliminal muscular impulses giving rise to table-tilting and the like.
3. Theoretically, if clear evidence could be obtained, musical execution subliminally initiated would occupy the next place in order.
4. Then come automatic drawing and painting; and
5. Automatic writing, with which we shall now proceed to deal.

In automatic writing—the rise of which Mr. Myers traces in brief—it is mainly the *contents* of the messages which are of interest for us, and accordingly Mr. Myers gives the following classification of such messages according to their apparent sources.

A. The message may come from the percipient's own mind; its contents being supplied from the resources of his ordinary memory, or of his more extensive subliminal memory; while the *dramatisation* of the messages —its assumption of some other mind as its source—will resemble the dramatisations of dream or of hypnotic trance.

B. Messages whose content seems to be derived from the mind of some other person still living on earth; that person being either conscious or unconscious of transmitting the suggestion.

C. The message may emanate from some unembodied intelligence of an unknown type—other, at any rate, than the intelligence of the alleged agent.

D. Lastly the message may be derived, in a more or less direct manner, from the mind of the agent—the departed friends—from whom the communication does actually claim to come.

My main effort has naturally been thus far directed to the proof that there are messages which do *not* fall into the lowest class, *A*—in which class most psychologists would still place them all. And I myself—while reserving a certain small portion of the messages for my other classes—do not only admit but assert that the great majority of such communications represent the subliminal workings of the automatist's mind alone. It does not, however, follow that such messages have for us no interest or novelty. On the contrary, they form an instructive, an indispensable transition from psycho-

logical introspection of the old-fashioned kind to the bolder methods on whose validity I am anxious to insist. The mind's subliminal action as thus revealed, differs from the supraliminal in ways which no one anticipated, and which no one can explain. There seem to be subliminal tendencies setting steadily in certain obscure directions, and bearing as little relation to the individual characteristics of the person to the deeps of whose being we have somehow penetrated as profound ocean currents bear to waves and winds on the surface of the sea.

Of class *A*. Mr. Myers naturally cites only a few examples, but these are well chosen: those of Mr. Smith, of "Clelia" in which *anagrams* were automatically written, and that of a friend of Prof. Sidgwick precisely parallel to it. Then he gives us some curious transition cases, notably those of Mr. Schiller, in which old French—a language *unknown* to the automatist—was written, and that of Dr. X., a physician occupying an important scientific post on the Continent. All these are typically transitional, presenting a most curious mixture of elements drawn from the automatist's mind and apparently supernormal factors also, leading up to the case of "Hélène Smith," so carefully observed and recorded by Prof. Flournoy of Geneva, which exhibits a wide and complex range of phenomena. In her communications the doctrine of reincarnation figures extensively, and she herself is in them asserted to be a reincarnation of Marie Antoinette. This case gives Mr. Myers occasion to express himself on the subject of reincarnation—to which view I incline to think he really leans. His discussion of it from the point of view of psychic science has naturally, however, a peculiar interest for us and I therefore quote it in full.

Prominent among Mdlle. Hélène's tenets is the doctrine of *reincarnation*, or of successive lives spent by each soul upon this planet. The simple fact that such was probably the opinion both of Plato and of Virgil shows that there is nothing here which is alien to the best reason or to the highest instincts of men. Nor, indeed, is it easy to realise any theory of the *direct creation* of spirits at such different stages of advancement as those which enter upon the earth in the guise of mortal man. There *must*, one feels, be some kind of continuity—some form of spiritual Past. Yet for reincarnation there is at present no valid evidence; and it must be my duty to show how its assertion in any given instance—Mdlle. Smith's included—constitutes in itself a strong argument in favour of self-suggestion rather than extraneous inspiration as the source of the messages in which it appears. Whenever civilised men have received what they have regarded as a revelation (which

has generally been somewhat fragmentary in its first delivery) they have naturally endeavoured to complete and systematise it as well as they could. In so doing they have mostly aimed at three objects : (1) to *understand* as much as possible of the secrets of the universe ; (2) to *justify* as far as possible Heaven's dealings with men ; and (3) to *appropriate* as far as possible the favour or benefit which the revelation may show as possibly accruing to believers. For all these purposes the doctrine of re-incarnation has proved useful in many countries and times. But in no case could it seem more appropriate than in this last revelation (so to term it) through automatic messages and the like. And as a matter of history, a certain vigorous preacher of the new faith, known under the name of Allan Kardec, took up re-incarnationist tenets, enforced them (as there is reason to believe) by strong suggestion upon the minds of various automatic writers, and set them forth in dogmatic works which have had much influence, especially among Latin nations, from their clarity, symmetry, and intrinsic reasonableness. Yet the data thus collected were absolutely insufficient, and the *Livre des Esprits* must simply rank as the premature formulation of a new religion—the premature systematisation of a nascent science.

I follow Professor Flournoy in believing that the teaching of that work must have directly or indirectly influenced the mind of Mdlle. Smith, and is therefore responsible for her claim to these incarnations previous to that which she now undergoes or enjoys.

On the general scheme here followed, each incarnation, if the last has been used aright, ought to represent some advance in the scale of being. If one earth life has been misused, the next earth life ought to afford opportunity for expiation—or for further practice in the special virtue which has been imperfectly acquired. Thus Mdlle. Smith's present life in a humble position may be thought to atone for her over-much pride in her last incarnation—as Marie Antoinette.

But the mention of Marie Antoinette suggests the risk which this theory fosters—of assuming that one is the issue of a distinguished line of spiritual progenitors ; insomuch that, with whatever temporary sets-back, one is sure in the end to find oneself in a leading position. Pythagoras, indeed, was content with the secondary hero Euphorbus, as his bygone self. But in our days Dr. Anna Kingsford and Mr. Edward Maitland must needs have been the Virgin Mary and St. John the Divine. And Victor Hugo, who was naturally well to the front in these self-multiplications, took possession of most of the leading personages of antiquity whom he could manage to string together in chronological sequence. It is obvious that any number of re-born souls can play at this game ; but where no one adduces any evidence it hardly seems worth while to go on. Even Pythagoras does not appear to have adduced any evidence beyond his *ipse dixit* for his assertion that the alleged shield of Euphorbus had in reality been borne by that mythical hero. Meantime the question as to reincarnation has actually been put to a very few spirits who have

given some real evidence of their identity. So far as I know, no one of these has claimed to know anything personally of such an incident, although all have united in saying that their knowledge was too limited to allow them to generalise on the matter. Hélène's controls and previous incarnations—to return to our subject—do perhaps suffer from the general fault of aiming too high. She has to her credit a control from the planet Mars; one pre-incarnation as an Indian Princess; and a second (as I have said) as Marie Antoinette. In each case there are certain impressive features in the impersonation, but in each case also careful analysis negatives the idea that we can be dealing with a personality really revived from a former epoch, or from a distant planet; and leaves us inclined to explain everything by "cryptomnesia" (as Professor Flournoy calls submerged memory) and that subliminal inventiveness of which we already know so much.

Many of the phenomena which Prof. Flournoy observed in connection with Mdlle. Hélène show some indications of supernormal faculty; while in the Chessinaz instance there may have been telepathy from the dead. But the evidence is not conclusive in these cases, which are mainly transitional, and lead us on to others which are much more clearly supernormal. As a further connecting link, Mr. Myers quotes some very remarkable experiments of Prof. Richet and also of Mr. E. M. Smith in the simplest form of motor automatism, *viz.*, table-tilting, in which under the strictest experimental conditions conclusive proof of telepathy was obtained, which also makes its appearance in a long series of cases in which Planchette was used, as well as in others where the automatic writing was done by hand. The most remarkable of these is the long and very carefully conducted series of experiments carried out by Mr. and Mrs. Newnham, in which clear and unmistakable *answers* to unspoken questions in the mind of a distant operator were produced automatically by Mrs. Newnham; but, indeed, the whole series of cases given by Mr. Myers is very striking and interesting.

He next puts before us a further series of transitional cases in which information was received through automatic writing purporting to come from deceased persons, but which seems more probably to have been derived telepathically from the living. In one curious case a circumstantial message was thus received purporting to come from a deceased person, who was *subsequently found to be living* at the time.

We are thus made to realise the danger that a message purporting to come—excluding all suggestion of conscious fraud—from a deceased person, may in reality emanate from the mind either of one of the living persons present, or even from some living person at a distance. Nor is this the only risk of deception which such messages involve. For the communication may conceivably come indeed from some disembodied spirit, but not from the spirit who is claimed as its author. Can such deception be guarded against?

Mr. Myers points out that the answer to this question cannot be brief and must for the present be delayed. And as an introduction to the range of new problems thus raised, he then quotes some exceedingly interesting extracts from the record of the varied experiences of automatic writing which have been mingled with the crystal visions of the same Miss A. with whom we made acquaintance in Chapter V. These are extremely interesting, but too complex for more summary treatment than Myers devotes to them. The main point, however, that gradually emerges with ever-increasing clearness from them, as well as from the whole of the long succession of cases analysed, is the constantly growing difficulty of explaining them on the theory of forgotten memories, though the whole series of problems raised in all these cases, as well as in other very striking instances quoted by Mr. Myers, is exceedingly complex and involves many considerations which demand both minute study and a much more extensive and carefully observed series of experiments.

Passing on from these, we next come to a set of cases in the first of which the automatic writing announces (correctly) the fact of a death unknown to any of the persons present; in the second, partially correct details about the death are added; in another, correct details unknown to the automatist are given about a death, the bare fact of which was known to him; while in another the communication corresponded correctly, *not* to the knowledge of the sitters, but to what was known to the alleged communicator *before* death. We then come to a case of automatic writing by a child showing faculties superior to those she normally possessed, with also some writing in languages unknown to her. In another instance a young child of four, who had no

knowledge of her letters, wrote automatically several significant words and phrases, such as "your aunt Emma." In yet another case the precise date of a death was correctly predicted forty days beforehand by table-tilting, while in the Appendix other analogous cases are given and discussed. This long series leads us up to a very striking case in which not only is the evidence of *post-mortem* identity very strong, but continued terrene knowledge on the part of the dead is remarkably well illustrated. But even more remarkable is the next case given, which records the success of a direct experiment—a test message planned before death, and communicated after death, by a man who held that the hope of an assurance of a continued presence after death was worth at least a resolute effort, whatever the result might be. His tests indeed were two, and both were successful. One was the revealing of the place where, before death, he had hidden a piece of brick marked and broken for special recognition, and the other was the communication of the contents of a short letter which he wrote and sealed before death. And Mr. Myers asserts emphatically that the information was certainly not possessed supraliminally by any living person.

Glancing backwards, we see that the motor phenomena have confirmed, and have also greatly extended the results to which the allied sensory phenomena had already pointed. We had already noted, in each of the two states of sleep and waking, the variously expanding capacities of the subliminal self. We have watched an intensification of ordinary faculty, leading up to telæsthesia and to telepathy from the living and from the departed. Along with these powers, which, on the hypothesis of the soul's independent existence, are at least within our range of analogical conception, we have also noted a precognitive capacity of a type which no fact as yet known to science will help us to explain. And in motor automatisms we have found a *third* group of cases which independently confirm in each of these lines in turn the results of our analysis of sensory automatisms both in sleep and in waking. Evidence thus convergent will need no ordinary boldness of negative assumption if it is to be set aside. At once more energetic and more persistent than the sensory, motor automatisms oblige us to face certain problems which the light-

ness and fugitiveness of sensory phenomena allowed us in some measure to evade. Thus when we discussed the mechanism (so to call it) of visual and auditory phantasms, two competing conceptions presented themselves for our choice—the conception of *telepathic impact*, and the conception of *psychical invasion*.

Of these the telepathic impact seemed the less startling, the less extreme hypothesis of the two. But when we come to study motor automatisms, we find it becoming more and more difficult to distinguish a *telepathic impact* from a *psychical invasion*. For these strong, yet apparently alien, motor innervations correspond in fact as closely as possible to our idea of an *invasion*, and when sufficiently prolonged, such an *invasion* becomes a *possession*, a persistent control. And, in spite of all effort and the utmost straining of the conception, it becomes, in many of the cases presented, impossible to limit the problem to the activities of the automatist's subliminal self, and to explain the facts as they occur we find ourselves almost irresistibly driven to the hypothesis of an invading spirit external both to the waking and to the subliminal self of the automatist.

And we are thus brought face to face with the subject which occupies the next chapter of Mr. Myers' book: *Trance, Possession and Ecstasy* to the consideration of which a special article must be devoted, as these phenomena form as it were the apex, the culminating point to which our whole enquiry has in a sense been leading us up.

BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY.

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,
Du meine Wonn', O du mein Schmerz,
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,
Mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,
O du mein Grab, in das hinab
Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab.

Du bist die Ruh', du bist der Frieden
Du bist von Himmel mir beschieden;
Dass du mich liebst, macht mich mir werth
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt
Du hebet mich liebend über mich,
Mein guter Geist, mein bess'res Ich!

RÜCKERT.

WILL, DESIRE, AND EMOTION

In studying the nature of Consciousness, we have seen that it has three fundamental expressions—Power, or Will, Wisdom and Activity.* Every religion thus symbolises forth its Trinity, when it seeks to picture the Manifested God. Christianity, the ruling religion of the West, proclaims the Father as Supreme Will, the Son as Wisdom, the Spirit as Creator. Hinduism, the oldest living religion of the East, worships Shiva as Will, Vishṇu as Wisdom, Brahmâ as Creator. Yet not Three but One, say all the world-creeds; in manifestation triple, in essence one.

This Logic Trinity is in each of us as our Self, the root of our being, the innermost source of our life, the one Reality. Hidden, unmanifest, wrapt in silence and darkness is our Self, but our Consciousness is the limited manifestation of that Self, the manifested God in the kosmos of our bodies, which are His garments. As the Unmanifest is partially manifest in the Logos, as Divine Consciousness, and in the universe as the Body of the Logos†, so is our unmanifest Self partially manifest in our Consciousness, the Logos of our individual system, and in our kosmos, the body which clothes the Consciousness. As above, so below.

This hidden Self is sometimes called the Monad, being verily the One. It is this which gives the subtle sense of unity that ever persists in us amid all changes; the sense of identity has here its source, for this is the Eternal in us. The three out-streaming rays which come from the Monad, and are his three

* "Power, Wisdom, and Love" is another favourite way of expressing this triplicity; but this leaves out Activity, unless Love be taken as its equivalent, since Love is essentially active. Wisdom and Love seem to me to be the same aspect of Consciousness; that which manifests above as Wisdom, the realisation of Unity, manifests in the world of forms as Love, the attractive force which brings about Unity in a world of separated beings.

† In the roaring loom of Time I ply,
And weave for God the garment thou see'st Him by.
GOETHE.

aspects or modes of being, or hypostases, these are the Will, Wisdom and Activity which are the three essential expressions of embodied Consciousness, the familiar Âtmâ-Buddhi-Manas of the Theosophist.

This Consciousness ever works as a unit on the various planes, but shows out its triplicity on each. When we study Consciousness working on the mental plane, we see Will appearing as choice, Wisdom as discrimination, Activity as cognition. On the astral plane, we see Will appearing as desire, Wisdom as love, Activity as sensation. On the physical plane, Will has for its instruments the motor organs (karmendriyas), Wisdom the cerebral hemispheres, Activity the organs of sense (jñânendriyas).

The full manifestation of these three aspects of Consciousness in their highest forms takes place in man in the same order as the manifestation of the triple Logos in the universe. The third aspect, Activity, revealed as the creative mind, as the gatherer of knowledge, is the first to perfect its vehicles, and show forth its full energies. The second aspect, Wisdom, revealed as the Pure and Compassionate Reason, is the second to shine forth, the Kṛishṇa, the Buddha, the Christ, in man. The third aspect, Will, is the last to reveal itself, the divine Power of the Self, that which in its impregnable fulness is Beatitude, is Peace.

It is this aspect of the Self—the aspect of Power, Will in its pure form, Desire in its impure—that is to be the subject of our study in these pages.

Why are we Here?

Perhaps no question is more often asked than this, and none more seldom answered. Why should the Perfect become the imperfect, All-Power become the powerless, God become the mineral, the brute, the man? In this form the question is unanswerable, for it is founded on false premisses. The Perfect is the all, the Totality, the Sum of Being. Within its infinity is everything contained, every potentiality, as well as actuality, of existence. All that has been, is, will be, can be, ever IS in that Fulness, that Eternal. Only Itself knows Itself in its infinite unimaginable wealth of Being. Because It contains all pairs of opposites, and each pair, in affirming itself, to the eye of reason annihilates itself

and vanishes, It seems a Void. But endless universes arising in It proclaim It a Plenum. This Perfect never becomes the imperfect; it *becomes* nothing; It *is* all Spirit and Matter, Strength and Weakness, Knowledge and Ignorance, Peace and Strife, Bliss and Pain, Power and Impotence, the innumerable opposites of manifestation emerge into each other and vanish in non-manifestation. The All includes manifestation and non-manifestation, the diastole and systole of the Heart which is Being. The one no more requires explanation than the other; the one cannot be without the other. The puzzle arises because men assert separately one of the inseparate pair of opposites—Spirit, Strength, Knowledge, Peace, Bliss, Power—and then ask, "Why should these become their opposites?" *They do not.* No attribute exists without its opposite; a pair only can manifest; every front has a back, Spirit and Matter arise together; it is not that Spirit exists, and then miraculously produces Matter to limit and blind itself, but that Spirit and Matter arise in the Eternal simultaneously as a mode of Its Being a form of Self-expression of the All.

The Logos of a universe contains within Himself all that is necessary for the evolution of His universe; spiritual Intelligences evolved in a past universe who are to aid in the building of the new Jîvâtmâs at all stages of evolution ready to incarnate afresh, down to what may be called the germ-cells of His body, the cells that are to be individualised in the coming universe. In the two highest planes previously spoken of, the Âdi and Anupâdaka, all these form the celestial Body of the Logos, and His pervading Consciousness informs them all, down to the very germ-cells, which thrill with longing for the fuller, richer life pulsing in the more mighty organs of that glorious Body. His Will to manifest is also their Will to manifest, the mighty Will to Live, to live Self-consciously; He, who is Self-conscious, knows His object and His path; They, not yet Self-conscious, yet have in them, as parts of His Body, the moving energy of His Will, which makes their own inherent Will to Live, and impels them into the conditions wherein Self-conscious life is possible. These are the Monads of the new universe, and it is this Will to Live, present in all parts of His Body, as the very energy of life itself, which im-

pels them to go forth into denser matter. In the truest, deepest sense, we are here because we Will to Live : " none else compels."

Everywhere in Nature we see this same striving after fuller life which has its spring in the Will to Live. The seed, buried in the ground, pushes its growing point upwards to the light. The bud within its sheathing calyx bursts its prison and expands in the sunshine. The chick within the egg breaks its confining shell in twain. Everywhere life seeks expression, powers press to exercise themselves. See the painter, the sculptor, the poet, with creative genius struggling within him ; to create yields the subtlest pleasure, the keenest savour of exquisite delight. Therein is but another instance of the omnipresent nature of life, whether in the Logos, in the genius, or in the ephemeral creature of a day ; all joy in the bliss of living, and feel most alive when they multiply themselves in creation. To feel life expressing itself, flowing forth, expanding, increasing, this is at once the result of the Will to Live and its fruition in the Bliss of Living.

The Monad is separated, a " divine fragment," a Seed from the Tree Immortal, to become a developed God, a Tree of Life, another Fount of Being. The agent of his forth-coming is his inherent Will to Live ; the motive his will to experience. We are under the great law of rhythm—activity and rest, day and night, going forth and returning. The shaping of a new universe is the Day of Forth-going, the dawn of the period of activity. The living is the becoming ; life knows itself by change.

The Inner Ruler

Yet the phrase that the Monads go forth is somewhat inaccurate ; that they shine forth, send out their rays of life would be truer. For they remain ever " in the bosom of the Father," while their life-rays stream out into the ocean of matter, and therein appropriate the materials needed for their energising in the universe. The matter must be appropriated, rendered plastic, shaped into fitting vehicles. At first the Consciousness will be blinded, fettered, helpless ; slowly it will conquer the matter that at first enslaves it ; slowly, surely, it will mould it for Self-expression. We have already studied how through matter Consciousness evolves,

Now the Will is the energy which stands behind Thought; Thought is the creative activity, but Will the motive power. Our bodies are as they are, because the Self has for countless ages been pouring forth his Will to shape matter into forms whereby he may know and energise on all outside himself. It is written in an ancient Scripture: "Of a truth this body is mortal, O Maghavan, it is subject to death. Yet is it a resting-place of the immortal and bodiless Âtmâ. . . The eyes are intended as organs of observation for the Being who dwelleth within the eyes. He who willeth, 'I shall smell,' is the Âtmâ, wishing to experience fragrance. He who willeth 'I shall speak,' is the Âtmâ wishing to utter words. He who willeth, 'I shall hear,' is the Âtmâ, wishing to listen to sounds. He who willeth, 'I shall think,' is the Âtmâ. The mind is the celestial eye, observing all desirable objects. By means of the mental celestial eye, Âtmâ enjoyeth all."*

This is the secret, the motive power, of evolution. True, the great Will traces the high road of evolution. True spiritual Intelligences of many grades guide the evolving entities along that highroad. But too little attention has been paid to the countless experiments, failures, successes, the little bye-ways and twists and curls, due to the gropings of the separate Wills, each Will to Live trying to find Self-expression. The contacts from the outer world arouse in each Âtmâ the Will to know what touches. He knows but little in the jelly-fish, but the Will to know shapes, in form after form, an ever-improving eye, that hinders less his power of perception. As we study evolution, we become more and more conscious of Wills which shape matter, but shape it by groping experiments, not by clear vision. The presence of these many Wills make the constant branching of the evolutionary tree. There is a real truth in Professor Clifford's playful story to the children about the great Saurians of an early age: "Some chose to fly and became birds; others chose to crawl, and became reptiles." Often we see an attempt foiled, and then the attempt is made in another direction. Often we see the most clumsy contrivances side by side with the most exquisite adaptations. The latter are the results of Intelligences

* *Chhândogyopaniṣhat*, viii., xii., 1, 4, 5.

knowing their aims and consciously chiselling the matter into appropriate forms; the others are the outcome of the strivings from within, still blind and groping, but steadfastly set to Self-expression. If there were only outside designers, seeing the end from the beginning, Nature would present us with insoluble puzzles in her building. But when we realise the presence of the Will to Live in each, seeking Self-expression, shaping his vehicles for his own purposes, then we can see alike the creative plan which underlies all, the plan of the Logos; the admirable adaptations which work out His plan, the labour of the building Intelligences; and the blunders due to the efforts of the Selves that will, but have not yet the knowledge or the power to perform perfectly.

It is this groping, striving, struggling divine Self, which, as evolution goes on, becomes in ever-increasing measure the true Ruler, the inner Ruler, the Immortal. Anyone who grasps that he is himself that Immortal Ruler, seated within his Self-created vehicles of expression, gains a sense of dignity and power which grows ever stronger, and more compelling on the lower nature. The knowledge of the truth makes us inly free. The inner Ruler may still be hampered by the very forms he has shaped for self-expression, but knowing himself as the Ruler, he can work steadfastly to bring his realm into complete subjection. He knows that he has come into the world for a certain purpose, to make himself fit to be a co-worker with the Supreme Will, and he can do and suffer all which is necessary to that end. He knows himself divine, and that his Self-realisation is only a question of time. Inwardly the divinity is felt, though outwardly it is not yet expressed, and there remains to become in manifestation what he is in essence. He is king *de jure*, not yet *de facto*.

As a Prince, born to a crown, patiently submits to the discipline which is fitting him to wear it, so the sovereign Will in us is evolving to the age when royal powers will pass into its grasp, and may patiently submit to the necessary discipline of life.

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A CHEMICAL CADUCEUS

In the issue of the Review of November last Mendelejeff's periodic table of the chemical elements was considered in conjunction with Lothar Meyer's curves, which represent the order of the atomic volumes, the valencies, the electrical signs, the atomic weights of the elements. These many converging particulars yield a general plan which indicates seven types of elements reappearing in modified guise in a septenary time-cycle; and this general plan must almost necessarily figure, in some form or other, in any scheme designed to represent the gradual evolution of these elements as the basis of the physical nature about us. In the succeeding December number of the Review reference was made to the bearing of spectroscopic evidence upon this point, this evidence tending to show that each type of element is derived from a corresponding type of ions as its direct precursor. The relation of the elemental essence of the astral plane to its corresponding groups of chemical elements is therein shown in a manner which makes apparent the nature of the interest which attaches to the following facts.

(1) In *The Astral Plane** it is pointed out that within each type of the elemental essence (vertical divisions in the diagram of December number) seven sub-types are found to exist, and that these may be distinguished by the colour predominating in each. This would apply to any type, and therefore to, let us say, type III.

(2) Sir William Crookes, questioning the "elementariness" of these chemical substances, turned his attention to Yttrium in group III. of Mendelejeff's table and succeeded in dividing his supposedly homogeneous material into several varieties of Yttrium—several sub-types, as one might regard them—whose

* Ed. i., p. 50; Ed. ii., p. 70.

spectra fall into a marked colour-order. Keeping to essential points, this colour-order may be indicated thus:—The original Yttrium gave a spectrum in which the following lines were equally bright and definite.

Deep red: Red: Citron: Green-blue (2): Deep blue.

Each of the "sub-types" of Yttrium yielded a spectrum in which all these different lines appeared; but in the spectrum of

Sub-type	1	the	Deep red	alone	was	bright;	other colours dull
,,	2	,,	Red	,,	,,	,,	,,
,,	3	,,	Citron	,,	,,	,,	,,
,,	4	,,	Green-blue	,,	,,	,,	,,
,,	5	,,	Deep blue	,,	,,	,,	,,

The spectra of still other constituents or sub-types of Yttrium but further confirm the actuality of this interesting colour-order. Hence it would appear that the rule of the astral plane, in this matter, is also the rule "here," for chemical sub-types may also be distinguished by the colour predominating in each.

Mendelejeff's entire table falls under some comprehensive colour-scheme which must also, necessarily, be numerical. The sub-types (as indicated above) transit the spectrum from the Red —where lower frequency of the light-waves suggests units of greater mass, to Blue or Violet—where higher frequency suggests units of smaller mass. Mendelejeff's table, *as a whole*, shows the same movement again; for, as we pass from group I. to group VII., the general mean of the lines of the spectra tends to move from the Red to the Violet end, as is the case within the type. Human evolution appears to be a movement of much the same kind. We have to transit our own spectra by eliminating the coarser matter of the Red and moving into the finer Blue-violet. There must be immense economy of effort in being able to effect this within the simpler field of our own type; for the spiritual, wherever achieved, must be the same for all and must link us in the blessedness of some common estate wherein earlier "differences" will be forgotten. Beyond these conditioned worlds one may surmise that we become as continuous spectra, viewing past cavilling as needless advertisement of our own personal absorption-bands.

The purpose of the present paper is to consider a somewhat

different aspect of this inorganic evolution, based upon Sir William Crookes' well-known "Genesis of the Elements," which is treated of at some length in vol. i. of *The Secret Doctrine*. Space only permits of a very brief description of the points essential to this view, but these particulars will explain the curious parallel to be observed between the ancient symbol, the Asvattha Tree (or its modification the Greek Caduceus) and the three-dimensional figure which results from expressing the order of Mendelejeff's table on the lines of the figure-of-eight curve proposed by Sir William Crookes.

We know that this has long ago been worked out by the originator of the idea, but upon the basis of a view of the chemical grouping which is somewhat different from that put forward in the REVIEW. The November issue stated the factors embodied in the grouping there shown, and suggested that Meyer's curves are probably a more fundamental indication of the natural order of the elements than any to be adduced from purely chemical considerations. In dealing, therefore, with the question of *positiveness* and *negativeness*, as to which different classifications may legitimately be employed, I adopt that which accords with Meyer's curves in the manner already explained. It is this classification of + and — which throws the lemniscate—the figure-of-eight curve—into the form which so curiously reproduces the ancient Caduceus.

As a guide to any attempt at tracing a figure or devising a model to represent the genesis of these chemical elements, one has first to consider what kind of force or energy is likely to have been operative in the process. Many indications point to the probability that the guiding influence was of the nature of electric and magnetic action—possibly in some more intimate alliance even than that in which we find them practically inseparable, though different, in ordinary experience. We find, however, that these two forces play in what may somewhat loosely be termed a right-angled relationship one to the other. For instance, if an electric current flows along a spiral coil of wire the plane of whose helices lies, say, east and west, this current will induce a magnetic field within the channel of the coil; thrust an iron bar within the coil and the bar at once becomes magnetic, but the

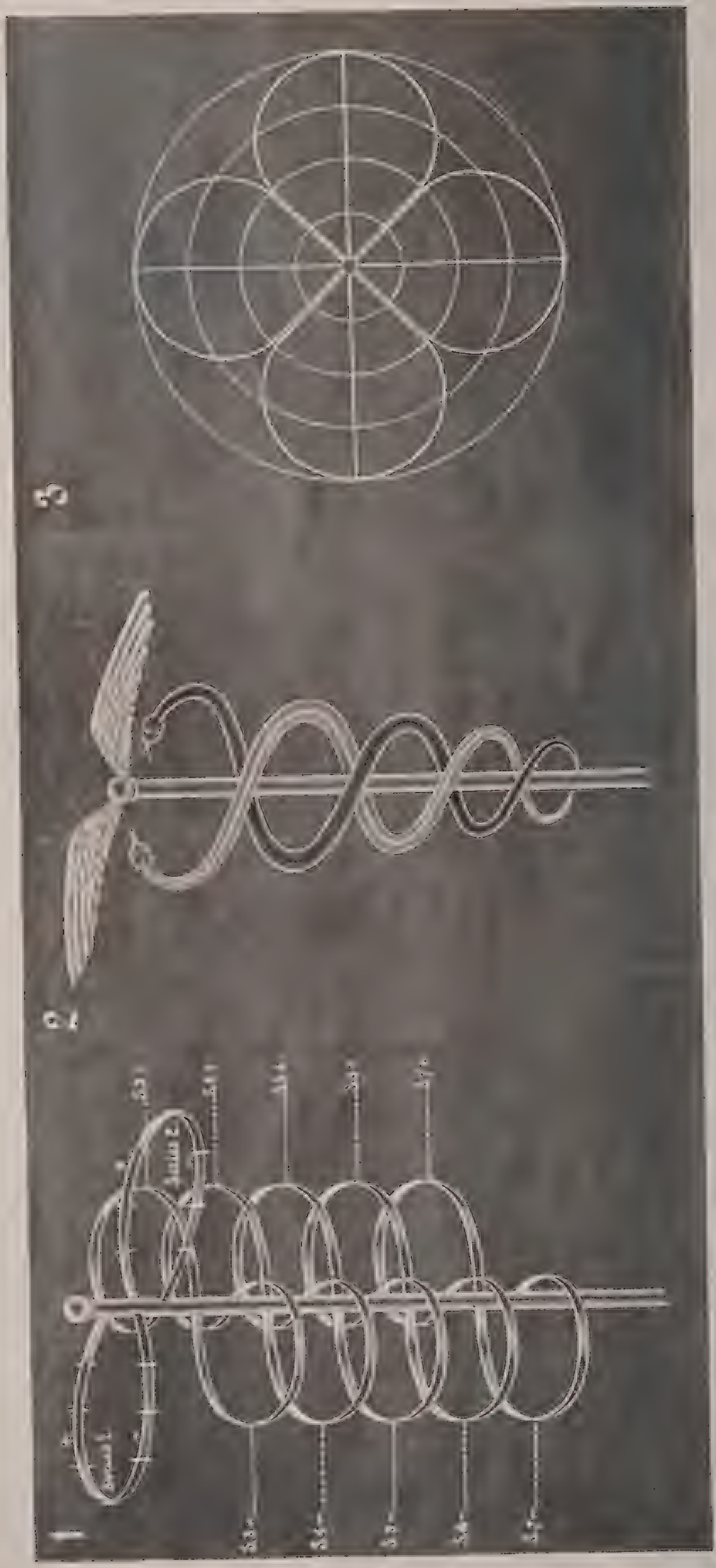
magnetic axis of the bar will lie north and south, *i.e.*, at right-angles to the plane of the whorls of the wire. The play of a galvanometer depends upon this right-angled relation of the electric to the magnetic axis.

As we wish to represent the operation of this electro-magnetic energy *as movement* we must suitably combine motion in *both* these directions, say north and south and east and west. Let a rod be swung to and fro from the hand, *one* beat each second, and let that line represent movement along the one axis; one must now continue with that swing another similar swing at right angles to the first, but this second swing should have double the frequency, *i.e.*, *two* beats each second, and this second line may represent movement along the other axis. The combination of the two oscillations will result in the point of the rod tracing a curve shaped like a figure 8—a lemniscate—but this curve is still a two-dimensional, plane figure as flat (theoretically) as the "eight" here printed. To this combined movement one must now add movement in a third direction, say, downwards, and this may represent the gradually falling temperature which, as Sir Norman Lockyer has shown, accompanies the evolution of our chemical atoms from the "*proto*" forms of matter, or "proto-metals," etc., etc., which are their precursors in the hotter stars.

We have now formulated a movement which expresses the conditions assumed to be necessary. It is a cyclical movement about a point which lies mid-way between the opposite electric and magnetic polarities—the centre of the 8—and which is thus neutral to both. Further the successive coils repeat the cycle in a time-succession wherein modifications ensue from the altered temperature-conditions.

All this must be figured as representing the sweeping activities of those early forces of nature which sowed primordial space with the seeds of future "elements," thus providing the foundation upon which new world-systems were to be built. The first cycle sees the creative force, in its mighty journey through space, scatter along its track the seeds which are presently to coalesce and develop into the elements included in Mendelejeff's first and second series.* In the following cycles of the vast creative pro-

* See quotations given in *The Secret Doctrine* vol. i., p. 601.



cess the seeds of the following chemical series are successively thrown forth, till space is filled with the primitive fire-mist in which physical matter—physical nature as we know it—had its genesis.

The diagram depicts the curve described, and we recognise that its successive coils correspond with the successive chemical series of the table. On precisely adapting these coils to the respective series we shall account for the apparently involved shape here shown; but as the diagram is not of such size as to permit of the names of the elements being made legible in their respective positions on the curves we must have recourse to description. The series of coils begins at the top of the central rod with the loop which is on our left and which starts from the further side of the rod, rejoining it on this. Along this loop we dispose the seven elements of Mendelejeff's first series, Lithium at the first mark, Beryllium at the second, Boron at the third. Carbon has its place at the centre of the curve. Then follow Nitrogen, Oxygen and Fluorine at the points marked on the nearer side of the curve. These seven elements are thus disposed along this curve much as we usually depict the seven worlds of a planetary chain, with the fourth member as "turning-point." The curve now passes through the upright rod, emerging from its further side to form the loop seen on our right. Along this we dispose the elements of series 2 at the points marked: Sodium, Magnesium and Aluminium on the further side; Silicon at the turning-point; Phosphorus, Sulphur and Chlorine on the nearer side. A complete figure-of-eight has now been traced and the two "short" series are disposed of; but before proceeding to deal with the later series it is important to notice the disposition of affairs at the completion of this first cycle of movement. We find the positive elements all disposed on the *further* sides of the curves and the negative elements all placed on the *nearer* sides. Viewing the figure from above we should see "space" dualised in the sense that it is now divided into a positive field on the one hand and a negative field on the other—positive elements in one field and negative elements in the other. This is but another expression of the basic difference noticed in the downward and upward movement of Meyer's curves—an expression which we

cannot disregard when disposing the remaining positive and negative elements of the series still to be dealt with.

Series 3 comprises 7 positive and 7 negative members; and the 7 positive, from Potassium to Manganese, have to be placed upon the next loop, with Titanium at the turning-point, just as the first and second loops were filled. But as these 7 are all positive elements their loop must be thrown into the positive field at the *further* side of the rod, for it would seem a violation of all electrical propriety to dispose any of them in a negative area. The positive loop of series 3 is thus wholly on the further side of the rod; and the negative loop, carrying the negative elements (Copper to Bromine) is wholly on the nearer side. The lemniscate carrying series 3 thus has its long axis at right-angles to that of the first lemniscate which carried series 1 and 2. The curves of series 4 will fall precisely under those of series 3, for in series 4 we have again 7 positive elements (Rubidium to the unknown body whose place would be under Bromine) to be thrown into the positive field and 7 negative elements (Silver to Iodine) to be placed on the loop which follows in the negative field. Series 5, 6, and 7, being similarly constituted of 7 + and 7 — elements, take their respective places on the following coils, blanks being left on the curves in correspondence with the blanks (unknown, undiscovered elements) in Mendelejeff's table. When all seven series are thus placed our set of curves will be completed in the disposition shown in the diagram, with all the positive elements on one side of the central rod, and all the negative on the opposite side.

It will be noticed that the central rod, if seen from above, lies in the *neutral* line in which the long axes of the superposed lemniscates, 8 and ∞, cross. And according to this arrangement the members of Mendelejeff's eighth group get bunched at their respective places, in threes, *in* this neutral line—*within* the rod itself. So placed they are as much excluded from the septenary order as they are in Mendelejeff's table, and this also conforms with their position at the neutral points of Meyer's curves. In this method of representing the natural order of the chemical elements and the evolution of their seven series in succession we again trace the correspondence with the ancient teaching. Aditi,

the virgin mother—space, and her eight sons—seven accredited and the eighth disowned, are again represented under a symbolism drawn from the field of modern scientific thought.

Having followed the building of the figure stage by stage we see that it represents the evolution of the basic material of physical nature. With this in mind it is interesting to turn to *The Secret Doctrine** and to read the explanation there given of the meaning of the Caduceus, and of its derivation from the still more ancient symbol, the Asvattha Tree. The Caduceus is sufficiently represented by our second illustration, which depicts it from the same point of view—somewhat aslant—as the first. *The Secret Doctrine* says: "The trunk of the Asvattha (the Tree of Life and Being) grows from and descends at every Beginning (every new Manvantara) from the two dark wings of the Swan (Hamsa) of Life. The two Serpents, the ever-living and its illusion (spirit and matter), whose two heads grow from the one head between the wings, descend along the trunk interlaced in close embrace. The two tails join on earth (the manifested universe) into one, and this is the great illusion, O Lanoo!"

We are here, evidently, also viewing a figure intended to represent the formation, at a new Manvantara, of physical matter, "the manifested universe," and the correspondence of this with our first figure is somewhat remarkable. The Caduceus exhibits two wings, evidently in line; and below these the two serpents—light and dark, spirit and matter, positive and negative—intertwine in *five* dual loops whose curves sweep outwards at right angles to the line of the wings. In our chemical figure we have precisely the same features, *i.e.*, two "wings" whose axis is in one direction; and below these the two coils—positive and negative—intertwined in *five* dual loops whose axes are at right angles to that of the "wings." The model before me, viewed from different positions, illustrates this correspondence strikingly, showing the central rod itself at right angles to the axes both of the "wings" and of the lower coils, as though typical of the three-dimensional conditions of our material state. In the *Evolution of Life and Form* the great creative process is described from the *Vishṇu Purâṇa*. Mount Mandara stands for our neutral axis; the serpent

* Vol. i., p. 600 (3rd ed.)

Vâsuki anticipates our lemniscate; and the opposing hosts of Suras and Asuras represent our later terms of opposites, "positive" and "negative."

On careful examination we are bound to see that the ancient symbol and the modern, both devised to represent the process which culminated in the production of physical matter, are actually of the same shape. Although different appearances arise from the particular methods of symbolism employed, the essential structural features and disposition are identical.

But the living wings and serpents, figured by the ancient scientist, taught infinitely more than is implied by the wood and wire and chemical symbols of the modern method. Yet such is the operation of universal law, that the modern symbol appears to indicate many things which would scarcely be suggested by its electro-magnetic and chemical origin. For instance, we understand that of the seven great planes the highest two are represented typically, and five only are fully manifested—that is, definitely dualised under terms of opposites. And in our chemical Caduceus the highest *two* coils carry Mendelejeff's "typical series," whilst only the lower *five* lemniscates are definitely dualised and show the formal seven positive and seven negative items in each. The coils of our figure thus show a strange correspondence with the planes of our system—a correspondence observable, of course, in Mendelejeff's table. Then again, those wings imply a movement of some kind, a carrying of something. If they came to establish *this* Manvantara they probably flew over from the *last*, carrying the life-product of its evolution as the basis from which our present septenary order was to be developed. We learn that the evolution of the last, the Lunar Manvantara, was actually *four*-fold, whilst three further stages or degrees were "possible" but were not there realised or manifested. Referring to the wings of our chemical model we find that they *do* carry a *four*-fold burden. The first wing presents Mendelejeff's "typical series" as a charge of positive and negative elements—two primary types; the second wing carries another delivery, a separate and later development of the same two positive and negative types. Each wing shows seven degrees of this fundamental positiveness and negativeness; but, together, they bring

two separate positive and two separate negative groups—*four* in all—and dispose them in a *typical* but *not manifested or dualised*, septenary order. After that fourfold foundation, is provided by the wings then follows the formal manifestation or dualising of the five lower lemniscates into seven positive and seven negative elements in each.

But there also came over from the Lunar Manvantara the further *three*-fold "possibility" which had not been manifested there; and, definitely excluded from our present septenary order, we find in the neutral axis of our Caduceus the *three* groups, each of *three* elements, of Mendelejeff's eighth division.

Many curious facts of occult science thus seem to be evidenced by this symbol, built as it is upon lines which harmonise strictly with the principles of modern chemistry. Whether these signs carry the precise implications suggested above is, of course, open to question. It would be interesting to know more on the subject; for, rightly understood, the philosophy of chemistry must at some point merge in the stream of that profounder and wider philosophy which regards the One Life as the central fount from which all sciences are co-ordinated derivatives.

For further evidence of the curious suggestiveness of our Caduceus one needs but to view the model from above, in line with the central rod. Marking-in the axis of the wings, and, at right angles to this, the axis of the lower coils, the model presents the appearance shown in our third illustration—the Rosicrucian symbol. The dotted lines are added to show that, viewed from above, the various elements are disposed upon the loops in a series of circles having the neutral rod as their common centre. All the Monad elements of Mendelejeff's groups I. and VII. are in the smaller circle; all the Dyad elements (groups II. and VI.) are in the next; all the Triad elements (groups III. and V.) are in the next larger circle; and the Tetrad elements of group IV. are in the outer circle which touches the extremities of the crossed axes. And here one sees again the *four*fold basis of the *septenary* order. The Rosicrucian symbol is thus but another view of the ancient Caduceus, and this must account for the fact that the interpretation of the one closely corresponds in many

particulars with that of the other—that is, they have a common significance. If we bear in mind that diagram 3 represents our chemical symbol as seen *from above*, with the lower coils in line with and behind those actually depicted, we shall notice that the position of the elements on the different coils brings them into a succession which accords with some of the marked gradations of properties referred to in the November number of the REVIEW, and which made possible Mendelejeff's remarkable predictions noticed in the December article. If we could read the perspective of diagram 3 then, we should be in possession of well nigh all chemical law, known or unknown. But, from considerations already noted, this perspective also has an application to our different planes. Any true statement of the basic order of chemical matter should thus apply to the order of the matter of the different planes, and this appears to be the fact as regards Mendelejeff's great law, which states the chemical order as follows:

"The properties of the elements, as well as the properties of their compounds, form a periodic function of the atomic weights of the elements."

The properties of atoms, and of aggregations of atoms or compounds, are declared to follow a certain rhythm arising from the order of atomic weights, and this is precisely what we learn of the properties of the matter of our planes and sub-planes. In speaking of mental atoms, astral atoms, physical atoms, we recognise that these represent steps of a movement into greater density,* and that from each set of atoms there follows a series of compounds constituting the dependent sub-planes, whose properties are as "periodic" as Mendelejeff himself could have wished. It is this perfectly rhythmic periodicity which establishes the synchronism of "corresponding sub-planes," so often referred to, and which bases devotion and magic and chemistry alike on that common law the knowledge of which was the mystic secret of ancient Alchemy. The evolution of consciousness on higher planes may thus be discussed in terms of chemical "transmuta-

* The "steps" of the atomic weights noted on p. 205, THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, vol. xxxi., where the 16 and 48 are taken as the powers of *one* and of *three*, are remarkable in that the two highest series and the upper line of the third are all included in the *one* as is the case with the planes.

tion" without necessarily confusing even the chemist, for chemistry is a most wondrous symbol whose perspective reveals many a forgotten truth. Mendelejeff's law of periodicity laid down a principle applicable not only to chemical matter but to different planes, and it would be difficult to refer to any other generalisation of modern science which has this measure of universality. Correspondences with occult teaching meet one at every point. The third race saw humanity dualised as male and female. The third chemical series is dualised as seven + and seven —. The third race developed a bony frame; and the third series provided Calcium, whereof bones are made, etc., etc. Anyone versed in the meaning of these ancient symbols might follow the matter up indefinitely; for my own part, ignorant of such things, I can only wonder at the parallels drifted into. The Asvattha Tree, the Caduceus of Mercury, the Rosicrucian symbol and our chemical model all appear to be but different presentations of the familiar ⊕, which contains them all as being the sign of Manifested Life itself.

Interpreting the latter symbol aright, we should read therein all details conveyed by the others and should know that harmony which the One Life breathes into all its works. Prayer and aspiration would be the flowering rose upon our cross, and all incompatibles be reconciled in the circle of a truer sight. Symbols we are, at symbols ever looking, yet neither understanding them nor ourselves. It is written, there needs but our assenting that we should see *through* these many signs to the unity they all proclaim, passing from distraction at the things without to the wisdom that knows in the Light within.

G. Dyne.

The strength of all sciences, which consisteth in their harmony, each supporting the other, is as the strength of the old man's fagot in the band; for were it not better for a man in a fair room to set up one great light, or branching candlestick of lights, than to go about with a small watch-candle into every corner.—Bacon.

ART AND LITERATURE IN THEOSOPHY

THE article in a recent number of the REVIEW on Art and Literature in the Theosophical Society* seemed to point out what has hitherto been an almost un-noted want. One has only to mix very casually with the members of our country branches to find out that there is little appreciation of great literature *per se* and little demand for art. It is quite usual to hear members say they have no time for any reading except Theosophical, or even that other literature has lost all interest for them. Art, for its own sake, the sheer love of beauty, appeals to them not at all, and Shakespeare has ceased to interest them, because he is not a teacher of reincarnation. That such a condition of mind is one greatly to be regretted I think many of us will agree. The Theosophist, of all people, should be the last to plead want of time. The Scientist, with his one short life before him, may be hurried into a narrow specialism in his desire to accomplish something "definite," but the Theosophist, who has gleaned some notion of the ages before him, may surely realise that there is time for the attainment of all-round culture, and that the way to reach perfection is not specialism, but growth. But is not specialism one way of growing? No doubt it is. As Theosophists we believe that all evil is "but good in the making," and that some day "we shall arrive"; but to turn the whole bent of one's life into one small channel, as is the tendency in the present day, seems such a poor, one-sided kind of growth compared with the broad culture and large sympathies of, say, the great Greek age. One wonders what karma the man whose whole work in life is the study (for instance) of the brain of the whale, is laying up, what reaction will take place in his next incarnation, and where the reverse swing of the pendulum will go that has been so pulled out of rhythm in this life. But are Theosophists tending to be-

* "The Mystic Value of Literature," by A. J. O., in the January number.

come specialists? I think the answer to this question must be that there is grave danger of it.

Physical Science dwelt on the body, until the 19th century was not quite sure whether or no the soul existed at all. Is there not a danger that our branches may fall into the same error, and dwell on the bodies or vehicles of men (even though it be on the more spiritual planes) until they miss the actual communion with the great spirit of the universe, that perhaps the more ignorant devotee, of religion or beauty, may attain to?

The larger conception of life that the outlines of Theosophy give to the average person who is anxious to find a solid footing for his intuitions and embryo beliefs, is a wonderful stimulus and joy; but when a branch settles down to study the text-books, the danger begins. Knowledge acquired by hearsay, whether it be a science of this or of other planes, is to some extent the same in its results on life. Does it make any practical difference to the life of the soul, after its initiatory enlargement, whether we study facts of life on the astral plane, or of life on the physical plane? The first to us is of more interest certainly, but once we are convinced of its existence (which after all is the important thing) the facts about it range themselves in the same category as physical facts, and are more useful only so far as they further illuminate and enlarge the life of the soul.

If we look down the centuries, those who have been the great wisdom teachers have neither been the great specialists nor the great gatherers of knowledge, they have been the lovers of beauty, those who, as A. J. O. puts it, have felt and expressed the "ecstasy" which is the "withdrawal of the consciousness from the ordinary" (or the outer) "into the inner and more real." Do our branches help us to withdraw into this inner and more real world, of which even the youngest of us gets a glimpse now and then through art, which is the medium of those who are in touch with it continually. A "good working hypothesis" and a knowledge, even at second hand, of the systematisation of lives after death, to be acquired, and if possible passed on, is part of the work of a branch member, but it is not all, it is not enough to take the place of the love of beauty which is the "ecstasy" of a Plato, and the inspiration of all great living. The love of beauty, in the Platonic sense of the

term beauty, is the love of the Divine which inspires alike the saint, the philosopher and the artist. To be imbued with a true sense of the holiness of beauty is to know (and to live) the beauty of holiness. There is indeed need for us, "to strive," as A. J. O. says, to keep alive the sacred fire which "burns so low in us." It is true that the study of comparative religions will bring us into touch with some of the great lovers of beauty and wisdom, but in answer to a question in *The Vâhan*, touching on some conception in Buddhist literature, the questioner was told rather shortly that he would do better to keep to Theosophical interpretations. This seemed to be a most unfortunate blunder, and one that need not be dwelt upon; but the tendency of all people banding themselves together is to narrow, and it is a tendency our Society should guard against, even though it be without creed and without dogma.

A. J. O. tells us that "all great literature is symbolic," and adds that he does not find fault with text-books that represent our greatest and most abstract ideas in the terms of colour and light, but are we not also in want of the ideas in symbolic language, so that they may not impress the mind alone, but may lift the soul into the inner world which exists even behind the most subtle body that is expressed in matter? Accuracy in the text-books is, of course, of enormous and inestimable value, but it is not enough for the food of the whole man, and while therefore it is interesting to read that our highest emotions look like a *feu d'artifice* on some other plane, we may wish also for the touch of genius that transmutes knowledge into literature. It is not knowledge but experience that is power, in any but the most worldly reading of the idiom, and great literature may be said (by its sympathetic and creative power) to give this experience, and thus, in a sense, be the short cut, or help, to the growth of which actual experience is the more lengthy route.

That growth in the branches is to be gained largely also by the meditation which is concentration of mind cannot, I think, be too strongly or too often insisted upon; and the mind that is strengthened most by thought-power, and by thought-control can come into closest touch with the higher self, will find (one cannot help thinking) that true literature and true art are both an inspira-

tion and a necessary expression. But this "meditation" is much harder to the ordinary Westerner than thinking along the lines of induction and deduction to which he is more accustomed. If we either cannot or do not give more than a few minutes a day to meditation which is neither drowsiness nor dreaming, where can we look for the growth of mind that attended the old metaphysical digging out of truth, or the concentration that came from prayer; and where shall we get the growth of the soul that came from the touch with the unseen, unless it be from literature and art?

I hope I do not minimise the importance of science, physical or superphysical, but it seems to me there are things more important for us to learn than the workings of nature on other planes. Surely we shall feel there, as we do here, when a soul loves us without waiting to see whether it turns red. And the thing of interest to all time is to learn to love; not to learn how even the causal body looks when it loves. Great literature and great art should help us—who do not get help from the churches—to love.

"Art is merely the *expression* of beauty, and therefore must be left behind as one of the transitory things," a branch member said to me the other day—adding that the greatest art seemed to him poor and unimportant in the light of the new wisdom philosophy. But surely art is the expression of the highest beauty reached by us, and until we are one with that beauty, until "the One" has ceased to manifest at all, must not the reaching up to, and the expression of, that beauty be our highest ideal as well as our highest happiness? If art seem a transient thing to the Theosophical student, it is either because his development is one-sided, and he cannot perceive the permanent beauty that the art expresses, or because the expression or the insight of the artist is too faulty or immature. Plato tells us of "the beauty which meets the sense like a breeze, and imperceptibly draws the soul into harmony with the beauty of reason"; and Jowett continues: "There might be a poetry which would be the hymn of divine perfection, the harmony of goodness and truth among men; a strain which should renew the youth of the world and elicit the essential forms of truth and justice out of the complexity of modern society, which should be based not on vain longings or faint imaginings, but on a clear insight into the nature

of man." Great literature and great art put the spirit of man (which is something quite other I take it than any vehicle however spiritual or "rarefied") in touch with that "beauty" which is the Spirit of the universe, and though the form in which this permanent beauty must be expressed may vary with different planes, or even with different nations and centuries, the need for expression is surely, short of omniscience, as permanent as the beauty itself. Short of omniscience? But what are the "outpourings" of the Logos but the expression of the beauty behind, and what is the meaning of the "sacrifice" that runs through Theosophy and all religions? "It is more blessed to give than to receive" is but a glimpse of the truth that as we approach nearer in likeness to the Great Ones, our great joy will be, as the artist's joy is now, to create, to give, to express the beauty within us. Poor indeed is the vicarious suffering one hears of sometimes from the pulpit, or the selfdenial from a sense of duty, often with a quite inadequate gain to someone else, as the child is quick to see. They are, no doubt, steps, and as steps we would not wish to minimise their value, but how different from the artist nature that gives because it longs to give and finds its happiness in giving, and how different the goal. But no—the goal is the same, and the adherent of duty—with duty turned into love and joyousness—will some day understand the follower of art, whose joy in expression will be purged from all vanity and hope of outside reward (which are, after all, but the spur for immaturity), and together they will find that in the Logos love and beauty are one; and the joy of the uplifted man will be—as the joy of the gods—in the pouring out of the beauty and love that he is able to delight in and express.

May we not pray with Plato: "Grant me beauty of the inner soul, and that the inner and the outer be at one"?

H. D. WEB.

THE PURPOSE OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

SPEAKING in the most general terms as to the real purpose of the Theosophical Society, I would suggest that it is: To lead men, each on his own path of development, to a knowledge of Divine Wisdom.

1. That Divine Wisdom, a knowledge of which is to be had, sooner or later, by every man who follows the path thereto, is the root-basis of all religions and philosophies, arts and sciences.

2. The Divine Wisdom is the very fount and source of each man's innermost being—welling up in him variously as life, as conscience, as intellect, as intuition, as genius, as inspiration, and sooner or later as self-conscious divinity.

3. The Divine Wisdom is a philosophy of life, which those who have attained a full knowledge of it, Great Souls connected with our humanity, spoken of as the Masters of Wisdom, have been making special efforts, during the last quarter of a century, to re-proclaim.

The Theosophical Society represents one of the efforts. Whether or not this Their effort is brought to a successful issue depends largely on the intelligent willingness of each individual member, on whom the Light of the Wisdom has dawned as a possibility to be attained, to rise to the privilege offered of co-operating with Their purpose, by himself treading steadfastly the path which leads him to Wisdom, proclaiming the Light to others, which a faithful treading of the path, even at its lowliest stages brings him, while at the same time recognising that his fellow pilgrims have each their own path, and refraining from an insistence that they ought to be treading his.

The methods by means of which the Theosophical Society is aiming to accomplish the purpose for which it was founded—

of leading man to the Wisdom—to a knowledge of (not only faith in) his own immortal nature—are indicated in our three objects.

Let us consider these a short time as they have relation to the main purpose of the Theosophical Society, affecting:

i. Members of the Society itself.

ii. The influence of the Society in the world at large.

Our three objects are:

1. To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour.

2. To promote the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science. (To promote also [some of our members would add, and may it not be rightly added ?] the study of art, music, etc., as their theosophical contribution.)

3. To investigate the hidden laws of Nature, and the powers latent in man.

Or, shortly put: i. Brotherhood; ii. Religious, philosophic and artistic study; iii. Scientific investigation by self-culture.

These, be it remembered, for the purpose of leading man to a knowledge of Theosophy, or Divine Wisdom.

The only binding object of the three, for any who would join the Theosophical Society, is the first, Brotherhood; the other two—religious and philosophic study, and scientific investigation by self-culture—are optional, and subservient to the first. Some members follow the religious line, some the philosophic, some the scientific, some few the artistic, and these in all variety of combinations, and the problem we have to solve, if we would attain to the Wisdom we seek, is not an easy one, viz.: How each to follow our own line and be mutually tolerant of fellow members following other lines than ours, and so promote the harmonious working of the nucleus of Brotherhood, which entrance into the Society assumes we are resolved to further.

If we fail to aim for the Brotherhood ideal, however successful we may be in our literary research and study of occultism or Nature's inner workings—if we fail to work towards the recognition and realisation of Brotherhood, our nominal membership of the Society will bring us not one whit nearer reaching the Divine Wisdom. For that Divine Wisdom, which it is the purpose of the Theosophical Society to foster in man, is not

in itself to be gained from a study of books—though books there are in abundance which describe the methods of its workings; that Divine Wisdom is not to be gained by mere head knowledge (however deep and profound that knowledge may be) of the facts of Nature, whether occult or otherwise. That Divine Wisdom is the working of a Divine Life, a spiritual Life, brought into being in the inmost recesses of a man's soul, a Life which, when brought forth in him, so floods his whole being with its illuminating Light, that that moment he clearly perceives and knows, what erstwhile he only believed or dimly sensed, that he and his fellows are one with the Eternal. And henceforth, the life that he *now* lives in the flesh, he lives no longer as a separated unit, but as an embodiment, a focus of that larger Life of which he knows, and it becomes literally true of him that he lives—yes!—yet not he, but the Christ liveth in him; for lo! a new creation has been born!

It was this event in the future evolution of every human soul, this birth of the Christ Child in man, that every great religion was founded to proclaim, and to urge man to aspire towards. "Ye must be born again!"—said the Christ.

It is the possibility of this event, this second birth, this taking up of the manhood into God on the one side, this manifesting of the Godhead in human form on the other, that Theosophy is afresh proclaiming to-day, and urging *us* to strive towards. This, if ye will receive it, this at-one-ment, *is* the Divine Wisdom which forms the root-basis of all religions.

Now this new creation, this awakening of the Divine Life in man, bringing the light of Divine Wisdom, cannot come into being without a long previous evolving and developing in the reincarnating human soul of soul-qualities—soul-qualities, paramount among which is love of the brethren—for this is the law.

Let us cultivate love, then, if in ourselves we would help towards fulfilling the purpose for which the Theosophical Society has been founded—let us cultivate love of the brethren! By which I mean not the love which boasts itself as such—not a weak smiling sentimentality, not a mere meek, mild, amiable affability, which pale shadow of the genuine article would sometimes fain deceive us into imagining we were in possession

of the real thing. Let us cultivate love as a *positive* quality of the soul—a love, which never sees suffering, without a yearning to soothe—a love, which never sees sin, without pity for the sinner—a love, moreover, which never sees the joy or success or happiness of another, without rejoicing—a love which prompts us ever to be on the watch for the virtues of our fellow-men, that these we may stimulate, and so help to disperse the weaknesses and vices. Let us cultivate that love, which ever causes us to long to share what we have, whether of power, or of happiness, or of truth, with our fellow-men. Let us cultivate that love, which is the root of a wide, generous tolerance of those who differ from us in their views of life and religion, differ from us in their standard of morality, in their tastes and proclivities and capacities. Let us cultivate that love which never rests until it finds the germ of truth in a view honestly held by an opponent.

By cultivation of such love, we shall prepare the way for that Great Event to take place in our own souls, when we shall know, of a truth, that they (our differing fellows) and we are all parts of one glorious Divine Life, working to become self-conscious in us, love evolving us each into a different, though perfect image of Himself;—and then, when the Christ is born, we shall know Theosophy, the Divine Wisdom, within our own souls and need not that any from outside shall teach us of its truth.

And just here let me indicate some of the difficulties liable to crop up in a fellowship like ours, on the part of members, who join the Society in order to get more "knowledge of Theosophy," or to acquire for themselves occult arts.

At this point, I hear some one say:

"What are you doing soaring right away up there above the clouds?—We, and you probably, are incarnations away from that consummation yet. Here are we, members of the Theosophical Society or not, very ordinary men and women indeed—and frightfully busy—some of us too with hum-drum, common-place duties to perform, in business, in home, in study—deadly dull and wearisome at times, and with very provoking, irritating people to deal with, whom, really and truly, we don't care to love. Here are we perpetually making blunders—we can't begin to imagine we are within measurable distance of the time you are

talking about, when the Light of the True is to shine within us; and frankly we venture to think that some of our fellow members are a little previous in their imaginings. We prefer too, to keep ourselves to ourselves, or to choose our own companions for study of Theosophy—the members of the Society in our particular branch are so dull, or stupid, or cantankerous, or dominating. Moreover the 'Love everybody all alike' sort of ideal doesn't appeal to us."

To this, may I be permitted to reply? All that you say may be perfectly true, and if so, it is well to express it, that we may look at it and see what it all means;—for truth must ever be our watchword, as well as brotherhood, else will our brotherhood become but a very flabby counterfeit of the real article. But what did you say? "Love everybody all alike!"—at this our human stage!—nobody surely of any clear judgment, or authority (that we should recognise as such) seriously suggested that we should! Even Jesus had his John, and Buddha his Ânanda. The cultivation of the *positive* aspect of love, such as I have indicated, has not, as a matter of fact, this effect, and if any of us have been aiming at love, in the negative way, of merely "not hating" other fragments of the Divine Life, the sooner we amend our ways the better; for this, it would seem, would of itself lead no whither, without a living realisation of the Divine Life behind going on *pari passu* with our "separated" life—which (Divine Life) is ever pouring itself out in loving service. Negative virtues, as such, lead nowhere, or at least nowhere in the direction Theosophists are presumably aiming for. But the cultivation of the positive aspect of love has the effect, as Mrs. Besant once put it, of "levelling our loves up, not down"; it has the effect of causing not that those we love dearly now become less dear, but always and ever more dear, until we realise them indeed as our very self. For always our loved ones become more dear, as we cease to be concerned with the love of our own separated selves, and learn to find out also *how* to love those other souls, who, as yet perpetually irritate and annoy with their exasperating habits, or colourlessness of character.

For the rest, let us now, just for a moment, look again at the purpose of the Society for its members, in the light of its

first and only binding object, to form a nucleus of human brotherhood.

The other two objects, neither of which members are asked to bind themselves to—*viz.*, religious and philosophic study, and occult or scientific investigation by self-culture—may be well done alone. Membership of the Society is neither necessary nor specially helpful for these. The only object essential to the attainment of the purpose of the Theosophical Society—the one attitude of mind required on the part of those who wish to enter the Society—is response to the keynote of Brotherhood in our search after Truth.

That Divine Wisdom, which the Society points to as heritage for its members and for the world at large, is that Wisdom which cannot be obtained without co-operation—that Wisdom which ever eludes the grasp of those who would seek it for themselves alone, that Wisdom which sheds its light quite early on the pathway of those who genuinely and truly love their fellow-men, and who join the Theosophical Society primarily with the object that thereby they may learn the better how to serve.

An intellectual understanding of Theosophy, a mental apprehension of the great philosophy of life, which our Theosophical movement has brought to light, may of course be obtained quite well by a study of the vast literature on the subject; membership of the Society is not at all necessary for this—lectures, literature, classes, At Homes, are open to all, whether members of the Theosophical Society or not.

Moreover, if it is the occult arts or psychic powers that we want—clairvoyance, clairaudience, ability to leave the body and return to it at will—membership of the Society will again help us not at all in this direction, but only inasmuch as these powers arise *after* the Divine Wisdom has been awakened in the soul—*after* the Christ has been born in us—and then, we shall need not that any man shall teach us *how* to develop them, for they will as naturally unfold themselves as opens the kitten its eyes. It is the *old* story: "Seek ye *first* the Kingdom of God, and these things shall be added."

What membership of the Theosophical Society however will

help to do for us, if in our heart of hearts the promotion of Brotherhood has been our primary object for joining, or if, after joining, it has come to be that primary object—what membership of the Theosophical Society, combined with harmonious co-operation with our fellow students, and the cultivation of loving service to and harmonious relations with human beings generally among whom our lot is cast—what membership, with steadfast determination to forward this condition of things will do, is to quicken the Life of the Christ, the self-conscious Divinity, in us, sooner or later to be brought to the birth.

There is still another difficulty, in quite another direction from those mentioned, which, if we are not on our guard against it, threatens the healthy growth and well-being of a Society with ideals so lofty as ours, and mars its purpose—the tendency, I mean, on the part of some loving natures, figuratively speaking to fall down at the feet and worship the human instrument, who presumably nearer to the attainment of the Wisdom than themselves (though by no means necessarily so) has been used as agent of the Divine Law to unveil for them a glimpse of the Light, to awaken in them by his words or writings a recognition of the real meaning and purpose of life. "Little tin gods on wheels," as H. P. Blavatsky used to speak of these objects of worship, herself included, not infrequently are being set up in our branches, in our unions, in our Society at large. Alas! alas! poor frail human nature! Every chance word uttered by the unfortunate object of worship, becomes regarded by the devotee as divinely inspired,—the idiosyncrasies of his personality become foolishly paraded and exaggerated, his judgment on matters of mere opinion is allowed to dominate what should be the free, independent judgment of any sane mind, let alone such as are seeking to make conditions for the Divine Wisdom from within to illumine and flood their souls with its light. And if perchance the object of worship fall, as fall he may, remember, the disaster to our nucleus of brotherhood is proportionate largely to the blind folly of his worshippers. "See thou do it not," said the angel to John the Divine, who, when he had heard and seen the glories of heaven unveiled for him, fell down to worship before the feet of the angel who showed him these things—"See thou do

it not, for I am thy fellow servant and of thy brethren the prophets, and them which keep the sayings of this book: worship God!" Again and again, by those who are helping by their knowledge and insight to unveil the mysteries to us in our Theosophical Movement to-day, the same warning note has been struck. H. P. Blavatsky, Annie Besant, C. W. Leadbeater shrink back at the approach of blind credulity and worship with a similar: "See thou do it not. Worship the Divine—accept nothing from us which goes counter to your reason and conscience is that which you sense as likest God within the soul." Devotion and love and loyalty to the teachers and helpers for whose persevering work and devotion for our helping we cannot but feel the deepest gratitude, earnest and steadfast co-operation with them in carrying out the great purpose for which the Theosophical Society was founded—all this is perfectly compatible with vigorous, manly independent judgment. It is of such sterling stuff as this—strong, true, loving and loyal, that a healthy nucleus of brotherhood should now be forming, if the Theosophical Society is to fulfil its purpose of leading men, not only its own members, but those outside its ranks, each on his own path of development, to a knowledge of Theosophy or Divine Wisdom.

And now as regards the purpose of the Theosophical Society towards those outside its ranks. Still that purpose remains the same, *viz.*, "to lead men each on his own path of development to a knowledge of Divine Wisdom." Note the phrase "*each on his own path of development.*" If this be the case it will readily be seen that it is foreign to the purpose of the Theosophical Society to *induce* men to become members, though gladly do we welcome to our ranks any attracted thereto, who responding to the keynote of Brotherhood have a real wish to share our privileges and responsibilities. For the rest the purpose of the Society is to restore to the religious world, whether Hindu, Buddhist, Christian, or of other faiths, the real inner mystic meaning of their creeds and ceremonies, the key to which has by the religious teachers themselves so largely been lost—to restore to them the knowledge of the scientific possibility, and in some few pioneers of the human race, the scientific actuality, of the birth, growth and development into Divine Manhood of the Christ within the human soul—

that thus, knowing towards what goal their human evolution is tending, they may intelligently follow out the instructions of their Divine Master, whether Christ, or Buddha, or some other great Saviour, as means leading towards that goal.

The purpose of the Theosophical Society is as regards the scientific world to induce men to look deeper for the causes of the phenomenal universe than the material form perceptible to their five physical senses, to lead them to an understanding that the true perception of external facts of life and being depends primarily on the faculties evolved by the perceiver, and that as man evolves into Divine man almost infinitely fuller and clearer perceptive powers will develop in him, which shall change for him the face of the universe, and which will give him a clue whereby he may by knowledge more practically help his fellows.

The purpose of the Theosophical Society is to make accessible to the philosophic world, as it evolves responsiveness to receive it, knowledge in the keeping of the great Guardians of Humanity—knowledge as to God, the universe, and man's relation to God and the universe—that knowledge spoken of variously as the Esoteric Philosophy, the Ancient Wisdom, the Secret Doctrine, which forms the basis of all the great philosophies and religions of the world, and parts of which, from time to time, as the world has need for further stimulus, or has evolved capacity for readier response, the Divine Guardians send their messengers to proclaim. The Theosophical Society may be thought of, as a whole, as having in itself the potentiality of becoming, if one may say so, one such messenger—a link, a channel as it were between humanity and its Divine Guardians—but it can only be this in actuality in proportion as we keep our nucleus of brotherhood sound and strong and healthy and pure, on the lines previously indicated.

Further the purpose of the Theosophical Society amongst all men everywhere, who come under the sway of its influence, is to militate against the twin foes of man, materialism on the one hand, superstition on the other, by awakening him to the fact of his own inherently divine, immortal nature—by arousing in him a knowledge based on intuitional certainty, that he is not the

creature of a moment, of a few days, or a few short years, who came into existence at the birth of this bodily form which he holds and will be snuffed out of existence at its death, that neither is he a being created by a capricious Deity, whose eternal future of weal or woe is to depend on the success or failure of this one earth life, but that he is an immortal pilgrim, evolving his powers in time and space, that he has held many mortal forms before the one he now holds, and will continue to hold many more, until the purpose of his long pilgrimage is accomplished and he becomes of "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

The purpose of the Theosophical Society is to stimulate, at whatever stage of evolution a man may be, his energies in that direction, to arouse into activity the Christlike elements in his nature and to help him to subdue the brute.

So that wherever, in any town, a living branch of the Theosophical Society is established, however feeble the intellectual powers of its members, however lowly their social position, if only they are genuinely working to establish a nucleus of the Brotherhood, they become a focus for the uplifting, life-giving, spiritual energies to their town and neighbourhood. And whether or no men are attracted in great numbers to the philosophy of life we are studying, it should be easier for men to be nobler, because our branch is there, easier for women to be purer, because our nucleus of the Brotherhood is being established.

If the Theosophical Society will but rise to the privilege of its high calling to establish a nucleus of the Brotherhood, it will increasingly become a bringer of peace to a world of strife. Holding as it does, in its illuminating philosophy of life, a key to the understanding of the differences between the various religious churches and communities, it should serve to help the adherents of warring creeds to understand each other, by emphasising and demonstrating the Unity which lies at the back of the infinite Diversity, and if we can only first realise ourselves and then show to our brother men, how that though th egoal of all religions is one (*viz.*, union with that Divine Life of which we have spoken) the paths to reach that goal are as various as the pilgrims treading them, sooner or later we shall evoke in ourselves and others, not a *negative* tolerance, begotten of indifference to the religious beliefs

of our fellows, but a *positive* tolerance born of understanding and sympathy with those beliefs.

If the Theosophical Society will but rise to the privilege of its high calling to establish the nucleus of Brotherhood, it may become too a bringer of peace to a world of strife, not only in matters religious, but in matters social, political, ethical and philosophic for on these problems too, our illuminating system of philosophy has much light to throw—and what is chiefly needed that that light may shed its fuller effulgence on a darkened puzzled world, is a focus for its outshining, a living channel formed by the co-operation of true earnest souls, for its outpouring.

Can we who are members of the Theosophical Society now yield ourselves to take our part in becoming that channel?

All that is needed is an intelligent understanding and effort to carry out our motto Truth, our first object Brotherhood.

All that is asked of us is that we each, from the most learned to the most ignorant of our members—and all are needed, learned and ignorant alike who in their hearts are capable of responding to the call—all that is asked of us is that we each strive earnestly to *seek the Truth*, to seek the Truth not alone but as a Brotherhood in harmonious co-operation with our fellow students.

This on the one side, and on the other that we all co-operate earnestly to establish our nucleus of Brotherhood on the basis of Truth.

The Gods need many noble men
To do Their work on earth—
They look to me and you.

Can we respond to their call?

LOUISA SHAW.

IT is difficult to persuade men that the love of virtue is the love of themselves.—CICERO.

IN MEMORIAM

It is with much regret that we have to record the sudden death of one of our most devoted colleagues—Miss Louisa Shaw. On Thursday, June 4th, she left Harrogate, accompanied by Mr. Hodgson Smith, on a visit to our Dutch friends at Amsterdam. On Saturday evening, after a very full day, our hard-working colleague retired to rest, it being arranged that she and Mr. Hodgson Smith should go over to Haarlem on the following morning to hear the organ. Early on Sunday morning, the 7th, the inmates of our Dutch headquarters were roused from their sleep by the startling news that Miss Shaw had fallen from her bedroom window; had been picked up unconscious and carried to the Hospital across the Amstel. Though never fully conscious she could answer questions, and appeared as one in a half-dream. She seems to have not had the slightest idea of how she fell, and the only conclusion is that she must have been asleep at the time. Our colleague bore her sufferings with exemplary fortitude, and was most grateful to anyone who in any way could soothe her pain. But the spine was broken, and she passed away at 5 p.m., just as the Angelus rang out. The friends gathered round her bed and the good Sisters did all they could, and the peaceful atmosphere of the place was very appropriate and helpful to the devotional nature of our colleague in passing from the body.

Miss Louisa Shaw, who was 45 years of age, was a daughter of the late Mr. E. Shaw, of Harrogate, and was formerly a member of the Society of Friends, being educated at Ackworth School, where she afterwards officiated as teacher. For many years she has been deeply interested in Theosophy and for seven years past has been secretary of the Harrogate Branch, and one of our most valuable workers of the North. As the editor of the *Harrogate Times* says in an editorial notice:

> The lamented death of Miss Louisa Shaw has been the regretful topic of conversation during the week. Miss Shaw was a remarkable woman in every respect. A fluent speaker, clear-headed, highly intellectual, yet withal a nervous, sensitive temperament, her enthusiasm in the cause of Theosophy

was mainly responsible for its attaining the popularity in Harrogate which it has already reached.

When our colleague was asked by her old friend and fellow-worker, Mr. Hodgson Smith, whether she had any instructions about her body, she almost smiled and answered: "My body, oh! that is a very small matter; do whatever is the least trouble." The interment accordingly took place at Amsterdam on Wednesday, June 10th, at noon, and was attended by some 200 members of the Dutch Section. Mr. Hodgson Smith writes: "I cannot express how I was moved by the affection of the Dutch members; one and all were as true brothers and sisters. Fricke, I, Mrs. Windust, Van Manen, Mr. Orage (of Leeds), Miss Dijkgraaf, Mr. Zossenheim and Dr. Hallo spoke round her grave, and there was nothing morbid and sorrowful, only a solemn joy. We felt her presence with us—at least I did—during the few minutes of silence after Mrs. Windust's address, and we heard when we got back that she was heard by some, and seen by others."

At the same time a memorial service was held at Harrogate, of which the following report has been sent us for publication.

On Wednesday, June 10th, a Memorial Service for Miss Louisa Shaw was held in the Theosophical Hall, in Harrogate, at noon.

About 200 people were present, including many of our own members; representatives from the Bradford, Middlesbrough, Leeds, Hull, and Didsbury Lodges and from the York Centre, and also many of those who had known and loved her in the town. On the platform facing every one was placed a large portrait of Miss Shaw, and round it were grouped masses of white flowers and plants, while on a table on the right were rose-coloured flowers, all of which were gifts from members of the Harrogate Lodge and other Lodges.

Soon after the clock had struck twelve, Beethoven's Funeral March, played by Mr. H. E. Nichol, Mus. Bac., broke the silence. Then followed a short address from Mr. W. H. Thomas, in which he said that all had met together that day to spend a little while in communion for one who had passed away from this plane. She had gone because her work here was finished, because there was other work needing her, and no one would be more ready and willing to respond to that call than she. He then read a message which had just come from our Dutch brethren who were holding the funeral service at about the same time in Amsterdam, the message ran:

"We are with you in loving thought and sympathy. This common pain only draws us nearer to each other, all Dutch and English friends."

Mr. Thomas then dwelt on the importance which Theosophists attached to thought, and as there could be no separation between friends on the

thought-plane, it was fitting that we should spend some few minutes in silent thought and meditation. When this had been carried out Mr. Thomas read an inspiring passage from Epictetus on the nature of the Divine Life in man.

Mr. Nichol then played Wagner's Pilgrims' Chorus from "Tannhäuser," and as the notes grew louder and louder in a song of triumph it seemed as though there stole over the room an indefinable atmosphere of peace and joy and calm. Following this came the playing of Handel's Largo by Mr. Dunn on his 'cello.

In the silence which ensued, Miss Eliza Pickard, a cousin of Miss Shaw, spoke, saying that she had frequently been brought into consciousness of Miss Shaw's thought in her freed condition, and the impression which came to her from sources in which they were both in harmony, was, that there were some present who were preparing for a further spiritual unfoldment, a deeper and fuller first-hand knowledge of spiritual reality, and the startling event which had just happened would be used as a help towards this. There were certain soul-conditions necessary for such experience, an elasticity of mind and yet firmness, combined with a condition of yielding, with the yieldingness of the willow, as well as the strength of the oak. Those who were found in such a soul-condition might be used by the Spirit of God for wider and fuller usefulness, and those who were conscious of a very strong link with their dear one who had gone would find from time to time a sense of her nearness when they were at their best.

After a few minutes' pause Miss Head read some lines from Sir Edwin Arnold's "Song Celestial," and again there was silence, broken by the playing of Chopin's "Funeral March," by Miss Whitehead. When the last notes had died away, Miss Hilda Smith read "Crossing the Bar," and then Mr. Thomas closed the meeting, which had lasted just an hour.

We also have to announce the peaceful passing from the body of Countess Gertrude Schack at Surbiton, on June 20th, after a lingering and painful illness. Our kind-hearted and self-sacrificing colleague spent her life in trying to alleviate suffering and to better the conditions of her toiling brethren; she was identified both in her native land and in England with many progressive and humanitarian movements, and finally found in Theosophy confidence and contentment. Her kindly presence and comforting words will be sadly missed by many friends, and her memory will be that of a woman who adorned her nobility of birth with a higher nobility of character. The body of our colleague was cremated at Woking.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

A Short Sketch of Mysticism

Les Mystiques devant la Science ou Essai sur le Mysticisme Universel. By L. Revel. (Paris: Lucien Bodin; 1903. Price *2frs.*)

We are pleased to welcome this useful little sketch of 155 pages from the pen of our colleague, M. L. Revel. The ground he manages to cover in his brightly written pages is more than enormous; nevertheless it is not without a definite purpose which emerges clearly in the drawing of the deduction that mysticism wherever found deals with certain fundamental facts of human experience. M. Revel has produced a readable little volume very useful for propagandist purposes, treating as he does of: scientific investigations into mysticism; the mystics at the bar of modern philosophy; eclectic philosophy and theology; relations between Catholic mysticism, the Alexandrian school and the esoteric tradition of antiquity; Islâmic and Hindu mysticism; the permanent basis of mystic beliefs; unity, reincarnation, deification, mystic ethics; *débris* of tradition—Gnostic mysteries, and the mysteries of the Gallic Bards; the esoteric credo.

Above all we are pleased to see that the number of original French works on Theosophy is being steadily added to, for there are few languages so suited to clothe beautifully the thoughts of idealism as the clear and graceful tongue of our French brethren. *Félicitations!*

G. R. S. M.

A Theosophical Novel

The Living Buddha. By Roy Horniman. (London: T. Fisher Unwin; 1903. Price 6*s.*)

The Living Buddha is a somewhat difficult book to classify; for while the author deals with his subject in a truly Theosophic spirit, he avoids the pitfalls into which writers of the "Theosophical novel" usually fall, and there is nothing in it of the pseudo-occultism to which the reading public is treated *ad nauseam* to-day.

The book opens with an account of an incident in the Indian Mutiny of 1857, in which the officers at the station of Benaputta are all killed, and only the wife of one of them, with her little son of a year old, escapes. She is compelled by his need of food to seek help at a native village; the child having had a finger of his right hand shot away, she fears to take him with her lest his wound should excite suspicion; she leaves him therefore in a cave while she goes to buy milk. During her absence the child is found by two Brinjaris who take him with them on their journey towards Tibet, and by the way they met a party of Buddhist monks. These having a prophetic saying among them that they shall recognise the Buddha of their Lamasery in his next incarnation by the fact of his having only four fingers on his right hand, acclaim the fair golden-haired infant as the "Living Buddha" and carry him to the Buddhist Lamasery of Tsang-Lo in China. There he grows up believing himself to be indeed the Buddha, and speedily gains a reputation for great holiness and purity of life. His mother meanwhile, after years of fruitless searching for him, marries a Christian Missionary who is going to work in China; and twenty-eight years after the tragedy of Benaputta, she accompanies her husband and her step-daughter Ruth to Tsang-Lo with the object of starting a Christian Mission House and School at the very gates of the Lamasery.

So much for the outline of this story at its opening; those who would follow it to its ending must do so from the book itself; and even if they get no further than the mere story, they will not regret having read it. But for those who look deeper than the surface, there is more in *The Living Buddha* than a story that whiles away an idle hour. Mr. Horniman knows how to handle his theme, and he depicts in the character of his "Living Buddha" that true occultism which may be known by its fruits as seen in the life and character—the restraint of the lower by the Higher Self is the hall-mark of Great Souls.

The missionary Hairland is a strong and finely drawn character, and we can only wish that there were more of his calling like him in tolerance and wideness of view. To quote: "His examination and analysis of the great religions by which he was surrounded had gradually undermined his faith in the sole inspiration of Christianity." His position with regard to his wife and the hopelessness of making her understand "the attitude that could at once accept and reject Christianity," will strike a responsive note in the heart of many a Theo-

sophist who labours vainly to make his attitude towards orthodoxy comprehensible in his own little world.

"He could not go about preaching that he believed in the Trinity, but denied the Church's interpretation." There are many other good things in the book; and we think it likely to do good by its entirely fair presentment of the best in both Buddhist and Christian faiths as evinced by the lives of their followers. Of theology in the abstract there is none. But of all the lessons it has to teach none is better than that true occultism consists, not in the power to do conjuring tricks and call them miracles, but in a self-mastery that can be trusted to bear the strain of desire and yet not fail; the self-mastery of which we read in the *Gîtâ* that whosoever shall attain to it goeth to peace. It is rare to get this aspect of occultism put forward in a novel, and we can congratulate Mr. Horniman on the middle course which he has steered between the Scylla of sensationalism and the Charybdis of cant, where much of the lighter literature of a Theosophic nature is so often shipwrecked. We shall look forward to more from his pen.

E. M. G.

Christianity as Mystic Fact

Das Christentum als mystische Thatsache. Von Dr. Rudolf Steiner. (Berlin: C. A. Schwetschke und Sohn; 1902. Price *2m.* 50*pf.*)

It is by no means easy to sum up in clear and precise words exactly the line of thought which our colleague Dr. Steiner has aimed to suggest to the readers of the small volume in which he has published the series of lectures given during the past winter in the Theosophical Library at Berlin. Still less easy is it to feel sure that one has rightly understood its significance. The best plan, therefore, will probably be to endeavour to give our readers an outline of its contents and leave the author himself to point the moral more precisely in subsequent works.

The Preface points out that many, if not most, of the thinking men of our time live in the state of "a house divided against itself"; with the understanding they cleave to the knowledge which science brings, while with their hearts they cling—often without realising how strongly—to what the Churches have handed down to us. And thus they resemble creatures which in point of bodily structure have

long ago evolved far beyond the level of the fishes, while yet they still long, and go on longing, to live in the water.

Next it is shown that this is by no means necessarily the case, and that the remedy for it lies in approaching the study of man's *inner* life in the same open-minded spirit as the study of the sense world. For the student of the spirit can only *learn* from science, not be hindered by her. Only in studying the life and evolution of spirit —say as presented in the Pentateuch or the traditions of the Greek mystics—we are concerned with the ideas they contain, not with their historicity or their authorship; for in the life of the soul, it is the soul that concerns us, not the external documents in which it finds expression.

We are then shown the vital importance of the Mysteries in the life of antiquity and made eloquently to understand *why* the seal of silence was placed on the lips of the initiated, and something too is made clear of what kind and nature that initiation itself was, the need for long preparation and the relation of the illumination to which it led to the ordinary popular religion of the time.

This theme is further developed and elucidated in chapters dealing with the Grecian sages before Plato and with Plato himself as a mystic, which lead up to a discussion of the relation between the mystery-wisdom and popular myths in which some of the leading types of myth, *e.g.*, those of Herakles, Prometheus, the Argonauts, the journeys of Odysseus, etc., are analysed and their mystic signification laid clear.

We then pass on to study the mystery-wisdom of Egypt, in the course of which we are made to understand how the mystery drama, under whatever difference of details, must always by its own inner necessity conform to a perfectly definite and distinct typical form, which is illustrated in the striking parallelism, for instance, between the accounts of the life of Buddha and those of the Christ, which show clearly that in both accounts we have to do not with a biography but with a mystery-myth—the inevitable, essential, eternal type of the "God-in-Man," in its successive stages. But Dr. Steiner points out —though here I think he is in error—that Buddha at the instant of his illumination dissolves into the blissful life of the All-Soul; Jesus awakens the All-Soul once more into present existence in human form; and he adds that this "great" initiation was in the case of Jesus added to the Buddha initiation.

This view seems to me erroneous—and I emphasise the point

because Dr. Steiner draws some important inferences from it—for two main reasons. In the first place Buddha is *not* stated to "have dissolved into Nirvâṇa" at the moment of illumination. On the contrary, *after* attaining *full* illumination and Nirvâṇa under the Bodhi tree, he returned among men and taught the Law for over half a century. In the second place, I regard it as erroneous, because in the sequence of the *true, real initiations*, the initiation of the "crucifixion, death, burial and resurrection" forms the *first*, not the *last* of the series. It stands at the entrance to the Path, not at its goal, and the true "Buddha-initiation" lies far, far beyond it. And because this is so, the interpretation of certain features in the history of Christianity which Dr. Steiner bases thereupon, seems at least doubtful. Indeed this initial mistake may perhaps account for what seems to me the confusion that reigns in later chapters, which stands in such marked contrast to the clearness and light of the exposition up to this point.

We thus find him saying that *Jesus* is the Logos Himself, become a personality. In him the Word was made flesh; and then further: "The Mysteries handed on by tradition the *means* of coming to the truth; the Christian communion bears along with it the very truth itself. . . . The mystics strove to become divine; they sought to *experience* it. Jesus became divine, we must hold to him; then we are ourselves within the communion he founded, sharers in his divinity—this came to be the Christian conviction."

Passing on to consider the Gospels, Dr. Steiner shows that they are one and all cast essentially in the mould of the mystery-myth, and that only in this light can they be understood. They tell of Jesus, as a mystic tells of an initiate. Only they hand on the initiation as if it were a unique peculiarity of a single person, and they make all salvation dependent upon man's holding fast to this one uniquely initiated person. From being the affair of an individual, it became a matter of the community, and as the Jewish religion was essentially a religion of the people, with its deeper mysteries resembling those of other lands, it was inevitable that such an initiate should be regarded as the Messiah, when he took the step of giving forth to all what had hitherto been the mysteries preserved for the few in the temple shrines, in the effort that salvation should no longer be the affair of a few chosen ones. It followed that he must will to take upon himself to be in spirit, through his personality, to his church that which the mystery cult had formerly been to those who shared therein. True, Jesus could not give all at once to his church the *experiences* of the

mysteries, nor did he aim to do so. But he could and did aim to give to all the conviction of that which in the mysteries was perceived as truth; and thus he aimed to raise them to a higher level: "Blessed are they that have *not seen* and yet have *believed*."

A long and very instructive study then follows of the Johannine Gospel in general and the miracle of the raising of Lazarus in particular; the conclusion to which we are led being that it represents the accomplishment of a great initiation undertaken by Jesus in order that he might establish himself in the minds of his disciples as truly the "Word made flesh." And then we are taken on to the Apocalypse—that book of seals and visions which possesses so strong a fascination for many. Into Dr. Steiner's interpretation we cannot go for lack of space, and it must suffice to say that it is both thoughtful and suggestive, though whether *that* is what it really means is quite another matter.

Suggestive and instructive as such interpretations may be, one feels oneself on surer and more solid ground in the next chapter, which deals with the historical background of the Gospel story, and shows most convincingly how the *spirit* of Christianity sprang directly and immediately from the soil of the ancient Mysteries, but aimed to reach a wider range of humanity through Faith. The consequences implied in this attempt and what it has led to are very clearly and strikingly brought out in this and the following chapters; but we must needs forego any attempt to indicate them here. But they are well worthy of most careful study and thought; and whether or no one fully agrees with Dr. Steiner in his conclusions, I feel sure that every reader of his book will feel deeply indebted to him in many ways for the light he has thrown upon the broad aspects of the problem of "Christianity considered as a mystical Reality."

B. K.

Gîtâ-Dreaming

Studies in the Bhagavad Gîtâ. Second Series: The Yoga of Action and the Yoga of Occultism. By the Dreamer. (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1903. Price 1s. 6*d*.)

Those who have enjoyed the reading of the first set of the "Dreamer's" studies—and they are many—will be glad to have some more of them from the same pen. Perhaps no higher praise can be awarded them than to say that they are "suggestive," for it is a great virtue to possess such a faculty. It must, however, be

confessed that the "second series" of the "Dreamer's" meditations require more careful reading than the first; nevertheless the pains are worth the while, and we are persuaded that the writer has thought more than he has dreamed, and the highest point of his thought is reached in the pregnant sentence, "evolution is re-finding."

On the other hand, being incorrigible in our desire to verify quotations, we have gone through the passages cited by the "Dreamer" from the Gîtâ and Upaniṣhads, and found that these sentences for the most part ought to have been cited in the form "*compare*" such and such a passage, for they are only in the rarest instances, translations; in the majorityof cases they are paraphrases or even exegetical commentaries. We congratulate the "Dreamer" on the great facility with which he writes English, and if we take objection to two words, it is not with any intention of fault-finding, but in the spirit of a friendly suggestion. "Logoic" and "egoic" are neologisms which must be asked to reconsider themselves. The first cannot stand; "Logic" may stand if we can possibly avoid pronouncing it like the substantive, and remember always to sound the *g* hard, but even so it as yet conveys no familiar idea of dignity to our ear. And "ego-ic"? Why not also "i-ic," "self-ic"? We belong to a Society that rejoices in neologisms, and useful and even necessary though they may be, they rarely add to the beauty of our diction. But all this, some will say, is "words, words, words"! Quite so; but the "word" is after all something, nay in a certain sense everything. Be this, however, as it may be, we are glad to see that the "Dreamer" has other studies on the Gîtâ in hand, for he is decidedly interesting.

G. R. S. M.

AN ATTEMPT TO RECOVER THE HISTORY OF THE APOSTOLIC AGE;

The First Christian Generation: Its Recorded Traditions. By James Thomas. (London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd. 1903. Price 6*s*.)

WE have already made our readers acquainted with the good work done by Mr. Thomas in *Our Records of the Nativity*, when he submitted Prof. Ramsay's conservative theories to a drastic analysis and showed the weakness of the arguments of this out-and-out defender of the genuineness and historicity of the "Lukan" document. Mr. Thomas now follows this up with an examination of the Acts document and of the traditions concerning the deaths and trials of Peter and Paul at

Rome, and attempts "to appreciate from an independent point of view the position as to creed and organisation of the primitive Christian Churches in Judæa and in the exterior world, as influenced by the political and social movements of the time."

It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Thomas finds himself compelled to pronounce an unfavourable verdict on the historicity and genuineness of Acts, and that his analysis of the Peter tradition and legends does not support the traditional view. Mr. Thomas is transparently honest and fair, moderate in his conclusions, and courteous and attentive to the views of those from whom he finds himself compelled to dissent. In our opinion, however, the weakest part of the book is his attempt to appreciate the complex problem of the earliest Christian Churches. This is the main *crux* of the Origins, and no writer who places "Gnosticism" later than Paul, as does Mr. Thomas, has in our opinion the faintest chance of solving the riddle.

For the rest, *The First Christian Generation* is written in a clear and easy style, to be easily understanded of the layman; it is decidedly interesting and most useful to those who are persuaded that without a proper appreciation of the historical difficulties disclosed by the comparative study of the early Christian documents, our conception of Christianity must slumber in the regions of fancy far from the "madding crowd" of fact and actuality.

G. R. S. M.

Magazines and Pamphlets

Theosophist, May. In "Old Diary Leaves" Col. Olcott, after concluding the matter of the abortive Judge trial, speaks of the fourth Convention of the European Section. In repeating some of Mr. Mead's remarks on what was then the new experiment of Federation, he informs us that "some of our earnest Indian members are just now (1903) beginning to organise federations of branches speaking a common language and included within a certain geographical area." We are exceedingly glad to hear this, there could nothing better happen than that the Indian Section, covering as it does so enormous an extent of country and including so many different races and languages, should organise itself into separate Sections, as the European Society has done with so much advantage. Accounts of lectures and meetings in England fill up the rest of the Colonel's space. The remaining contents of the number are the conclusion of

A. Schwarz's study on "Freewill and Necessity"; Mr. Leadbeater's lecture on "Purgatory," since reprinted in his new volume; a learned defence of Mrs. Besant's *Avatâras* by C. Sutariya; a notice of Prof. Chandra Roy's work on the *History of Hindu Chemistry* and the very favourable review of it by Prof. Berthelot in the *Journal des Savants;* a very useful morality on "The Kingdom of God" by W. A. Mayers; and two short papers, "Is Life worth Living?" by E. C. Pye, and "The Theory of Chance or Accident" by Hari Hara Iyer.

Prasnottara, May, continues Miss Edger's "Thoughts on the Zoroastrian Gathas" and the translation of the Kaṭhopaniṣhad; and a summary of "Reviews and Magazines" is added.

Central Hindu College Magazine, May, gives an account of Mrs. Besant's tour. We are glad to see that most of the articles, which are well up to the mark, are signed by Hindu names; and also that the funds of the College seem in very satisfactory condition. Mr. Arundale will be quite in his element as the President of the Lawn-tennis Club, and of the Debating Society, and of the Union Club, in addition to his educational duties.

Theosophic Gleaner, May, has an interesting collection of papers, original and selected. A quaint "Study in Colours" undertakes to explain "why our priests are robed in yellow"; a short dialogue, "What is Theosophy," written for distribution during Mrs. Besant's visit to Bombay, must have left a good impression on its readers; and even the truly Indian magniloquence of "An Humble Tribute of Words to Mrs. Annie Besant" is noticeable as being written with a correctness of metaphor and general good taste which such panegyrics do not often display.

The Dawn, April. This magazine is always worth reading, but we could wish that the articles were not so much cut up with sensation headings in big black type, like an American newspaper. These surely cannot be necessary for the *Dawn's* readers.

The main feature of the *Ârya*, for March, is a valuable address on the principles of dealing with children delivered by Mrs. Courtright to the Madras Primary Teachers' Association.

East and West, May. Here amongst more technically business matter we have a highly poetical study of "The Eastern Mother" by Sister Nivedita. The Rev. N. Macnicol, in a paper on the "Inspiration of the Bible" (which seems not quite appropriate in an Indian Magazine), gives us an example of the way in which preachers are now

learning to climb down from an untenable position so as to "fall with grace," as the French put it; and "Eastern and Western Ideals," as discussed from one side by Kanoo Mal and on the other by J. S. Martyn, can never lose their interest for us.

Of European magazines the *Vâhan* for June announces the meeting of the Convention for July 4th and 5th under the presidency of our President-Founder. The brief space left for the "Enquirer" is mainly devoted to further answers on the question of free-will.

Lotus Journal, June, presents its readers with a reproduction of a photograph of Mrs. Besant, seated writing, with Mr. Leadbeater standing beside her. Both are life-like, but the "pose" does not bring out Mr. Leadbeater's face very well. Mrs. Besant's face is interesting to the student of physiognomy, as being an obviously "untouched" print. C. J.'s brief sketch of Mr. Leadbeater's life will have an interest to those who only know him by his writings, and the remaining contents form good reading for old as well as young.

Bulletin Théosophique, June, contains a brief account of the White Lotus Day celebration, and the remaining space is given to replies to questions. In answer to the question whether a member of the Society should continue to attend the services of his religion, Th. P., while admitting that they may be needful for some, prefers to look forward to the time when they shall no longer be needful for any. It is interesting to us English to find that he treats the argument as to giving bad example almost with contempt. It could not be treated so cavalierly on this side of the Channel; but doubtless in Paris the rule is *not* to attend, and abstinence not the noticeable thing which it still is here.

Revue Théosophique, May, also gives some pages to questions. Dr. Pascal continues his "Law of Destiny," and L. Revel concludes "The Mystic Silence." The "Echoes of the Theosophical World" contain a report of a lecture given by Mr. Mead in Paris on his return from Italy.

Théosophic, June, has a short study on the relative nature of Good and Evil by J. C. Chatterji, who gives the capital illustration that not the most determined vegetarian could object to persuade cannibals to eat sheep and oxen—instead of human beings!

Luzifer. Under this well-known title we have to welcome the new magazine edited by the General Secretary of the new German Section, Dr. Rudolf Steiner; a nicely printed and got-up number in a convenient octavo size, avoiding at once poverty of appearance and

also the needless luxury of print and paper which is the besetting sin of new publications. In his editorial Dr. Steiner takes to himself the example of Faust, who, according to the old folk-tale, "laid aside the Scriptures for awhile behind the door and under the bench, and would no longer be a theologian, but a citizen of the world and a Doctor of Medicine." It is hardly safe to remind him of Faust's expressed opinion as to the value of his and his father's labours in the latter capacity; now the rule of priest and lawyer is at an end, we are for the present under the infallible rule of the doctors and must "lie low." But we must all agree, as he goes on to show, that the future of the world is with those who are willing to do this; reminding us that in all time, from that of the Egyptian priests onward, "the ladder of knowledge led a student up from the crawling worm to his God, and that his 'faith' was only his 'knowledge' of the higher rounds of this ladder."

To restore this relationship between Science and Religion—the only one which can answer to the world's present needs—is the task of the Theosophical Society; and the new *Luzifer* promises thus by its learned Editor: "Lucifer will be no Devil to drag the struggling Faust down to Hell; he will be the awakener of those who believe in the wisdom of the world and who would bask in the golden light of the Divine Wisdom. Lucifer will look boldly into the eyes of Copernicus, Galileo, Darwin and Haeckel; but also its gaze shall not falter and sink when the Sages speak together of the Home of the Spirit." A study of Mrs. Besant, by Mlle. von Sivers, follows; next her lecture "On the Utility of the Theosophical Society"; Dr. Huebbe Schleiden speaks wisely of "Ideals of Life"; and L. Deinhard gives a sketch of the use of the Divining Rod. A general review of Literature under the heading "Present-day Culture in the Mirror of Theosophy" is to form a regular feature of the Magazine, to which we heartily wish success and long life. The subscription is 6 marks for the year, and the publishers, C. A. Schwetscke und Sohn, Berlin, W.

Sophia announces with much regret the departure of one of its best workers, D. José Melián, the part-translator of *The Secret Doctrine*, for South America. His arrival will however be welcomed by the energetic brothers who have charge of the Society's interests there. The original matter of the number embraces the first of a series of lectures by R. Urbano on "The Mysterious," and the continuation of E. González Blanco's very serious study of "Hylozoism,"

Teosofisk Tidskrift, for May, has translations from Miss Edger and Mrs. Besant.

South African Theosophist, May; contains "Hints on Study" by W. Wybergh, and the continuation of the Editor's "Easter." An "Enquirer" also finds place in its pages.

Theosophy in Australia, for April, is mainly occupied with the Report of the Convention. The Section now contains 13 Branches with 374 members. The keeping up of the Sectional Magazine seems a difficulty, as is so often the case. Would it not be possible to provide a general magazine which could be "localised" by each user printing the local matter on the outside of the sheet, as is so largely done for local newspapers and religious magazines in England?

New Zealand Theosophical Magazine, New Series, Nos. 1 and 2, April and May. Our friends inform us that hitherto the magazine has been kept going solely by the unselfish zeal of a few Auckland members, but now becomes the property of the Section, and that: "The Section is to expand, the magazine is to grow!" Amen, with all our hearts. The report of the Convention gives a net roll of 225 members, and a satisfactory balance sheet, though of curiously tiny proportions—the sum dealt with being £34 8*s.* 1*d.* and the balance in hand £2 7*s.* 8*d.* Enviable Section!

Sophia (Santiago) with this number completes a very satisfactory first volume.

Also received: *Modern Astrology*; *Light*; *Mind* (the June number has an important paper by A. E. Gibson on "Karma, the Mystery of Justice"). *La Nuova Parola* (with a very favourable review of Mr. Mead's *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten*, and a portrait of the author); *Dharma*; *Theosophischer Wegweiser* (from which we obtain the remarkable information that the secretary of "The Theosophical Society in England" is a gentleman hitherto unknown, residing at Wandsworth Common); *The Light of Reason*; *Psycho-Therapeutic Journal*; *Animal's Guardian*.

From the Theosophical Publishing Committee, Harrogate, we have four nicely printed and attractive 2*d.* pamphlets, of which three are reprints of Mr. Leadbeater's Chicago Lectures on "The Law of Cause and Effect," "Life after Death (Purgatory)" and "Life after Death (the Heaven World)," which need no recommendation from us. The fourth is an admirable study of "Theosophy and Home Life," by Mrs. E. W. Bell, which will recommend itself.

W.

Printed by the Women's Printing Society Limited, 66 & 68, Whitcomb Street, W.C.

THE
THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

VOL. XXXII AUGUST 15, 1903 No. 192

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

As the years roll on familiar faces pass away and the number of our colleagues and friends who have left their physical encasements rapidly increases. Old workers are transferred to non-physical spheres of activity, and though we lose sight of their familiar forms down here we are assured that they are still with us, and contributing their share to the labours they loved so devotedly. This month we have to record the passing from the body of our beloved and highly respected colleague, Mons. Charles Blech, whose devotion, generosity and hospitality supplied a solid basis upon which the present successful development of our movement in Paris has been mainly founded. Mons. Blech was the head of an old Alsatian family and suffered cruelly in the Franco-German war; he was neither a writer nor a speaker, but his high character and the respect in which he was held, his charming courtesy, gentle nature, and large-hearted generosity, made him a real "father of Theosophy in France," as he has not been inaptly called. Passing away at the advanced age of seventy-eight, he had fulfilled more than the years appointed unto man by Hebrew

D.M.

prophecy, and he looked forward to the change, which all knew was coming for him, with the greatest interest and contentment.

* * *

ANOTHER old friend, well known to many in the British Section, has also recently left the body—our colleague, Mrs. A. C. Lloyd, who for some five years past has been working in India, and at the time of her death was matron of the school attached to the Central Hindu College at Benares. Years ago she was matron of our Working Girls' Club at Bow, and for long was with us helping at Avenue Road. Mrs. Lloyd was a woman of good education and many accomplishments, exceedingly kind-hearted, and anxious to help; but above all things, she was distinguished for her cheerful disposition, for her pluck and determination in struggling against the pains of a body subject to much suffering, and she cannot but be delighted to be free from a clog which limited the expression of her active nature in many ways. Mrs. Lloyd made friends wherever she went and was exceedingly popular among all classes; she will be missed by many, but no one can grudge her the realisation of her longing to be free from her of late almost useless body.

Valeas!

* * *

THE last season's work of British archæologists in Egypt has been rewarded with results which compel a still further putting back of the date of high civilisation in Egypt. Objects of art, dating from some 5,000 years B.C., have been discovered which experts declare not only unrivalled by the workmanship of any subsequent period in Egypt itself, but which stand almost unrivalled by the art of any other country in antiquity. These discoveries constitute a fact of the greatest importance for any estimate of the antiquity of Egyptian high civilisation. Was this exquisite art developed in the land or did it come from elsewhere? If from elsewhere, as most will contend, the "Babylonian" origin of Egyptian civilisation, which is in such favour at present, is somewhat seriously discounted by the fact that we find no similar objects of art of such an early date in Babylonian exploration. We should ourselves like to know something of that "Egypt before the flood" and its civilisation,

The Antiquity of Egyptian Civilisation

the "land of the first Hermes," of which the old legends tell, and are not prepared impatiently to dismiss it as the baseless and boasting dream of Egyptian priestcraft. If we are not mistaken "Atlantis" had much to do with the most ancient Egyptian civilisation. The following account of the objects unearthed on the ancient Temple sites at Abydos by Professor Petrie and his assistants is taken from *The Times* of July 7th.

* * *

THE principal work of the fund has been effected on the old Temple site of Abydos, and its unprecedented feature is that on the same site remains have been discovered of successive periods covering some 4,500 years, and beginning about 5,000 B.C. The earliest temple is believed to antedate the first dynasty and the latest to be of the XXVIth. . . The great advances made in the earliest times, in both art and manufacture, are truly astonishing. The use of glazed work on a large scale, hitherto supposed to be of late development, is shown to have been extensive even in the first dynasty. Of this age have been found bowls of diorite and quartz crystal, glazed beads and tile work, and in particular a piece of a large green glazed vase of Aha-Mena, with a name inlaid in purple, showing that polychrome glazing was already in use during the first dynasty. The ivories, too, show a surprising mastery of fine and natural work, such as, in Professor Petrie's words, "certainly cannot be rivalled by any later work in Egypt, or by very little that has been done elsewhere." Above all to be noted is the figure of the aged king himself, with the crown of Upper Egypt on his head and a thick quilted robe round his body. The subtle dignity and reserve, the delicacy of expression and feature, are such as one might expect in an Italian dignitary of the Middle Ages. A like freedom and grace are seen in the figures of boys standing, walking, and kneeling. The figures of a baboon, a couchant dog, a young bear, many lions—"used doubtless for gaming pieces, like those of King Zee"—are vividly naturalistic. That such art should have existed at the beginning of dynastic history would have been incredible a short time ago, and is difficult to account for, unless it be that among a few favoured nations art springs at once into perfection, like Pallas Athene from the head of Zeus. The fine formation of face in these early human figures, so different from those of later ages, suggests ethnological problems still to be solved.

Some Treasures from Abydos

* * *

THE work of the Græco-Roman branch also has been most fruitful. Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt have returned to Behnesa, the ancient Oxyrhynchus, and have systematically cleared away two mounds with the most gratifying results. "Not only were documents

The "Geniza" of Oxyrhynchus

of the first four centuries of the Christian era very numerous, but both mounds had been strewn with *débris* of libraries of classical and theological writings." There has, of course, as yet been no time for a thorough examination of these precious fragments, but in a letter to *The Times* of June 20th, Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt give a short account of some of the more important finds. Two of these new-found documents are of special interest to Theosophical students. In the first place we have

a long second century papyrus containing an elaborate invocation addressed to a goddess, of whose titles both in Egypt and throughout the civilised world, a detailed list is given, while on the back is an account of a miraculous cure effected by Imhotep, who is identified with the Asclepius of the Greeks. Both compositions seem to be products of the later Alexandrian school, to which belong the writings known under the name of Hermes Trismegistus.

This new find will be of importance in elucidating the later deposit of the Trismegistic literature to which "The Virgin of the World" treatise belongs.

* * *

But of far greater interest is the discovery of a fragment of a collection of "Sayings of Jesus," most of which are unrecorded elsewhere. The fortunate discoverers speak of this extraordinarily interesting find as follows:

Some More New-found Unrecorded "Sayings"

The first place is claimed by a third century fragment of a collection of sayings of Jesus, similar in style to the so-called "logia" discovered at Oxyrhynchus in 1897. As in that papyrus, the separate sayings are introduced by the words, "Jesus saith," and are for the most part unrecorded elsewhere, though some which are found in the Gospels (*e.g.*, "The Kingdom of God is within you" and "Many that are first shall be last, and the last shall be first") occur here in different surroundings. Six sayings are preserved, unfortunately, in an imperfect condition; but the new "logia" papyrus supplies more evidence concerning its origin than was the case with its predecessor, for it contains an introductory paragraph stating that what follows consisted of "the words which Jesus, the living Lord, spake" to two of His disciples, and, moreover, one of the uncanonical sayings is already extant in part, the conclusion of it, "He that wonders shall reign and he that reigns shall rest," being quoted by Clement of Alexandria from the Gospel according to the Hebrews. It is, indeed, possible that this Gospel was the source from which all this second series of "logia" was derived, or they, or some of them, may perhaps have been taken from the Gospel according to the Egyptians, to which Professor Harnack and others have referred the "logia" found in 1897. But we are

disposed to regard both series as collections of sayings currently ascribed to our Lord rather than as extracts from any one uncanonical gospel.

It is of course impossible to offer any opinion on these new-found "logia" until the text is before us; we can only at present remark that the "Jesus the Living Lord" of the introduction reminds us strongly of "Jesus the Living One" of the Bruce and Askew Gnostic Codices, and that we quite agree with Grenfell and Hunt that there is no need to assign the "Sayings" either to a Gospel according to the Hebrews or a Gospel according to the Egyptians. There were doubtless many collections of "Sayings" among the communities; the historical question is: When was the "Jesus saith" prefixed to them?

* * *

The Glands

As many of our readers are interested in any theory concerning these mysterious bodies, the pituitary and pineal glands, we append the following from *Science Siftings* of June 6th, and should be glad if one of our medical colleagues would carefully take up the matter and follow the experiments and arguments of Dr. Sajous.

The secret of life is in the glands. At least such is the moral of the latest discovery regarding certain glands made by the well-known medical authority, Dr. C. E. Sajous. It has been known by scientists for many years that the glands were the most important part of the body, but the difficulty in studying them has been the reason that no larger amount of knowledge regarding their activity has yet been brought to light. When we consider that there are from two to three million sweat glands in the skin and an infinite number of glands in the small intestines as well as other parts of the body, it can be easily seen what a task is before the specialist who is devoting attention solely to the subject of glands and their action. They have been the mysterious organs of the body whose action could be followed, but seldom explained, and now Dr. Sajous comes with a most startling theory, supported by fourteen years of experiment, that one of the least studied glands is the most important in the body. He claims that the pituitary gland is the controlling agent in health, and his theory might be compared to that ancient one of Descartes, that the pineal gland, the very centre of the brain, was the seat of the soul.

Everyone knows that the liver is the largest gland in the human body, and, while we really understand little of the way in which the liver works, we do know that one of its chief functions is the secretion of bile in the gall bladder. The wonderful thing about this gland, as well as about all the other glands of the body, is that it extracts from the blood, by some peculiar

change which is brought about through the protoplasm of the cells of the gland, substances which we cannot find in the blood itself. No chemical analysis would show bile in the blood as it enters the liver, and yet after it has entered and as the acid chyme passes the opening of the bile duct in the duodenum streams of bile are poured forth from the gall bladder. This action of the liver is paralleled by all the other glands. The pancreas, for instance, produces what is called zymogen, or the ferment former, so called because it gives rise to one of the chief enzymes, or ferments, of the pancreatic juice, so necessary for the work of digestion. These enzymes are the peculiar products of the gland, and because of their strange, unorganised character they constitute the most puzzling substances to the chemists.

* * *

We know that as the blood enters the gland it contains certain chemical substances, but why, as it passes through the cells which go to make up this gland certain parts of the blood are transformed into these peculiar liquids which are secreted by the special glands, is one of the great unsolved problems of human physiology. It is known that there are certain cells through which the blood passes, but it is not simply a process of filtration by which the gland extracts from the blood whatever it seeks, but a chemical change takes place through the action of the protoplasm of the glands themselves.

The Pituitary Body

Dr. Sajous has devoted his time, especially during the last fourteen years, to a study of the ductless glands such as the suprarenal glands, two little bodies in the abdomen just above the kidneys, and especially the anterior pituitary body, situated in the brain, which he claims is of chief importance in the preservation of the health of the human being. Dr. Sajous claims that he can demonstrate the direct connection of these little glands with the vital elements of the entire system, and, although they are ductless and do not apparently give off any special secretion, he announces that he has found and analysed such a secretion, and that it is of the utmost importance after it is carried to the lungs.

This substance, so carefully manufactured by these little glands, is the all-important agent for the absorption of the oxygen introduced through the breathing apparatus, in conjunction with which it forms a new substance, which Dr. Sajous calls "andrenoxin." This andrenoxin becomes mixed with the fluid part of the blood and flows through all the blood channels of the body, even to the smallest blood vessel. When it reaches the tissues the oxygen is then absorbed from this mysterious substance, and not exclusively from the red corpuscles of the blood, as has been hitherto supposed.

* * *

In its issue of June 13th the same periodical supplies its readers with still more astonishing information as to certain independent

The "Elixir of Life"

discoveries of Dr. George Crile which are said to support the claims of Dr. Sajous. Under the heading "Controlling the Heart," we read as follows:

> Heart failure may at last be dealt with effectively. The man or woman stricken suddenly, collapsing without apparent reason, may be saved if promptly treated with the proper remedy. At least such is the theory that Dr. George Crile announced lately. He has been conducting some special experiments bearing upon the question of the sudden collapse of persons not suffering with heart disease (especially during surgical operations) and claims to have found a specific which will restore the circulation of the blood, and bring the sufferer back to perfectly normal health, in a wonderful substance called adrenalin, which is nothing but the secretion of the glands over the kidneys, extracted chemically.
>
> The discovery of Dr. Crile is coincident with the announcement of Dr. Sajous that it is due to the action of this secretion, controlled by the pituitary body, that the blood absorbs the oxygen from the air and transfers it to the tissues of the body. The discovery of Dr. Sajous was referred to in *Science Siftings* recently, but Dr. Crile's independent investigation proves the even greater power of this wonderful secretion. Many chemists have been at work since the time when Dr. Brown-Séquard, of Paris, announced that he had found the elixir of life in the secretion of a goat; for while his elixir proved a failure he was too able a man to be altogether wrong, and chemists the world over took the hint and began to work on the extraction of these wonderful juices stored up by animal economy.
>
> These chemists have succeeded in extracting the secretion formed in those ductless glands lying in the abdomen, just over the kidneys, called the suprarenal glands, and have given to the surgeon a new substance with which to stop all hemorrhages in minor operations. A pharmacist has gone even further, and found the most effective form of this secretion, and it is used generally by the profession, so that in an operation upon the eye, for instance, the patient need lose but a few drops of blood from all the open veins and arteries. It is wonderful to see the blood coagulate instantly upon the application of this powerful substance, which is itself but an extract from the blood made by the most wonderful of all chemists—the human body.
>
> Dr. Sajous's experiments appear to show that if the glands over the kidneys are kept strong and healthy the entire human body will be healthy. He has gone further, and found that there are certain drugs which, when administered, stimulate the pituitary body, which, in its turn, stirs these glands to activity and restores the equilibrium and health of the sufferer. He claims that consumption and all of the most dreaded diseases to which man is subject find their way into the system and seize upon it simply because the suprarenal glands are weak. Keep these strong and no disease can attack you, is the chief conclusion to which his experiments point. It

is marvellous, indeed, to the lay mind, to conceive that two small bodies, seemingly of so little importance, store up a substance which is really the elixir of life to the body, because it helps the oxygen to find its way into the blood and the tissues.

* * *

The Mark of the Beast

PALMISTS and those of the Cheiromancist craft may perhaps be interested in the following curious story from that land of mystery, India. Under the heading "A Mark on the Skin of a Man-Eating Tiger," in the *Journal* of the Bombay Natural History Society (vol. xii., p. 410), we read:

In 1894 a tigress with a three-quarter grown male cub was the scourge of the valleys at the foot of the western slope of the Amboli Ghât in the Sawantvadi State. The tigress killed and mauled many men and women, but instead of eating, used to toss them over to the cub, who always preferred human to animal flesh. I went out several times after the pair, and though my anxiety was naturally to bag the tigress, that of the villagers was that I should kill the cub, for, they said, the mother will not attack human beings if there is no one to eat them. The villagers declared that the cub was born with the propensity for man-eating, and assured me that when it was killed I should find the "man-eating mark" upon it. I asked what this might be, and was told a distinct cross on one side of the body, generally the left side. I laughed at this idea, but found that it obtained universal credence.

On the 1st January, 1895, I shot the cub, and as the beaters came up the headman said to me, "Now, Sahib, we shall see if the man-eater's mark is there or not." We turned him over, and sure enough, there was the mark. I send you herewith a photograph in which it is distinctly visible. It will be interesting to know if any of your readers have had experience of similar marking, and a similar belief; the villagers could not have *seen* the mark, yet six weeks before I killed the beast they told me I should find it. Is it possible that the superstition is confined to the jungle country bordering upon Roman Catholic Goa? The villagers were Hindus, and not Christians.

I shot the tigress afterwards, but that is another story.

W. B. FERRIS, *Lieut.-Col.*

Sadra, 10*th October*, 1898.

THE CHRISTIAN AND THE THEOSOPHIC "PATH"

To those Christians who are at all familiar with their own scriptures it is not only certain that there is a Salvation proclaimed therein, but it is also clear that there is a *Way* of Salvation spoken of and pointed out. And to them, approaching the study of Theosophy and the perusal of its literature, nothing can be more striking and interesting therein, at least on its practical side, than that "Path" of spiritual progress which has been so plainly marked out and elaborated for all seekers after Liberation. It cannot but have suggested many reflections and comparisons, at least to more devout and earnest Christian enquirers and students. How far, if at all, do they correspond?

Accepting for the purpose of our enquiry the implication of Mrs. Besant's *Esoteric Christianity* that the Christian Religion, as the "Lesser Mysteries," has to do, in the main, with the "Probationary Path," or the Way to Salvation, then there *should* be such a correspondence, more or less detailed and complete, between the preliminary stages of the Way as contained in the Christian scriptures, and as marked out by Theosophy. We have not seen any attempt to find and draw out any such correspondence in Christian teaching with the Theosophic Path, except in stray allusions and hints. But that such a correspondence there must be, every Theosophist, at least, must hold. For if Theosophy be, as it claims, the common and essential Truth of all religions, Christianity included, then Christianity rightly, adequately interpreted, *i.e.*, essential Christianity, must embody the same Path and its stages as it has thus marked out and laid down. If these stages are really true to the facts of spiritual experience generally, if they are passed through and confirmed by every seeking soul in its progress Godward, then we may assume they will necessarily be the same stages that are recom-

mended by every great religious teacher and system as those along which their disciples should be led.

In what way that Path and its stages have arisen we may not know; whether derived as the fruit of long and careful and comparative study of spiritual experience, or originally devised and unfolded by Divine Wisdom, and thus received and inculcated by its Ancient Masters. But such a Path, a Way of Salvation, with its various stages, for all souls sooner or later in their history, we can scarcely doubt does and must exist. It is the teaching, at any rate, of Christianity and its scriptures, that there is a Way of Salvation, and but *one* Way, for all, everywhere and through all time. It may have been variously conceived and inculcated by various Christian churches and their teachers. But if there be but one essential Way, as scripturally taught, what is it? If there be but *one*, as all Christians themselves would agree, however differently they may interpret it, and one, beneath all their different interpretations, in which they can all agree, what and what kind is it? Is it exoteric or esoteric? Is it exterior or interior? If there be but one, common and necessary for all time, all peoples, and all faiths, by which some few from all, we may hope, have reached Salvation, it is certain it must be interior, spiritual, mystic, one along which the soul of man everywhere can and must travel, however much our outward faiths and forms may vary. Let there be such differing outward ways, religious and ecclesiastical, doctrinal and ceremonial, more or less suited to varying races and conditions; but if so, they must all exist to guide men into the one and only true, because inner, way of spiritual experience and progress, a way along which all alike, as possessors of a common nature and needs, may and must journey, if ever they are to attain Salvation. And this we take the Theosophic Path to be, the inner and spiritual Way. It does not concern itself with the particular faith espoused, the ceremonial forms observed, or even the Master who is followed. That it leaves to circumstances, to birth, to divine arrangement or to individual choice. But, assuming that Salvation may be and has been attained, under all faiths (and who among enlightened Christians will deny this, and thus exclude the believers and saints of the old Jewish and other dis-

pensations ?), and under the guidance of their various Masters and Teachers, it seeks to discern, from a comparison of all faiths, or from a common spiritual experience, that one mystic Way of the Soul.

This being so, it should be discernible in the Christian scriptures ; at least in hints and allusions, if not stated in the definite sequence and order of its stages. Is this so ? Are any or all of these prerequisites for salvation found and enforced in the teaching of the Christ ? This, it seems to us, is a matter of no little interest and importance to Christians, especially to those who, interested in Theosophy, are seeking for the inner and original instructions of their Divine Master Himself as to "The Way." And in any case, the Christian Theosophist must find some such correspondence between the two. How far can this be done ? Leaving aside, now, the teachings of the churches, let us confine our attention to the standard Christian records, and of them the synoptical Gospels only, and enquire for the teaching of the Christ Himself.

And here let it be premised that the Salvation of which mention is so often made in the Christian scriptures, and by the Christian Church, is identical with what is spoken of so often by the Christ as entrance into, or realisation of, the Kingdom of God. Nothing is so frequently spoken of by Him as that Kingdom. And, in His idea, admission into it is the all-important thing, the end of all His ministry and mission. It is brought near to them, and they to it ; they are to be prepared for it and led into it ; they are heirs of it ; it is to be set up within them, and possessed by them ; and thus obtained it is nothing less than their Salvation.

The Way, then, of or to Salvation, according to the Christ, leads up to and ends in the Kingdom ; and the actual entrance of it is by the great and crucial experience of the New Birth or Regeneration. That is the one absolutely essential experience for all, of any faith, or of none, of any race or nation, of any class or condition of men. It is the one only gate of entrance ; admission is only by spiritual birth, the culminating experience and climax in which that preliminary and preparatory Way ends. Short of that there is no admission, no salvation. Nothing is more clear than this. Salvation, with Christ, is entrance into

the Kingdom, and that entrance is by Regeneration, an inner and deep spiritual experience, a great critical event of this Way, and itself a goal.

What then are the instructions of the Christ to His disciples, to those who are seeking this Kingdom and its Salvation? What are His directions as to the Way thither? Bearing in mind that His addresses may be roughly divided into those addressed to the multitude in general, and those reserved for His disciples, there is one great preliminary requirement made of all who would tread this Way, which the slightest acquaintance with these records reveals, and that is Repentance. But this is something demanded, not so much of those who *are* His disciples and have already entered this Way, but of men in general, before they can be disciples at all. Essentially negative in its character, it is enforced not only by the Christ, but by the Baptist before Him, and by His own messengers later. It is an absolutely necessary prerequisite and preparation *for* discipleship. It is scarcely a part of the Way itself, a stage of it, for it is something to be done, a step to be taken by all men, the multitude, the worldly and sinful, *before* they can be disciples at all. Therefore leaving this aside for the present, we enquire, amongst the instructions given to His disciples themselves, for the successive stages of the Way.

And nothing is more astonishing to the student of these records than to find how large a place in the teachings of the Christ to His followers, His references to, and emphasis upon, the requirements for discipleship occupy.

The Christian Church in its exoteric forms, we know, does not usually recognise or make any particular and orderly arrangement of these instructions and requirements; she has not planned out the Master's directions, nor any of her own, into any methodical system of training for seekers of Salvation and the Kingdom. Her instructions are almost entirely limited to the enforcement of the two great conditions of Repentance and Faith. But the former is, as we have claimed, necessarily an act, a step to be taken by men generally, *before* they can come under the tuition of the Master as His disciples at all, and enter the Path of spiritual probation and preparation. The steps, if

any, of that Path of progress, are still in front of them. And we can scarcely doubt that there were such steps to be taken; that the Master graded His instructions to His disciples, leading them on, thereby, as they were discerning, obedient and fit, to further steps, and initiating them, as they were ready, into the Kingdom at last. They were His pupils to be instructed and guided in the Way to that Kingdom of which He so much spoke, and which they so much misconceived; but a way is scarcely a way at all unless it is made up of steps. And that they are steps only of the Way *to* Salvation, is evident from the fact that these disciples had not yet entered the Kingdom, had not been admitted or initiated into its life and mysteries. They have entered the Way, at His call, bound to Him as their Leader by intense loving devotion, and subject to His tuition and discipline, but not yet admitted into Membership of the great Brotherhood of Souls. For this, there is future education and testing awaiting them, with possible failure, unfaithfulness, desertion and treason amongst them. They are still only on Probation, under training, in the Way, and therefore these varied, these manifold instructions are given them.

But in these Gospel records of His utterances, delivered especially to His disciples, such instructions are naturally set down, not in any methodised order, but in a promiscuous state; scattered up and down as occasion required, adapted to circumstances or occasions by the Master Himself, or to the necessities of the narratives by the writers thereof. They form, however, the very staple of His addresses to His followers, and even to others; His discourses are almost entirely made up of them; they are the very essence of His teaching, embrace all the obligations imposed by Him with the utmost emphasis upon all who are seeking the Kingdom and its Life. Whether or not they were given out by Him to His disciples in any graduated order, after any system or plan of instruction and training, by whose consecutive steps they were gradually led up to fitness for the Kingdom, we can no longer be certain. In what way, however, can we, for present and personal purposes of spiritual growth and progress, best arrange them now? Under what heads or steps will they best fall for purposes like this? Into what course

or system of our own for spiritual instruction and discipline can they be thrown? This, it seems to us, is a matter of great practical importance. It is an attempt that might very well be made, but for which far greater spiritual knowledge and wisdom would be needed than any to which we can lay claim. But if, for convenience, we take the Theosophic framework, and try to fit them in, it is astonishing to find how readily and largely they find their places and fall into a well-ordered, consecutive and rational scheme. It is not too much to say that *all* the directions of the Christ to His pupils may be arranged under these several heads, according to these successive steps. So much so, that if we wished to arrange them into a complete and coherent system or manual for the spiritual guidance of Candidates for the Kingdom, we could not find more comprehensive divisions, nor a more faithful and orderly arrangement than this. As a course of training in the school of the soul no system could be so methodical and progressive in its steps, and no instructions so complete as these of the Christ thus arranged.

Let us then very briefly glance at and summarise them under such heads.

1. Discrimination.—This first step, in which the inner eye begins to open and discriminate between the real and unreal, the temporal and eternal, is abundantly indicated in all those passages in which the Master mourns the lack of spiritual perception on the part of the multitudes, especially of the Pharisees and Scribes, and on account of which He is compelled to speak unto them in parables, "because seeing they see not, and hearing they hear not, neither do they understand." And though He says that to His disciples it is given to know the mysteries of the Kingdom, it does not seem to be theirs as yet, for He has almost equal reason to mourn the same deficiency in them, so often has He to expound the hidden meaning of His parables to them at their own request. To the importance, likewise, of this quality of spiritual perception are His references to the lamp that is not put under a bushel but where its light can shine, to the wise man who built his house upon a rock, to the wise and foolish virgins, to the servants in the vineyard with their talents or various degrees of spiritual wisdom for use, and to that wisdom

that is justified of all her children. So His complaint of the Pharisees who could not discern the signs of the times, and who so lacked discernment as to tithe their smallest things, while they omitted the weightier matters of justice, mercy, faith, and who cleansed only the outside of the cup and the platter. So His warnings of His followers against the leaven of the Pharisees, and His rebuke of those very followers because they did not discern what leaven He meant; His emphasis upon the light within the body, and caution against its loss; His commendation of Peter for his discernment of "the Christ," the Divine, in his Master; and even of the scribe who answered discreetly, with spiritual insight, and was therefore not far from the Kingdom.

2. Indifference.—This step, consequent on the former, a practical seeking of the real and spiritual, of the impersonal and permanent, at the expense or sacrifice of the temporary and personal, is equally enforced by the Christ, wherever He requires that the personal in all its manifold manifestations shall be transcended and forfeited for the sake of the spiritual and divine. The Sermon on the Mount is full of it. His disciples are to seek first the Kingdom, to banish all anxiety for their earthly life, their food and raiment; they are not to do their righteousness or their alms before men to be seen of them; and when the pure in heart are blessed, and they are commanded to love even their enemies, to pray for them that despitefully use them, to judge not that they not be judged, we have personal indifference reduced to practical life. All the many exhortations to self-sacrificing, exclusive devotion to Himself and the Kingdom's interests are so many illustrations of it; exhortations to self-denial, and cross-bearing, to removal of offending bodily members for the sake of the soul's life; to the surrender of property and riches for the sake of eternal life, and entrance through the strait gate of the Kingdom; to forsake friends, relatives and home; to carry no gold or silver, purse or wallet; to love spiritual kindred more than natural, to toil not for reward or wages, to take the lowest room or seat at feasts, to make a feast not for friends and brethren but for the poor, to perform acts of charity for all, without respect of persons, for aliens, enemies, and for the little, the insignificant and weak; to forgive all, to the utmost; to serve each other, and abase all

ambition and pride; the parables of the sower, of the hid treasure, of the good Samaritan; the scenes of the woman and the alabaster box, of the widow and her mites, of the little children, are all so many means of inculcating the great, the necessary step of renunciation of non-attachment and indifference, which the Theosophic Path specifies.

3. And if we seek illustrations of these moral qualifications which are to be cultivated to some degree at least as a preliminary fitness for acceptance or Initiation we may find them also in these instructions:

(i.) Of Self-Control, in those various acts of self-denial referred to above; the control of sense and passion in the case of the eunuchs so made for the Kingdom's sake; and the various cases of sin in thought and desire specified in the Sermon on the Mount; the control of word and action in His warnings against idle words, and oaths and curses; and the exhortations to the culture of inner feelings of love, and the practice of all good works and words.

(ii.) Of Tolerance, in the Master's own contravention of the law of the Sabbath, on various occasions, for the service of man or God; in His concession to the faith of the Canaanitish woman; in His exaltation of obedience to God above the pious cry "Lord, Lord," and in His own cry "A greater thing than the Temple is here," the spirit of worship as greater than the place of it; in His rebuke of His disciples for their treatment of the miracle-worker who was not of their fellowship, and in His frequent denunciation of bigotry on the part of the Pharisees and others, as, *e.g.*, when they accused Him of blasphemy for forgiving sins.

(iii.) Of Forbearance or endurance of sufferings, when He blessed those who were persecuted for righteousness' sake; and bade His disciples not to resist him that is evil, but to offer the other cheek to the smiter, and the cloak as well as the coat to the borrower; when He exhorted them to endure the tribulations or hatred of men, even to the sacrifice of their lives; to fear not those who were only able to kill the body; and in patience to possess their souls.

(iv.) And Confidence in their Teacher or Master; is not this required and inculcated in all those passages in which the dis-

ciples are urged to believe the Gospel, or to believe in and on Himself?

4. And everywhere and constantly the essential all-important Desire for Salvation is emphasised and enforced. It is implied in all His exhortations to earnestness and effort, in striving to enter in at the strait gate, pronouncing them blessed who hunger and thirst after righteousness, and those who are lacking in this ardent devotion and aim as far from the Kingdom, such as he who turns back after having put his hand to the plough, etc.

And so, from this rapid and cursory survey of the Master's instructions, is it not abundantly evident that all the various steps and qualifications of the Path which every seeker and candidate for the Kingdom must follow, are recognised by Him, that He is cognisant of them, and that He repeatedly, in various forms, enforces them on His own pupils? Nay, that such a systematic arrangement embraces them all? They certainly have to be reckoned with and accounted for, as definite directions to His followers, not yet admitted into the Kingdom (with some few exceptions), but on the Way thither; called, but not yet chosen; Probationers but not yet Initiated.

The Church enforces the two great conditions, Repentance and Faith, as the great essentials. "Repent ye and believe the Gospel." And Faith by the Master Himself is made the great and saving condition. But Faith is a very wide-meaning term in the Gospels themselves, and is in all its shades of meaning implied in this Way and its stages, Faith in the sense of conviction of things unseen, of acceptance of a message or a truth, trust in a Teacher or Master, obedience to His requirements, an inner sense and realisation of the spiritual and eternal, and such a perception and assurance of the spiritual and divine Christ, the Logos, the Eternal Word in Jesus, and consequent absolute surrender to and realisation of Him, as constitutes saving and regenerating Faith. This Faith, then, in its progressive stages is necessary as a condition, and covers the whole of the experiences and steps of the Probationary Way. And so in this sense, and in this sense only, we conceive, is there correspondence between the instructions and conditions of the Christ and His Church, and the Steps of the Theosophic Path.

But, as we have said, the Church has never methodised her Master's directions, in this or any similar way; and we fear she has, since the earliest days, failed to recognise any such steps of the Way, and to enforce them on those who "repentant" have turned to her and to Christ as disciples and candidates for the Kingdom. They have not generally been recognised and enforced as, to some degree at least, necessary to be followed before there can be any true, adequate Salvation, any real Regeneration and admission into Life.

Doubtless, the more deeply, devoutly spiritual teachers and directors of souls have always discerned some such steps as true to experience, and, recognising them in these instructions of the Master, have sought to lead the earnest seeker by this Way. But if so, the majority, in their eagerness to get men "saved" have, it is to be feared, hurried multitudes into the Church, who, having repented it may be, and, accepting Christ as their Saviour, have believed in Him, have yet only thereby *begun* the Way, entered a *state* of Salvation, following Him, as so many did in His own day; with the result, now, as then, of disastrous failures, large leakage, and much scandal to the cause. *They have been counted saved*, in the sense of being in the Kingdom, regenerate, whereas they were *only beginning to be*, or "*being saved*." Had the Church, as such, in the knowledge of the graduated steps and discipline of this Way put its converts on adequate "probation," as is done by some, and subjected them, not merely to the test of time, but to this training and the requirements and instructions of the Master Himself to all in His day, it would not perhaps have counted its members as already "saved," by the multitude, as real subjects of the Kingdom, regenerate and spiritual, but it would have been vastly more to the strength and power of the Church, and to the interests of the converts themselves.

Instead of being but a miscellaneous gathering of some who are on the Way and at various stages of it, with others who have not yet even entered it, while its truly regenerate are comparatively few, it would, as originally intended, have consisted of an outer circle of probationers who are on the Way, "being saved," and an inner circle of the truly regenerate, who have been admitted through this gate of initiation, into the Kingdom

itself, conscious Sons of God, and Members of the Brotherhood, the very Body of Christ.

And does this not mean that the Church, as such, always excepting a few, the discerning and mystic few, has lost sight of the deeper spiritual nature and meaning of those great doctrines which she so earnestly inculcates? Is Repentance itself, *e.g.*, no more deep and fruitful an experience of soul than that through which many of the so-called penitent pass? Is it not that great, convulsive crisis, through which the man passes, whose issue is that awakening of the soul, that "opening of the mind," to the perception of spiritual realities? Is not Faith, as we have said, that very faculty of spiritual perception, the assurance of things unseen, born of the spirit in the soul, and the seed of its future birth, a principle that results in and embraces all that follows, a sublime indifference to the personal self, a "setting of the affections on things above," an intense devotion to the Higher Self, a resolute reformation of life and conduct, an earnest effort after self-control, a patient endurance and constant perseverance, an implicit Confidence and a conquering Faith that abandons all and surrenders self to *the Christ* of God, thereby realising birth true and full into Life, and the disciple, now regenerate, *is* saved?

Such are the conditions and the Way of Salvation. And Regeneration, what is this, in the mind and teaching of the Christ, but the climax of the Way, the culmination of the progressive inner experiences of the soul, by which the Kingdom is actually entered, and its Salvation and Life are realised? And is not this, about which the average Christian speaks so much and understands so little, an experience, a critical and crucial experience of far greater, richer, profounder significance and moment than is popularly supposed? Is it anything less than that great and eventful Fact, on account of which, or by means of which, initiation was granted of old, and is still granted, into sonship to God, real and conscious union with God; such a state as all the Initiates of old, of every religion or none, have entered upon, with all its glorious heritage of divine life and wisdom and power?

Is it not a singular fact that while the Church speaks so

much of Regeneration, yet the Master, the Christ Himself, says very little of it, at any rate in the Synoptical records, even to His disciples, as though it were an experience to which they had, generally, by no means attained, but towards which He was leading them? And so He limits Himself to those instructions which are necessary to fit them for it. It is only in the later and mystic Gospel of John that He is made to dwell on it, thus marking an advance on the Synoptics, and evidently written by one who is acquainted with it, and the inner life and its mysteries, by experience; and so a proper complement to the Synoptics.

What then can this great and critical and eventful fact of experience be, but that Initiation spoken of by all true Mystics, in esoteric schools of all kinds, East and West, and desired so eagerly, and striven for so earnestly by all disciples, all pupils and candidates; that experience so solemn, so awful, and yet so blessed, through which men are initiated by the Christ into the Kingdom of God?

If all that is meant by the Occultist and Mystic, by the Egyptian or Hindu, when he speaks of Initiation, is that which is meant by the Regeneration spoken of by Jesus, and referred to in the mystic Gospel of John, then it is certainly a doctrine, and a fact, of far greater import than the Church to-day has any idea of, and an experience through which but few of its members or teachers have passed. Taking Regeneration in this fuller sense, how many Initiates are there in the Christian Church to-day? How many have been truly, fully born again, become members of the family of God, subjects of the Kingdom of God? How many have become "perfect" in the sense of being initiated therein; "perfect men" in "Christ Jesus"? If this be indeed the sense in which Regeneration should be regarded, and was regarded by the Master Himself, and by Paul and the rest, what a degradation has it suffered at the hands of the many, and even of the Church itself, materialised and blinded by the influence of the Age and the World in which it lives! And if so, is it not high time that the deeper, richer significance of her own doctrines and terms should be re-discovered and restored, that with an intelligent and spiritual understanding of them consonant with that

of her Lord, and of all her more mystical sons, she may be fitted to fulfil her mission in the world, and as a witness and guide to the realities of "the Kingdom" may be able to take the lead in the growing spiritual movement that has begun for the world?

CLERICUS.

EARTHQUAKES AND VIOLENT STORMS: AN ENQUIRY INTO THEIR PROBABLE CAUSE

THE recent outbreak of volcanic activity in the West Indies, and the yet more recent tremor that passed over the central counties of England at the end of March last, have stimulated enquiry into the probable causes of such seismic phenomena. In this connection some of the theories which have been advanced may be tested, and though, of course, no single instance can be regarded as conclusive evidence of the truth or falsity of such theories, yet illustrations can be drawn to any extent from historical records, and a number of these should fall into line with the theory as stated before the latter can be accepted with any degree of confidence.

M. Delauney of the French Academy observed that earthquake periods may be grouped under four maximum curves, two of which begin in 1756, and 1759 respectively, each having a twelve years periodicity; the other two beginning in 1756 and 1773 respectively, and having a twenty-eight years period. This gives a mean range of 4·15 years for such disturbances to occur as from either of the cycles. This, I think, is quite too short a period to coincide with our experience, and a table setting out the various periods and their overlappings might easily be prepared and would certainly show that the groundwork of M. Delauney's theory is not altogether beyond criticism. It is stated that the return of the planets Jupiter and Saturn to certain longitudes where they meet with "cosmic streams of meteors" is the basis of this theory of seismic cycles. These longitudes are 135° and 265° from the vernal equinox, and the periods are of course the

mean orbital periods of the planets Jupiter and Saturn. But M. Delauney has proved neither his cosmic streams nor his earthquakes, and consequently his theoretical periods must fall to the ground. It might reasonably be concluded that the years in which the planets Jupiter and Saturn coincide in their occupation of the specified longitudes would be those of greatest disturbance, as for instance, 1780-1784, 1840-1843, 1864-1868, etc., and if this were approximately the fact there would be some reason for giving the theory more careful consideration. But in point of fact M. Delauney's periods are not those of greatest disturbance, nor are they inclusive of the years of activity still within our recollection, nor yet those to be found in the chronicles.

Like most other evils to which the earth is subject from time to time, the earthquake has not escaped association with the "sun-spot" theory. The same cause which is variously stated to be responsible for droughts, famines and low Nile tides, is often brought forward to account for volcanic and other disturbances. But for want of proper collaboration between the various theorists, the casual reader is left to discover the connection between earthquakes and low Nile tides.

A far more reasonable theory is that which has reference to the Eclipse period of 18 years. It has been recently observed that there is a certain connection between earthquakes and the Moon's distance from our orb. The attraction of the Moon upon the ocean has been extended to the subterraneous fluids and gases, and it is put forward with all seriousness that there is a predisposition to disturbances whenever the Moon is in its perigee or nearest position to the earth, about the time of the lunation. The Sun and Moon would then be pulling in the same direction and the nearness of the Moon to the earth would of course increase the pull. It is also presumed from these premises that the locality affected would be that which is immediately beneath the conjoined luminaries, that is to say, a place whose geographical latitude corresponds to the declination of the Sun and the Moon at their conjunction.

There is something to be said for this theory, although it does not apply in all particulars to the period and locality of a large number of disturbances. There is, however, the earth-

quake of August, 1883, which devastated the island of Krakatoa. The Moon was certainly in its perigee and very nearly over the island. But the Moon was in the last quarter and not at conjunction, so that the attraction of the Sun and Moon would not be in the same line. There is, in fact, nothing to show why the disturbance did not take place at any preceding lunation when the Moon was in perigee.

At the eruption of Mont Pelée in May, 1902, the conditions of the theory were exactly fulfilled, for not only was the Moon in perigee and in conjunction with the Sun, but both luminaries were immediately over the place of the outburst. Again on August 30th of the same year, the Moon was again in perigee and in the same declination with the locality of disturbance, but it was in the last quarter and not at conjunction. This was the date of the second outbreak.

It is evident, therefore, that the theory which has regard to the attraction of the celestial bodies is far more nearly in line with the facts than anything which has hitherto been suggested as a probable cause of seismic disturbances, and it is in extension of this theory that the following observations have been made.

Lunations are continually occurring from month to month, earthquakes are not so frequent. The Moon is in its perigee once every 28th day, practically in $27\frac{1}{2}$ days, and it is after just $27\frac{1}{2}$ times the Metonic cycle of 19 years, or 522 years, that the Moon comes to the perigee at the lunation. But curiously enough, this period of 522 years is exactly 29 periods of 18 years, and this is intimately connected with the Eclipse period. For after thirty-six such periods of 18 years all the eclipses repeat themselves in the same part of the heavens. If therefore the Moon being in perigee at the lunation has anything to do with the production of earthquakes, this period of 522 years should prove to be one which marks excessive disturbances.

If, however, the Moon has an attraction upon the ocean mass, it is also certain that it has an attraction on the earth's atmosphere in proportion to its saturation point, and this should be especially noticed at the lunation, when the Sun and Moon are pulling in the same direction. Now the cutting off of the Sun's rays by eclipse will mean not only the abscission of its

light, but also of all other modes of etheric vibration which it normally propagates, and consequently there will be an immense alteration in the electrostatic condition of the earth's atmosphere at the time of a solar eclipse, and the same will hold good in regard to any reflective power which the Moon may be said to possess and which suffers temporary abscission during the eclipse of that luminary.

Presuming certain electrostatic conditions to be instituted in the atmosphere at any time immediately prior to an eclipse, it follows that these conditions will be interfered with during the period of the eclipse; and this disturbance may continue for some considerable time afterwards. In order to restore the balance of power there must be a tremendous uprush of electrical energy from the centre of the earth, and it is this uprush which, in my belief, is the cause of earthquake disturbances, and volcanic activity.

In illustration of this theory it is only necessary to take the chief historical periods of great disturbance, and to note the positions of the luminaries and planets at the preceding eclipse. A comparison of the positions at the eclipse and at the date of eruption or shock, will probably lead to a fair estimate of the working value of this theory.

If we refer to the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii on the 24th August, A.D. 79, it will be found that the preceding eclipse fell on the 9th April, in longitude 18° and on the date of the great eruption of Vesuvius, Saturn had reached the same longitude. On that date the Moon was near its apogee (furthest from the earth) and very nearly at the full, being also in its South node and in South declination. Hence all the facts are opposed to the theory which has regard merely to "the perigee at lunation." On the other hand they form a suggestive basis for the belief that planetary configurations with the places of the celestial bodies at the eclipse may have some considerable influence in the production of seismic disturbances. We may follow up the idea in connection with other well-known disasters of the same nature.

The eclipse preceding the destruction of Krakatoa took place in May, 1883, and on August 26th, Mars had the exact longitude which was held by Jupiter at the eclipse, namely, 91.°

The earthquake at Martinique, already referred to, was coincident with the eclipse, but the second outburst of August 30th found Mars in exact opposition to the place of Saturn at that eclipse.

On March 6th, 1867, there was an eclipse of the Sun in longitude 346°, and on the same day an earthquake occured in Asia Minor which destroyed 20,000 houses and over 2,000 lives. On the same day Uranus was in quadrature to Mercury, and Saturn at the same distance from Jupiter. But neither Jupiter nor Saturn were in M. Delauney's "cosmic streams," nor was the Moon near its perigee, being 267° distant from that point. Here again the facts are in favour of the eclipse theory of electrical disturbance.

In 1853 there was an eclipse of the Sun in longitude 76° on the 6th of June. The superior planets Uranus, Saturn and Mars were in the same quarter of the heavens, being all between longitudes 40° and 55°. Jupiter was in opposition to Venus and forming the opposition to the place of eclipse. On the 15th July, Mars and Jupiter were in exact opposition, Mars being in the exact longitude of the eclipse, and Jupiter in exact opposition thereto. On the same day Cumana was totally destroyed by an earthquake. Not a single family escaped the disaster, over 4,000 lives being lost and all the public buildings destroyed, together with almost all the private dwellings. Here again the planetary configurations with the eclipse positions signalise the occurrence of vast electrical disturbances. But if we examine the theory of M. Delauney it is found that neither Saturn nor Jupiter were in the specified longitudes at the period of the earthquake, and on the other hand the Moon was not in perigee, being, in fact, within 17° of its apogee, and at only 5 days from the full, instead of near the conjunction.

Coming now to the recent disturbances in England and at Jerusalem at the end of March, 1903, we find a solar eclipse of considerable magnitude on the 29th of the month. The Moon was midway between its apogee and perigee at the conjunction, and neither Saturn nor Jupiter were near the points defined by M. Delauney's theory. But it will be observed that Uranus was in quadrature to Mercury, and Saturn in quadrature to Venus,

and on the date of the shock Mars was in opposition to the place of the eclipse, being in longitude 187°. Again the theory of planetary influence is justified.* Indeed, if we rightly consider the solidarity of the solar system it is impossible to escape from the conclusion that the conjunctions, oppositions and quadratures of the planets formed upon the earth's centre must have a direct gravitational effect upon the earth's mass, upon its atmosphere, and upon its subterraneous fluids and gases. I am of opinion that these facts have hitherto escaped the attention of scientific men, because of the habit of considering only the heliocentric positions of the planets instead of their configurations upon the earth's centre. It is certainly more logical to regard the geocentric positions of the planets, as I have done in all the above-mentioned cases, when the earth itself, and not the Sun, is the body upon which the effects of such configurations are registered. Similar configurations of the major planets in respect to the Sun's centre may be responsible for the production of sun-spots, which are merely rents in the luminous envelope of that body and probably produced by forces acting from within in response to others acting from outside sources. At all events the singular conformity of evidence in regard to eclipse positions and their effects upon our globe will render further research anything but an idle study.

The effects of the geocentric positions of the planets on the weather appear to be equally remarkable and worthy of scientific study. Prof. Falb of Vienna has made a series of investigations on this basis, and his weather cycle of 79 years is apparently based entirely on the conjunction of Mars and Mercury which is formed on the same day of the year after that interval of time. But if there be any fragment of truth in any observations based on this configuration of Mars and Mercury, there is every reason to presume an extension of similar effects as due to the configurations of other planets. From a long series of observations made during the past 15 years I am able to state with some certainty that similar and remarkable effects do occur from such positions of

* Since this article was penned another series of shocks has taken place in Wales. Violent disturbances occurred on the 22nd June, causing considerable consternation. Mars was then again in opposition to the place of the last eclipse as on the 29th March.

the planets. Saturn produces a negative condition of the atmosphere, lower temperature, heavy depressions and downfall. Uranus acts in a similar manner but with considerable alternation. Jupiter and Mars produce a positive condition and higher temperature. When "negative" and "positive" planets, as I may conveniently call them, concur in the production of effects, violent storms are the result. A few illustrations will serve to show the operation of this law.

On the 30th June, 1879, Saturn and Mars were in conjunction. On the same day there was a violent storm. On the 6th July, 1881, the same planets were in conjunction and with the same result. In July, 1881, Jupiter and Mars were in conjunction, and the extreme heat of that period will be remembered by many. The temperature in London was 97·1° in the shade. Perhaps one of the most interesting instances of this action of planetary conjunctions is that which attended the conjunction of Mars and Saturn on the 11th September, 1861, for on the previous day the Great Eastern Steamship set sail from Liverpool for New York, carrying the Royal Mails. On the following day it encountered terrific weather and was all but destroyed. No official notice of any of these storms was given, and it must be conceded that the omission was not due to any lack of interest on the part of those at the Meteorological Office, but rather to the defects of the system then and now employed. *The Times*, so far back as September, 1878, not only gave voice to this observed inefficiency of modern methods, but also afforded the highest encouragement to those who, like myself, have studied to bring new light to bear upon the situation. "To place the forecasts of the weather," says the writer in *The Times*, "even of the general weather of the coming season, on a sound basis, to gain the power of foretelling a cold spring, a wet summer, or a late harvest, would be to confer an incalculable benefit upon the people of this country."

I fervently hope that these few observations may not be without their value in this desirable direction.

W. Gorn Old.

WALT WHITMAN, A PROPHET OF THE COMING RACE

ALL parts of the universe are interwoven and tied together with a sacred bond, and no one thing is foreign or unrelated to another. This general connection gives unity and ornament to the world. For the world, take it altogether, is but one. There is but one sort of matter to make it of, one God that pervades it, and one law to guide it, the common reason of all rational beings; and one truth; if, indeed, beings of the same kind, and endowed with the same reason, have one and the same perfection.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

THERE have been few greater figures among the teachers of the Western world during the last century, and none that has ventured to convey his message under a more unconventional form than Walt Whitman. In an age of immense material prosperity he comes as a gigantic pioneer, rough-hewing a way through the forest of shams, hypocrisy and all the vices of modern life; not, indeed, as an architect of a perfect building, but as a preparer of foundations for a coming race of men and women, healthy both in mind and in body, in whose certain advent he himself never once lost faith.

It is here proposed briefly to point out what was the substance of his message and how far it harmonises with the main teachings of the Wisdom Religion, and to illustrate, mainly by passages from *Leaves of Grass*, his teachings on the cosmos, the Divinity in all, universal love, the position of women, karma, the soul, death, and the final casting off of illusion.

No neat academic style is his, no smoothly turned verses, no rhyme or metre except in very rare cases. But he is none the less a poet, a maker, and his words strike home with all the force of tremendous hammer-blows. He disclaims all literary merit. "No one will get at my verses who insists upon viewing them as a literary performance, or attempt at such performance,

or as aiming mainly towards art or æstheticism."* No, he will start free from all traditions, mummified creeds, the dust of libraries and lecture rooms, and seek the truth *sub divo*, not in temples made with hands. Beginning with this resolve to test every phase of life for himself, to balance up all the experience of sense, all that enters the wide sweep of his horizon; passing freely among and fraternising with people of every creed and profession, he renounces nothing, abjures nothing as common or unclean, but takes with equal brow the sunshine and rain, fair and foul, good and evil, in his search for the keystone that binds the arch of life, which he claims to find in the "fellowship, tender and trusting, of man with man."

Love, Democracy, Religion—each in its very widest sense—are the three words which embrace his views. He sees divine love in all "because, having looked at the objects of the universe, I find there is no one, nor any particle of one, but has reference to the soul." "The supreme and final science is the science of God, what we call science being only its minister." There is nothing base or mean to him, every atom is a temple of the most High God and "every inch of space is a miracle." And again:

I swear I think now, that everything without exception has an eternal soul.
The trees have, rooted in the ground! the weeds of the sea have! the animals!
I swear I think there is nothing but immortality.

He is filled to overflowing, intoxicated with this sense of the one heart that beats in everything. He has such a measure of perfect health, that life itself is a joy. God is everywhere, He is myself, therefore there is no irreverence in saying, "I am all, I am God."

Strange and hard that paradox true I give.
Objects gross and the unseen soul are one.

This same worship of Divinity pervades Richard Jefferies' *The Story of my Heart*, and it is interesting to compare these two pantheists, Jefferies, the frail invalid with his intense desire for health, Whitman possessing it, at least for much of his life, to the full, and both proclaiming that "to lay a hand upon the human body is to touch God Himself."

* *A Backward Glance o'er Travell'd Roads.*

Again he preaches the doctrine of a universal brotherhood and aims:

> Solely to drop in the earth the germs of a greater religion,
> And I know that the Spirit of God is the brother of my own,
> And that all the men ever born are also my brothers,
> And the women my sisters and lovers,
> And that a kelson of the creation is Love.

To his ideal picture he gives the name of Democracy, and this ideal has been treated in the same spirit and methods by his follower Edward Carpenter, in whose writings, however, we find theosophical teachings touched upon more definitely, and more emphasis laid upon the different vehicles of the ego. "His secret as a democratic bard," says Symonds,* "lies in this living and unselfish love of man, body and soul, bred by a generous unenvious commerce with his kindred."

Endowed with a magnificent physique and a strange magnetic nature that drew all things towards him, he carried out this ideal during the American War in 1862, when he devoted all his energies to nursing and cheering the sick and wounded soldiers. So much vitality did he thus put forth that his health, wonderful as it was, broke down, and being afterwards seized with paralysis he was a cripple to the end of his long life. It might have been expected that such a blow would somewhat change the tenor of his song, but he still holds with all he said before, only hinting here and there, in old age, that he fears lest a complaint should escape his lips, and in *Thanks in Old Age* and *The Calming Thought of All* he testifies that it is good to have lived and learnt, good to pass on in the certainty that "the round earth's silent vital laws, facts, modes continue."

His treatment of the question of sexuality has aroused the bitterest antagonism. Crude and naked as it is in places, it raised an outcry from Mrs. Grundy, Mr. Prurient and others; but to the seeing eye, Whitman's ideas on this subject do not come as a shock, nor with a taint of indecency. How, indeed, he asks, can there be such a thing as obscenity? Treating, as he does, this vital question with all earnestness and a sense of its mystery, upholding the sanctity of sex and teaching that it is

* *Walt Whitman: A Study*, p.144.

ignorance of such things that kill body and soul, he does not deserve the taunts that have been levelled at him. Above all he insists on "woman's great future and her redemption." He cries aloud for a "strong and sweet female race, a race of perfect mothers," and sees in this the salvation of America, body and soul. "Man the bodily consonant, woman the spiritual vowel," as an English writer quaintly puts it, must combine indeed to form the perfect *verbum* or utterance on earth. "Love of man to man as well as woman"—this is the part of his doctrine which has seemed strange to some. Yet it would seem that in the distant future love regardless of sex must be the ideal love. In this particular, he recalls the passionate worship of beauty, male and female, which characterised the Greeks, and says, almost in the words of old Socrates, "there never was a time when I was not in love with somebody." And in truth he is, in many respects, Socrates made flesh again—Socrates with his perennial cheerfulness, imperturbable calm and indifference to externals; in his persistent search for the truth among all sorts and conditions of men, in his love for "the human form divine," in the cosmic range of his insight, his deep inward conviction of a life beyond death,—altogether a strange figure of a prophet, and, as such, condemned to suffer at the hands of those he seeks to save.

His intuition grasped the doctrine of karma, and to no subject does he attach greater importance than the fact that effect treads upon the heels of cause. "I see that the elementary laws never apologise." He knows of "no possible forgiveness or deputed atonement," and declines to separate one part of life from every part. In the *Song of Prudence*, which it is interesting to read and compare with Emerson's *Compensation*, he maintains that:

> All that a person does, says, thinks, is of consequence;
> Not a move can a man or woman make, that affects him or her
> In a day, month, any part of the direct lifetime, or the hour of death,
> But the same affects him or her, onward, outward,
> Through the indirect lifetime.

And again:

> The spirit receives from the body just as much as it gives to the
> body if not more,

Who has been wise receives interest—
The interest will come round—all will come round.

Every good thought, word, deed, on any part of the globe, "on any of the wandering stars, or on any of the fixed stars, by those there, as we are here," have their everlasting effect. "I suspect their results curiously await in the yet unseen world, counterparts of what accrued to them in the seen world."

I believe of all those men and women that fill'd the unnamed lands,
Every one exists this hour here or elsewhere, invisible to us,
In exact proportion to what he or she grew from in life, and out
Of what he or she did, felt, became, loved, sinn'd in life.

Next, in the matter of religion, it is emancipation from the letter that killeth that he seeks. Creeds and dogmas must eventually vanish, together with "materialistic, bat-eyed priests" preaching a material heaven and hell, "sad, hasty, unwaked somnambules walking the dusk," as he calls them. But goodness remains, and love of humanity can console.

"The priest departs, the divine literatus comes." He does not say bibles and religions are not divine, "but it is not they who give the life, it is *you* who give the life."

He says in *November Boughs* (1888): "The people, especially the young men and women of America, must begin to learn that religion (like poetry) is something far different from what they supposed. It is, indeed, too important to the power and perpetuity of the New World to be consign'd any longer to the churches, old or new, Catholic or Protestant—Saint this or Saint that."

Love, Democracy, Religion he claims to be sufficient, and to the sufficiency of this new old gospel a striking tribute is paid by a great English man of letters, whose life was long a struggle with suffering, mental and bodily. "For my own part, I may confess it shone upon me when my life was broken, when I was weak, sickly, poor and of no account: and that I have ever lived thenceforward in the light and warmth of it. In bounden duty towards Whitman, I make this personal statement; for had it not been for the contact of his fervent spirit with my own, the pyre ready to be lighted, the combustible materials of modern thought awaiting the touch of the fire-bringer, might never have

leapt up into the flame of life-long faith and consolation. During my darkest hours it comforted me with the conviction that I too played my part in the illimitable symphony of cosmic life. When I sinned, repined, sorrowed, suffered, it touched me with a gentle hand of sympathy and understanding, sustained me with the strong arm of assurance that in the end I could not go amiss (for I was part, an integrating part of the great whole): and when strength revived in me, it stirred a healthy pride and courage to effectuate myself, to bear the brunt of spiritual foes, the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."*

Many another will be ready to subscribe to this. Whitman's influence for good will be found incalculably great, a seed growing silently and in the dark, perhaps, as yet, but none the less sure of bearing a plentiful harvest in due season. Yet Whitman is no mere optimist, owing his cheerful creed to health and strength, and closing his eyes to the darker side of nature. He also felt the burden of the mystery of life; to him, as to all, occurs the same old question of whence, what, and whither? As the ocean of life rolls mysteriously round him, "as I ebbed with the ocean of life," he feels but as "a little washed-up drift," that he has not once had the least idea of what he really is. "What am I after all," he asks, "but a mere name?" Yet thus much he can see, that the little that (so far) is Good, is steadily hastening towards immortality, and that the vast all that is called Evil is hastening to merge itself and become lost and dead. After balancing up all that he has learnt in life, he gives the answer, bravely deciding to do and endure: "That you are here—that life exists and identity, that the powerful play goes on, and you may contribute a verse."

With advancing years came inevitably that sympathy with suffering and ignorance, that large and tender pity for mankind which the young cannot feel, that consciousness, ever increasing, of the real behind the apparent real, of "thy body permanent, the body lurking here within thy body," together with a greater sensitiveness to the unseen influences around, that feeling of which Jefferies† with true intuition, writes: "This hour, rays or undulations of more subtle mediums are doubtless pouring on us

* John Addington Symonds, *Whitman*, p. 35. † *Story of my Heart*, cap. II.

over the wide earth, unrecognised, and full of messages and intelligences from the unseen."

Though he still sings of life, he "minds him well of death," and knows that "grand is the seen but grander far the unseen soul of me."

> My body done with materials, my sight done with my material eyes,
> Proved to me this day beyond cavil that it is not my material eyes
> Which finally see, nor my material body which finally loves,
> Walks, laughs, shouts, embraces, procreates.

Hence he will leave, he hopes, his "excrementitious body" and seek his real body, for the soul to him is real, not by proof and reason, but by growth; this soul he likens, in its efforts to guide the animal, to a "noiseless patient spider, testing and venturing and throwing out its web" till the needed bridge be formed. In an hour of anguish, when the burden of the flesh is heavy, he cries aloud for emancipation, almost in the words of Paul:

> O to disengage myself from these corpses of me,
> Which I turn and look at where I cast them,—
> To pass on (O living! always living!) and leave the corpses behind.

He firmly believes in the endless change, the *πάντα ῥεῖ* of Heracleitus, the flux and reflux in all vehicles of life.

> They are alive and well somewhere;
> The smallest sprout shows there is really no death,
> And if even there was it led forward life,
> And does not wait at the end to arrest it,
> And ceased the moment life appeared.
> All goes onward and outward, nothing collapses,
> And to die is different from what anyone supposed, and luckier.

A singer of the commonplace, of health to be acquired by all not organically diseased, of simple life, clean food, pure drink, a worshipper in a bodily temple, swept and garnished and made a fit dwelling-place for the great sojourner within, he drank his fill of the cup of life, never despairing "however seeming woe may be," for "all will be well in the infinite capacity"; confident that his teachings would sooner or later be found to be true, and mocking the farce called death, he laid him down with a will, for the house of his creed was fashioned on a rock;

My foothold is tenon'd and mortis'd in granite.
I laugh at what you call dissolution
And I know the amplitude of time.

Of Whitman we may aptly say, in the words of one who shared the spirit of his teaching: "He who sees in this world of manifoldness, that One running throughout it all; in this world of death he who finds that one infinite life; and in this world of insentience and ignorance, he who finds that one light and knowledge, unto him belongs eternal peace. Unto none else, unto none else."*

Depart upon thy endless cruise, old sailor.

F. L. WOODWARD.

"CHARITY AND DUTY TO ONE'S NEIGHBOUR"

"CHARITY creates much of the misery it relieves, but it does not relieve all the misery it creates."

ON May 16th, there appeared in *The Athenæum* a remarkable review of a remarkable book (*Life and Labour of the People of London: Religious Influences*, by Charles Booth, 7 vols., Macmillan & Co.). The subject is of such enormous importance, and the problems it presents in such glaring light are so fundamental and cry so loudly for solution, that we feel we shall confer a benefit upon those of our readers who have not already seen it, by reproducing almost *in extenso* the very able summary and pertinent remarks of a periodical which prides itself on its moderation in all things, whose conservative tendencies are beyond reproach, and whose worst enemy would not accuse it of extravagance.

The first impression made by reading these seven stout volumes is of the enormous extent of the religious activity of London. In every particular district—north, south, east, and west—Mr. Booth lights upon a universal parochial system, with each parish honeycombed by agencies of some slightly varying religious denomination; with gigantic missions essaying sensational

* Swâmi Vivekananda, *Addresses; Mâyâ*, No. 3, *ad finem*.

appeals, and with the more militant forms of new religions marching through the streets, beating drums or blowing trumpets or haranguing at every corner. The general result is of an almost physical sense of noise. One half of London seems engaged in entertaining the other half with soup and bread with a view to its subsequent spiritual edification. In a very real meaning the impression is driven home that if but a fraction of the energy expended in London had been expended in Tyre and Sidon they would have repented in sackcloth and ashes.

It is only when by the use of imagination one can place all this noisy effort in the midst of the desolation of London's immensity that one is able to understand the possibility of the general somewhat sombre impression in which Mr. Booth sums up his conclusions. These centres of spiritual aspiration are embedded in a grey indifference which forms, as it were, the matrix of which London's working populations are composed. In every quarter of the city the same lesson is repeated. "They try by this plan and that to reach the people, but mostly in vain"—his verdict on the more specific East-End—might be written as a summary of the whole investigation. "Much that is done seems rather to do harm than good, and, on the whole, all the effort results in disappointment," comes from one district. "All have empty churches, and the general attitude of the people is that of complete indifference," is the summary of another. "Of the other churches some are High and some are Low, but all are about equally inoperative," is a dismal statement concerning the centre. "The people have ceased to reckon with anything but the material side of life" is from an increasing suburb. "All tell the same story: 'the work is hopeless,'" is from another. "Those of the poor who attend religious services are mostly bought" is a succinct summary from a local minister. The final impression is of a vast mass of the people tolerant and even sympathetic to the perplexing activities of church and mission; willing in many cases to absorb relief, and in others to participate in organised social activity; but opposing a contented and stubborn indifference to the efforts of all the various religious bodies to awaken spiritual aspiration.

One or two common delusions, fostered by the deplorable nature of too many mission appeals, are effectually dispelled by these volumes. The most insistent of these is the conception of the poorer parts of London as vast, neglected areas, where people, almost heathen, are beyond the reach of any religious organisation. Mr. Booth, on the other hand, discovers over the whole town a persistent and somewhat undignified struggle between competing religious bodies; and in any particular choice slum area a competition, rising into an almost open warfare, for possession of the field. Round the city he finds the whole population visibly tainted by the corrupt influence of competitive charity:

"'Irreligion,' said one incumbent, 'is the result of all this bribery; we are all in it, church and chapel are equally bad. It begins with the children;

buns to come to Sunday School, and so on, so that they grow up with the idea that the Church is simply a milch cow for tracts and charity.'"

The typical East-End, the happy hunting-ground of the slummer, is "overdone with religion and relief." In St. Luke's he finds on Sunday afternoon "visitors from five different agencies in the buildings, bribing the people to come to their meetings." In Soho, "nowhere is the clash of rival doctors so great as here." But even the far-off regions at the limits of the city tell a similar tale. In Deptford "the poor parts are indeed a regular Tom Tiddler's ground for missions, and we hear of one woman, busy at the wash-tub, calling out, 'You are the fifth this morning.'" In Greenwich there is "too much competition for the moral health of the people." In Woolwich the inhabitants are "fought over by the various religious bodies with more than common vivacity." Even in the new districts, whose development almost immediately into slum areas is one of the most appalling revelations of Mr. Booth's book, the same astonishing competition is shown. Down in Wandsworth "religious activity takes the shape very largely of missionary efforts, competing with each other, not without mutual recrimination." In Kilburn "there are four churches after every poor family," and the observer wonders at the strange struggle "fought over men's bodies for their souls." Something different from lack of presentation or monetary contribution, or the offer of all the varied forms of religion, must be discovered to account for the indifference everywhere displayed. "The outcast who has never heard of Christ," states Mr. Booth, quoting a more than usually blatant mission appeal, "does not exist in London."

These competitive charities become most pernicious when they are definitely used to wean adherents from a rival faith. It is a somewhat dismal commentary on the nature of the forces behind the distribution of modern charities to find that while a particular mission in a neglected district fails to evoke particular support, a mission planted down to combat the influence of some rival Christian body never seems to lack money or adherents. This is especially true of the opposition to the new Ritualistic energies which in the past twenty years have swept into all the poorer quarters of London. "The record of the Evangelical mission," says Mr. Booth of one district, and a similar commentary is repeated all through the volumes, "is simply that of a struggle with the High Church for the souls and bodies of the children. It is dole *versus* dole and treat *versus* treat, and the contest openly admitted on both sides, while people taking the gifts with either hand explain how careful they must be when attending service that the other side knows nothing about it."

"This atrocious system," as Mr. Booth rightly calls it, is a very distressing revelation of the superior power of religious rivalry to religious charity.

The general conclusions of the different phases which the religious life of London assumes under different social conditions present no very startling differences from the commonly accepted opinion. The well-to-do and those

with social aspirations, including the West of London and the wealthier suburbs, are mainly members of the Church of England, generally of that "moderate" variety which makes no very great claim upon time or energy. The middle classes as a whole, especially that vast pool of them which covers the hills of North London, are strongly Evangelical, whether gathering into extremely Low churches or into the big Congregational and Baptist tabernacles. The working classes remain contentedly indifferent to all forms of religious appeal; but men of strong personality manage to gather round them isolated groups here and there. These are especially of the new High Church views, developing mainly in the growing working-class suburbs. The poor are found either clinging to the small Primitive Methodist tabernacles and other groups of sects scarcely represented by any class above them, or are indifferent. The one exception is among the Catholic poor, who seem, according to Mr. Booth, to retain devotion to that one among all the churches which possesses the secret of transcending the limits of class divisions. And at either extreme the very rich and very poor—those indecently dowered with wealth or the lack of it—remain in London, as always, as a whole impervious to any kind of religious or spiritual influence.

It will be seen that this book opens up large problems for the solution of which we seem not to have obtained even a glimmer of light. There is, for example, the continual emphasis upon this enormous stream of charity flowing down through the various religious agencies from the rich to the poor. In the aggregate it must amount to millions; no district is untouched by its efforts. We hear of mission funds with incomes of ten or twenty thousand a year; some businesslike, some not audited at all, or "audited in heaven"; 25,000 children fed in one winter by one mission; over a million men having received shelter, cocoa and bread from another; in a third to all comers a free night refuge: these are the kind of entries that appear in successive pages. Yet the problem of poverty is no nearer solution. Nor do the attempts to bring men within the reach of the Gospel by means of the offer of food and gifts appear to create permanent results. That the whole system does more harm than good is the verdict of those familiar with its results. One would think it was almost time for a definite and united appeal to the members of the different churches and the charitable rich seriously to consider the harm that is being done by the cruelty of their kindness. . . . .

A kind of despair is likely to seize upon the social reformer as he sees all the evils that, with enormous expenditure and heroic effort, are being checked in central districts, flourishing with a kind of fungus-like growth in regions on the outskirts of the town that seem equally neglected by God and man. The problem of expanding London with "its horrible creations going on under our very eyes" is one that may well demand the attention of statesmen who have abandoned as insoluble the problem of the centr congestion.

Behind all this, and perhaps more important, is the question of the survival of the religious life of the people; and one naturally enquires if Mr. Booth has any reason to advance for the failure of the enormous efforts put forth by the various churches. Here he is very cautious in his pronouncements. On the one hand he sees that the churches themselves fail to provide any uniting effort towards the realisation of a visible kingdom of God. With all their charity they are very chary in appeals for justice. They have come to be regarded as the resorts of the well-to-do and of those who are willing to accept the charity and patronage of people better off than themselves. Their tone is felt to be opposed to the idea of advancement. They are considered on the whole as representing an attempt of the wealthier classes to inculcate among the poorer patience, contentment, satisfaction with present social arrangements; to buy off any effort towards reform that might prove explosive with gifts of meat and coals and a vision of a better world in the future. Mr. Booth also emphasises the extent to which the divergence between principles and practice found among employers of labour who sweat their workers or combine an unctuous rectitude with a keen business instinct causes repudiation of the whole thing as an organised hypocrisy among the more independent artisans. At the same time he is not blind to the other side of the picture. The indifference to religion is largely accompanied by indifference also to any intellectual effort, to political and social action, to the advancement of any ideal cause, and to anything except the crudest forms of excitement and animal pleasure. "It was supposed," he says of one place, "that as men would not come to church they would go to the hall of science. Not a bit of it. Of the two they would perhaps prefer the church, but what they really want is to be left alone."

"What they really want is to be left alone." This is the final verdict on the investigation of thirty years into the life of the incalculable unknown populations that make up the congestions of the labour cities round the capital of the empire. The reading of this monumental work will at least serve to break up the complacency that holds that the highest flower of progress has been attained at the centre of the Anglo-Saxon world, and will show the vastness of the problems of civilisation and democracy in their larger meaning that here challenge the efforts of the coming century.

What a terrific indictment; and still we expend millions yearly on sending out thousands and maintaining tens of thousands of missionaries among the "heathen." What is the root of the error, for error it plainly is? We do not pretend to sufficient wisdom to say, but if we might venture to prescribe from the medicine chest of the healers of the soul we would hazard a small dose of Chuang Tzŭ as a preliminary sedative.

Chuang Tzŭ belongs to the fourth and third centuries B.C.

He was a disciple of the great sage of the seventh century B.C. who is now commonly spoken of as Lao Tzŭ, who taught men to return good for evil and to look forward to a higher life. More than this he professed to have found a clue to the solution of the riddle of existence. He declared that this could not be put in words as a system, that those who spoke did not know, and that those who knew did not speak. Such doctrines as these were not likely to appeal to the sympathies of a practical people like the Chinese, and in the sixth century, shortly before Lao Tzŭ's death, there appeared another sage, known to the West as Confucius, who taught that charity and duty to one's neighbour, charitableness of heart, justice, sincerity and fortitude were the whole duty of man. In opposition to Lao Tzŭ he professed to know nothing of a God, of a soul, or of an unseen world, and declared that these things were better left alone.

In course of time the sublime ethic of Confucianism became swamped by materialism; against this Chuang Tzŭ arose, and in inspiring terms pointed out the weak spots in the system of China's most venerated prophet. Chuang Tzŭ is regarded as an arch-heretic by the literati, but he did not preach a new doctrine, he, as Confucius, did not invent, he handed on the doctrine of his master Lao Tzŭ.*

In the chapter "On Letting Alone," (pp. 119 ff.) we read:

There has been such a thing as letting mankind alone; there has never been such a thing as governing mankind.

Over-refinement of charity leads to confusion in virtue; over-refinement of duty to one's neighbour leads to perversion of principle.

Be careful not to interfere with the natural goodness of the heart of man. Man's heart may be forced down or stirred up. In each case the issue is fatal.

By gentleness the hardest heart may be softened. But try to cut and polish it, it will glow like fire or freeze like ice. In the twinkling of an eye it will pass beyond the limits of the Four Seas. In repose, profoundly still; in motion, far away in the sky. No bolt can bar, no band can bind—such is the human heart.

Of old, the Yellow Emperor first caused charity and duty to one's neighbour to interfere with the natural goodness of the heart of man. In conse-

* The above information and the following quotations are taken from *Chuang Tzu, Mystic, Moralist, and Social Reformer*, translated by Herbert A. Giles. (London: Quaritch; 1889)—a book beloved by all Theosophists who have read it.

quence of which, Yao and Shun wore the hair off their legs in endeavouring to feed their people. They disturbed their internal economy in order to find room for charity and duty to one's neighbour. They exhausted their energies in framing laws and statutes. Still they did not succeed.

Those who see what is to be seen,—of such were the perfect men of old. Those who see what is not to be seen,—they are the chosen of the universe.

Low in the scale, but still to be allowed for,—matter. Humble, but still to be followed*—mankind. Of others, but still to be attended to,—affairs. Harsh, but still necessary to be set forth,—the law. Far off, but still claiming our presence,—duty to one's neighbour. Near, but still claiming extension,—charity. Of sparing use, but still to be of bounteous store,—ceremony. Of middle course, but still to be of lofty scope,—virtue. One, but not to be without modification,—Tao. Spiritual, yet not devoid of action,—God.

Therefore the true Sage looks up to God, but does not offer to aid. He perfects his virtue, but does not involve himself. He guides himself by Tao, but makes no plans. He identifies himself with charity, but does not rely on it. He extends to duty towards his neighbour, but does not store it up. He responds to ceremony, without tabooing it. He undertakes affairs without declining them. He accommodates himself to matter and does not ignore it.

While there should be no action, there should also be no inaction.

He who is not divinely enlightened will not be sublimely pure. He who has not clear apprehension of Tao will find this beyond his reach. And he who is not enlightened by Tao,—alas for him!

What then is Tao?—There is the Tao of God, and the Tao of man. Inaction and compliance make the Tao of God: action and entanglement the Tao of man. The Tao of God is fundamental: the Tao† of man is accidental. The distance which separates them is great. Let us all take heed thereto!

The Master I serve succours all things, and does not account it *duty*. He continues his blessings through countless generations, and does not account it *charity*. Dating back to the remotest antiquity, he does not account himself old. Covering heaven, supporting earth, and fashioning the various forms of things, he does not account himself skilled. He it is whom you should seek (p. 88)

"I am getting on," observed Yen Hui to Confucius.

"How so?" asked the latter.

"I have got rid of charity and duty," replied the former.

"Very good," replied Confucius, "but not perfect."

Another day Yen Hui met Confucius and said, "I am getting on."

* Rather than guided.

† Does Tao=Dharma? Chuang Tzu called the clue Tao, or the Way, and explained that the word was "to be understood metaphorically, and not in a literal sense as the way or road upon which men walk."

"How so?" asked Confucius.

"I have got rid of ceremonial and music," answered Yen Hui.

"Very good," said Confucius, "but not perfect."

On a third occasion Yen Hui met Confucius and said, "I am getting on."

"How so?" asked the Sage.

"I have got rid of everything," replied Yen Hui.

"Got rid of everything!" said Confucius eagerly. "What do you mean by that?"

"I have freed myself from my body," answered Yen Hui. "I have discarded my reasoning powers. And by thus getting rid of body and mind, I have become ONE with the Infinite. This is what I mean by getting rid of everything."

"If you have become ONE," cried Confucius, "there can be no room for bias. If you have passed into space, you are indeed without beginning or end. And if you have really attained to this, I trust to be allowed to follow in your steps" (pp. 89, 90).

Intentional charity and intentional duty to one's neighbour are surely not included in our moral nature. Yet what sorrow these have involved. Divide your joined toes and you will howl: bite off your extra finger and you will scream. In one case there is too much, in the other too little; but the sorrow is the same. And the charitable of the age go about sorrowing over the ills of the age, while the non-charitable cut through the natural conditions of things in their greed after place and wealth. Surely then intentional charity and duty to one's neighbour are not included in our moral nature. Yet from the time of the Three Dynasties downwards what a fuss has been made about them.

Those who cannot make perfect without arc, line, compasses, and square injure the natural constitution of things. Those who require cords to bind and glue to stick, interfere with the natural functions of things. And those who seek to satisfy the mind of man by hampering with ceremonies and music and preaching charity and duty to one's neighbour, thereby destroy the intrinsicality of things (pp. 101, 102).

In the days when natural instincts prevailed, men moved quietly and gazed steadily. At that time there were no roads over mountains, nor boats, nor bridges over water. All things were produced, each for its own proper sphere. Birds and beasts multiplied; trees and shrubs grew up. The former might be led by the hand; you could climb up and peep into the raven's nest. For then man dwelt with birds and beasts, and all creation was one. There were no distinctions of good and bad men. Being all equally without knowledge, their virtue could not go astray. Being all equally without evil desires, they were in a state of natural integrity, the perfection of human existence.

But when Sages appeared, tripping people over charity and fettering with

duty to one's neighbour, doubt found its way into the world. And then with their gushing over music and fussing over ceremony, the empire became divided against itself (pp. 107, 108).

Confucius began to expound the doctrine of his twelve canons, in order to convince Lao Tzu. "This is all nonsense," cried Lao Tzu, interrupting him. "Tell me what are your criteria."

"Charity," replied Confucius, "and duty towards one's neighbour."

"Tell me, please," asked Lao Tzu," are these part of man's original nature?"

"They are," answered Confucius. "Without charity the superior man could not become what he is. Without duty to one's neighbour he would be of no effect. These two belong to the original nature of the pure man. What further would you have?"

"Tell me," said Lao Tzu, "in what consists charity and duty to one's neighbour?"

"They consist," answered Confucius, "in a capacity for rejoicing in all things; in universal love, without the element of self. These are the characteristics of charity and duty to one's neighbour."

"What stuff!" cried Lao Tzu. "Does not universal love contradict itself? Is not the elimination of self a positive manifestation? Sir, if you would cause the empire not to lose its source of nourishment—there is the universe, its regularity is unceasing; there are the sun and moon, their brightness is unceasing; there are the stars, their groupings never change; there are birds and beasts, they flock together without varying; there are trees and shrubs, they grow upwards without exception. Be like these; follow TAO; and you will be perfect. Why then these vain struggles after charity and duty to one's neighbour, as though beating a drum in search of a fugitive. Alas! Sir, you have brought much confusion into the mind of man" (pp. 166, 167).

"If I do not know," said Nan Yung, "men call me a fool. If I do know, I injure myself. If I am not charitable I injure others. If I am, I injure myself. If I do not do my duty to my neighbour, I injure others. If I do it I injure myself. My trouble lies in not seeing how to escape from these three dilemmas."

"When I saw you," said Lao Tzu, "I knew in the twinkling of an eye what was the matter with you. And now what you say confirms my view. You are confused, as a child that has lost its parents. You would fathom the sea with a pole. You are astray. You are struggling to get back to your natural self, but cannot find the way. Alas! Alas!" (pp. 298, 299).

"Wisdom manifests itself in the external.*

"Courage makes itself many enemies. Charity and duty towards one's neighbour incur many reproaches.

* Whereby the internal suffers.

"To him who can penetrate the mystery of life, all things are revealed. He who can estimate wisdom at its true value,* is wise. He who comprehends the Greater Destiny, becomes part of it. He who comprehends the Lesser Destiny, resigns himself to the inevitable" (p. 433).

G. R. S. M.

WILL, DESIRE, AND EMOTION

(CONTINUED FROM p. 438)

THE NATURE OF DESIRE

WHEN the Monad sends forth his rays into the matter of the fifth, fourth, and third planes, and appropriates to himself an atom of each of these planes (see Paper II. on the Evolution of Consciousness), he creates what is often called his "reflection in matter," the human "Spirit," and the Will-aspect of the Monad is mirrored in the human Âtmâ, whose home is on the fifth or âtmic plane. That first hypostasis is indeed lessened in powers by the veils of matter thus endued, but it is in no way distorted; as a well-made mirror produces a perfect image of an object, so is the human spirit, Âtmâ-Buddhi-Manas, a perfect image of the Monad, is, indeed, the Monad himself veiled in denser matter. But as a concave or convex mirror yields a distorted image of an object placed before it, so do the further reflections of the spirit in, or involutions into, yet denser matter show but distorted images thereof.

Thus, when the Will, in its downward progress, veiling itself farther on each plane, reaches the world immediately above the physical, the astral world, it appears therein as Desire. Desire shows the energy, the forth-going, the impelling characteristics of Will, but matter has wrenched away its control, its direction, from the Spirit, and has usurped dominion over it. Desire is Will discrowned, the captive, the slave of matter. It is no longer Self-determined, but is determined by the attractions around it.

* Sc. at nothing.

This is the distinction between Will and Desire. The innermost nature of both is the same, for they are verily but one energy, the outward-pushing energy of the Âtmâ, the one motor-power of man, that which impels to activity, to action on the external world, on the Not-Self. When the Self determines the activity, uninfluenced by attractions or repulsions towards surrounding objects, then Will is manifested. When outer attractions and repulsions determine the activity, and the man is drawn hither and thither by these, deaf to the voice of the Self, unconscious of the Inner Ruler, then Desire is seen.

Desire is Will clothed in astral matter, in the matter which by the second life-wave was formed into combinations, the reaction between which and consciousness would cause sensations in the latter. Clothed in this matter, the vibrations of which arouse sensations in consciousness, Will is modified into Desire. Its essential nature of giving motor-impulses, surrounded by matter which arouses sensations, answers by outward-going energy, and this energy, aroused through and acting through astral matter, is Desire.

As in the higher nature Will is the impelling power, so in the lower nature Desire is the impelling power. When it is feeble the whole nature is feeble in its reaction on the world. The effective force of a nature is measured by its Will-power or its Desire-power, according to the stage of evolution. There is a truth underlying the popular phrase, "The greater the sinner the greater the saint." The mediocre person can be neither greatly good nor greatly bad; there is not enough of him for more than petty virtues or petty vices. The strength of the Desire-nature in a man is the measure of his capacity for progress, the measure of the motor-energy whereby that man can press onwards along the way. The strength of a man's reaction on his environment is the measure of his power to modify, to change, to conquer it. In the struggle with the Desire-nature which marks the higher evolution, the motor-energy is not to be destroyed but transferred: lower Desires are to be transmuted into higher, energy is to be refined while losing nought of its power, and finally the Desire-nature is to vanish into Will, all the energies being gathered up and merged into the Will-aspect of the Spirit, the Power of the Self.

No aspirant, therefore, should be discouraged by the storming and raging of desires in him, any more than a horse-breaker is displeased with the rearings and plungings of the unbroken colt. The wildness of the young untrained creature, and his rebellion against all efforts to control and restrain, are the promise of his future usefulness when disciplined and trained. And even thus are the strainings of Desire against the curb imposed by the Intelligence, the promise of the future strength of Will, of the Power-aspect of the Self.

Rather does difficulty arise where desires are feeble, ere yet the Will has freed itself from the trammels of astral matter; for in such case the Will to Live is expressing itself but feebly, and there is little effective force available for evolution. There is some obstacle, some barrier, in the vehicles, checking the forthgoing energy of the Monad, and obstructing its free passage, and until that barrier is removed, there is little progress to be hoped for. In the storm, the ship drives onward, though there be peril of wreck, but in the dead calm she remains helpless and unmoving, answering neither to sail nor helm. And since, in this voyage, no final wreck is possible, but only temporary damage, and the storm works for progress rather than the calm, those who find themselves storm-tossed may look forward with sure conviction to the day when the storm-gusts of Desire will be changed into the steady wind of Will.

The Awakening of Desire

To the astral world we refer all our sensations. The centres by which we feel lie in the astral body, and the re-actions of these to contacts give rise to feelings of pleasure and pain in consciousness. The ordinary physiologist traces sensation of pleasure and pain from the point of contact to the brain-centre, recognising only nervous vibrations between periphery and centre, and in the centre the re-action of consciousness as sensation. We follow the vibrations further, finding only vibrations in the brain-centre and in the ether permeating it, and seeing in the astral centre the point at which the re-action of consciousness takes place. When a dislocation between the physical and astral bodies occurs, whether by the action of chloroform, ether, laughing gas, or other

drugs, the physical body, despite all its nervous apparatus, feels no more than if bereft of nerves. The links between the physical body and the body of sensation are thrown out of gear, and consciousness does not respond to any stimulus applied.

The awakening of Desire takes place in this body of sensation, and follows the first dim sensings of pleasure and pain. As before pointed out* pleasure "is a sense of 'moreness,' of increased, expanded life," while pain is a shutting in or lessening of life, and these belong to the whole consciousness. "This primary state of consciousness does not manifest the three well-known aspects of Will, Wisdom and Activity, even in the most germinal stage; 'feeling' precedes these, and belongs to consciousness as a whole, though in later stages of evolution it shows itself so much in connection with the Will-Desire aspect as to become almost identified with it." "As the states of pleasure and pain become more definitely established in consciousness, they give rise to another; with the fading away of pleasure there is a continuation of the attraction in consciousness, and this becomes a dim groping after it"—a groping, be it noted, not after any pleasure-giving object, but after a continuance of the feeling of pleasure—"a vague following of the vanishing feeling, a movement—too indefinite to be called an effort—to hold it, to retain it; similarly with the fading away of pain there is a continuation of the repulsion in consciousness, and this becomes an equally vague movement to push it away. These stages give birth to Desire, the first differentiated aspect in consciousness—Desire to continue or to experience again the pleasure; Desire to avoid the pain. And here it should be noted that this arising of Desire as an aspect of consciousness faintly marks off the two remaining aspects, memory of past pleasure and pain indicating the germination of thought, and this stimulating the germ of Activity."

This arising of Desire is a feeble reaching out of the life in search of pleasure, a movement of the life, undirected, vague, groping. Beyond this it cannot go, until Thought has developed to a certain extent, and has recognised an outer world, a Not

* "The Evolution of Consciousness," December, 1902

Self, and has learned to relate various objects in the Not-Self to the pleasure or pain arising in consciousness on contacting them.

But the results of these contacts, long before the objects are recognised, have caused, as above indicated, a division in, a forking of, Desire. We may take as one of the simplest illustrations the craving for food in a lowly organism; as the physical body wastes, becomes less, a sense of pain arises in the astral body, a want, a craving, vague and indeterminate; the body, by its wasting, has become a less effective vehicle of the life pouring down through the astral, and this check causes pain. A current in the water that bathes the organism brings food up against the body; it is absorbed, the waste is repaired, the life flows on unobstructed; there is pleasure. There results from this that Desire is cloven in twain. From the Will to Live arose the longing to experience, and in the lower vehicle this longing, appearing as Desire, becomes on the one hand a longing for experiences that make the feeling of life more vivid, and on the other a shrinking from all that weakens and depresses. This attraction and repulsion are equally of the nature of Desire. Just as a magnet attracts or repels certain metals, so does the embodied Self attract and repel. Both attraction and repulsion are Desire, and these are the two great motor-energies in life, into which all desires are ultimately resolvable. The Self comes under the bondage of Desire, of attraction-repulsion, and is attracted hither and thither, repelled from this or that, hurried about among pleasure- and pain-giving objects, as a helmless ship amid the currents of air and sea.

The Relation of Desire to Thought

We have now to consider the relation that Desire bears to Thought, and see how it first rules and then is ruled by the latter.

The Pure Reason is the reflection of the Wisdom-aspect of the Monad, and appears in the human Spirit as Buddhi. But it is not the relation of Desire to the Pure Reason with which we are concerned, for it cannot, in fact, be said to be directly related to Wisdom, but to Love, the manifestation of Wisdom on the astral plane. We are to seek rather its relation to the Activity-

aspect of the Monad, shewing itself on the astral plane as sensation and on the mental as thought. Nor are we even concerned with the Higher Mind, which is creative Activity, Manas, in its purity; but with the distorted reflection of this, the lower mind. It is this lower mind which is immediately related to Desire, and is inextricably intermingled with it in human evolution; so closely joined, indeed, are they, that we often speak of Kâma-Manas, Desire-mind, as of a single thing, so rare is it, in the lower consciousness, to find a single thought which is uninfluenced by a desire. "Manas verily is declared to be twofold, pure and impure; the impure is determined by desire, the pure is desire-free."*

This lower mind is "thought" on the mental plane; its characteristic property is that it asserts and denies; it knows by difference; it perceives and remembers. On the astral plane, as we have seen, the same aspect that on the mental plane is thought appears as sensation, and is aroused by contact with the external world.

When a pleasure has been experienced, and has passed away, Desire arises to experience it again, as we have seen. And this fact implies *memory*, which is a function of the mind. Here, as ever, are we reminded that consciousness is ever acting in its threefold nature, though one or other aspect may predominate, for even the most germinal desire cannot arise without memory being present. The sensation caused by an external impact must have been many times aroused before the mind will establish a relation between the sensation of which it is conscious and the external object which has caused the sensation. At last the mind "perceives" the object, *i.e.*, relates it to one of its own changes, recognises a modification in itself caused by the external object. Repetitions of this perception will establish a definite link in memory between the object and the pleasurable or painful sensation, and when Desire presses for the repetition of pleasure, the mind recalls the object which supplied that pleasure. Thus the mingling of Thought with Desire gives birth to a particular desire, the desire to find and appropriate the pleasure-giving object.

* *Bindopanishat*, 1.

This desire impels the mind to exert its inherent activity. Discomfort being caused by the unsatisfied craving, effort if made to escape the discomfort by supplying the object wanted. The mind plans, schemes, drives the body into action, in order to satisfy the cravings of Desire. And similarly, equally prompted by Desire, the mind plans, schemes, drives the body into action in order to avoid the recurrence of pain from an object recognised as pain-giving.

Such is the relation of Desire to Thought. It rouses, stimulates, urges on, mental efforts. The mind is, in its early stages, the slave of Desire, and the rapidity of its growth is in proportion to the fierce urgings of Desire. We desire, and thus are forced to think.

Desire, Thought, Action

The third stage of the contact of the Self with the Not-Self is Action. The mind having perceived the object of desire, leads to, guides and shapes the action. Action is often said to arise from Desire, but Desire alone could only arouse movement, or chaotic action. The force of Desire is propulsive, not directive. Thought it is that adds the element of direction, and shapes the action purposively.

This is the ever-recurring cycle in consciousness—Desire, Thought, Action. The propulsive power of Desire arouses Thought; the directive power of Thought guides Action. This sequence is invariable, and the clear understanding thereof is of the profoundest importance, for the effective control of conduct depends on this understanding, and on its application in practice. The shaping of Karma can only be achieved when this sequence is understood, for evitable and inevitable action can only thus be discriminated.

It is by Thought that we can change Desire, and thereby change Action. When the mind sees that certain desires have impelled to thoughts that have directed actions which were productive of unhappiness, it can resist the future promptings of Desire in a similar direction, and refuse to guide actions to a result already known as disastrous. It can picture the painful results, and thus arouse the repellent energy of Desire, and can

image the blissful outcome of desires of the opposite kind. The creative activity of Thought can be exerted in the moulding of Desire, and its propulsive energy can be turned into a better direction. In this way Thought can be used to master Desire, and it may become the ruler instead of the slave. And as it thus asserts control over its unruly companion, it begins the transmutation of Desire into Will, changing the governance of the outgoing energy from the outer to the inner, from the external objects that attract or repel to the Spirit, the inner Ruler.

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

AT THE GOING DOWN OF THE SUN

MOST of the things we say . . . . are not necessary.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

"THE low sun makes the colour"—it lit the smooth green fastnesses of the Downs with changing hues of splendour. The flat juniper bushes were dark; so were the great yews the hand of a wandering God had planted there to make the white hawthorns fairer in blossoming time. There was much gorse abloom, and far below the hill-top where the four men sat (for they rested among the gorse and juniper bushes under a little crooked tree fettered with traveller's joy), they could see a white ribbon-like road, a glimmering pool fringed with alder and willow, and an old house in the hollow of the hills; it had a brick-walled garden formally laid out in the Dutch fashion, and planted with old box trees. The smell of the box might have been carried to them if the hour had been noon, and the sun smiting the boughs with his strength. There was no sound save the wind in the grass, and the clang of a far-off sheep-bell. High on the hill above the house was a ruin; the ruin of a tiny chapel. The four men were a naturalist, a doctor, a young Anglican priest and a playwright.

"There is a holy well, still hung with votive offerings, where the chapel is," said the naturalist. "It was a place for pilgrimage; a sort of Lourdes."

"Those miracles of healing are queer facts in nature," said the doctor.

"You grant them to be facts?" said the priest.

"As much facts as hysteria," replied the doctor drily.

"You see the house below," remarked the naturalist. "It has been bought by a health-cult."

"I beg your pardon?" said the doctor. He spoke with a severity not intended for the naturalist, but due to the fact that his mental eye was resting upon the health-cult.

"They are a set of people who have retired from the world in order to gain healthiness of body. They try to simplify life, they aim at good thoughts and gentle emotions as therapeutic agents. They eat pure food, breathe pure air, drink pure water, rise early, bathe twice a day in winter, and thrice in summer, in order that their bodies may be strong. They do not frequent cities, or engage in what people call the active work of the world, while the world persists in remaining in so insanitary a condition, physically, mentally and morally."

"This pursuit of health as the highest goal is weakness," said the young priest. "It is as much a sin as the self-indulgence and luxury which cause so much disease. The old worshippers of the pagan battle-gods had a stronger, manlier faith:

> For on earth they thought of My threshold, and the gifts I have to give;
> Nor prayed for a little longer, and a little longer to live."

This man was giving himself body and soul in a fight with the darker side of that power which shows itself forth in great cities as well as on green downs. He who lives the faith that is in him, even if he be partly mistaken in his faith, as indeed all men must be, wields a power greater than his who believes a truth, and lives it not. The priest's voice stopped the talk for a few minutes. Only the wind whispered to them of wisdom. The doctor spoke first.

"That is all very well," he said, "but healthiness of body, if it can be arrived at without using quack methods, is very desirable."

"You'd rather die in orthodoxy than be cured by quackery, wouldn't you?" said the playwright.

Mild and soft was his voice, but the doctor, very properly, did not answer him.

"An attitude of mind that promotes health is desirable," he said. "A vigorous body is worth having, even in the interests of the soul, if you believe you have a soul."

"It is not life's goal," replied the priest. "It is not worth any sacrifice."

"Perhaps," said the playwright to him, "you would be interested to hear of a set of people I met in the far North last year; a queer little community they were! These tended their souls as some enthusiastic gardeners do their gardens. But they were very separative—though not intentionally or consciously so. Each man and woman was set upon developing the latent powers—mystical powers—of his or her soul. The outer affairs of the world hardly touched them. Those people didn't appeal to me—except as 'freaks.'"

"They would not do so," said the naturalist. "Your business is to hold the mirror up to nature—present-day human nature. Your interest is in the developed organism, not in the germ."

"I should rather like an explanation of that saying," said the playwright.

"Have you never thought," said the naturalist, "that certain new characteristics, embryonic forces of the future in fact, are beginning to develope here and there in the race? The pioneers of that new development would strike the present growth as 'freaks.'"

"But they are, so far as I can see, a less admirable and effective set of people. Your 'forces of the future' should unite the old powers with the embryonic, shouldn't they?"

"Look at it in this way," said the naturalist. "Pure speculation all of it, of course! Let's suppose a power at the back of all Nature trying to make itself seen and known. Let's suppose it to be complex; in other words possessed of all possibilities of powers to be made manifest in course of time. Bit by bit—one by one—it calls them forth; and then they are seen. It is willing

to be placed at a passing disadvantage in order to bring out a new power. Suppose each man or woman to be a phase, an attempt, more or less successful, to express a selection of the infinite varieties of possibilities which are out of sight, but capable of becoming visible. The more 'effective' people will be those in whom a well-practised, matured power common to a large section of the race, a force of the present in short, is showing itself. The less effective (such as your soul-cult people) are instances of the same power trying to take a new departure. Not always so. A savage isn't that kind of person; but your soul-gardener sometimes is. Then you may get a third type. The people who halt between two opinions. They feel in their souls the pressure of the power that wants to make this new departure; but the strong building which that central power fashioned in the past for its own ends, fights because it feels as though it were being stripped of life and consciousness. When the power grows a little stronger it compels to that new departure; sometimes the man seems to be the weaker in consequence."

"Why or how?"

"Because when the outer man has given consent, the power takes up new tools, and lays the old wholly out of sight. Then the outer man is sometimes despised and laughed at by those who do not understand, and indeed he is often stupid, self-absorbed, and without sense of humour. But what would you have? If you were wholly absorbed in learning to see a cabbage garden, you wouldn't notice heaven's harmonies, though you might happen to be a Wagner. The power behind doesn't mind. He's learned to hear, he hasn't learned to see; he doesn't mind people laughing and criticising; he knows you can't make an apprentice into a skilled workman all at once."

"The view is interesting," said the doctor. "It assumes a good deal, however. But to me your 'soul-gardeners' are a morbid type. They are selfish, too, more selfish than the natural human sinner."

"I hope," said the young priest, earnestly, "you are not bitten by that modern mania of whitewashing sin, that most immoral doctrine that nothing is in itself immoral unless it be so in the eyes of the sinner."

"I trouble myself little with these questions," said the doctor. "It is my business to cure bodies, not to save souls. I am too hard worked to be a sinner myself, or a saint either. I work, I don't live."

The priest looked distressed. The playwright, who saw this, spoke with a view of lessening that distress.

"The 'modern mania' is the doctrine of non-morality," said he. "I am, as you know, a very average person as regards conduct. I am neither much more nor much less, selfish, greedy, covetous, and bad-tempered than other people. But of this I am sure: to be successfully non-moral one must be *great*. Short of greatness you only succeed in being immoral. What is your business? To be good. That is a business more than sufficient for most of us."

"I think you are right," said the naturalist. "But sometimes you will meet a man or woman who is like a reed-pipe for the breath of the Gods. I mean a great force sweeps out into the world through them; such people don't bother about their souls because they have forgotten they have them. They can no more be soul-gardeners or partisans than Nature can; they do not say 'I am of Paul' or 'I am of Apollos'; for them the universe they are trying to build grows 'I.' They are never introspective."

"That is very much my meaning," said the playwright, "I have known men with high moral standards, and men whose standards were low. I have met with but two really non-moral men, and they were both of them great; supremely great in their own lines. Non-morality is not for the little folk, nor for the moderate-sized ones, nor even for the great who fight for their own hand; if they do dabble in it they'll hurt themselves—*badly*."

"People sometimes learn by being hurt," said the doctor.

"I don't deny it," answered the playwright. "I only remark that some of us would prefer comfortable ignorance to painful instruction; and it is well we should know what price we must pay for our knowledge."

"That is a point to remember," said the naturalist. "If you" (to the priest) "wish to fight this 'whitewashing' doctrine successfully, don't deny its truth. Preach the shifting moral

standard, and point out this fact. No man breaks the commandments, either the simple Judaic code, or the more complex modern one, without paying pain as the price. It doesn't matter whether he knew the commandments or not; he will dispel his ignorance by its wages—pain. Say to us, who talk philosophically of the Power that is neither good nor evil, and all the rest of it: Remember this; when the savage does not see the sins of the civilised as sin, it is because he is a savage. Note that fact, when you start the 'whitewashing' process because your conscience is a little lazy. Last year I discussed this 'good and evil' question with a man who declared there was an ultimate and final criterion of good, which he seemed to identify with harmony and beauty. He said: Good is the governing law of the highest imaginable form; it is only when you go beyond form that there is neither good nor evil."

"Nonsense!" said the doctor. "What is the use of talking of what you don't understand."

"Very little," said the playwright. "Save that it might get on our nerves to live in a silent world. Let me tell you of my two non-moral men. One was an artist who saw God as Beauty, and fell so in love with his vision that he saw nothing besides. This man did not know he had a soul. The other was a saint who was lost in what Maeterlinck calls 'the spirit of the hive'; he founded a religious house for the glory of God, and saw that house as though it were his own soul through which the power of God might flow to the world. He never thought whether he had a separate soul at all. But a man must grow a soul, aye! and 'save' it too, before he can ignore it as that man did."

"I've met a non-moral person of another type," said the doctor. "Non-moral because she honestly confused her own sensations with the laws of the universe. She was simple, too; for she imputed those sensations to others, and thought she understood human nature."

"If our friend here is right," said the playwright, "she probably took her sensations for the workings of the 'power beyond.'"

"And would be partially correct in her opinion," said the naturalist. "Many sensations probably lie rooted in the 'sub-

conscious self,' which is a kind of 'power beyond,' but not the ultimate power."

"This kind of analytical research into the nature of the promptings of your 'power beyond,' is the curse of the present day," said the doctor. "Those who ignorantly worship the method, backed up and abetted by persons like yourself" (to the playwright) "cherish the delusion they are enlarging other people's views of life. Ah! It is a neurotic age!"

"I suppose you think you have explained the problem by your last five words," said the playwright, for it is but human to retaliate.

"I daresay you observe a good many interesting phases of human nature in your profession," said the naturalist.

"Unfortunately the 'seal of the confessional' binds me as it does our friend here. But I will tell you of a case which did not come under my professional observation. It was that of a girl; she was clever, quick, sympathetic, very ready to notice and understand other people's difficulties; but she had a bad bringing up. Her mother was a dreadful old woman, and her father wasn't exactly a pattern to youth. The girl was pretty; but ladies looked disapprovingly at her and said she was frivolous, 'bad style,' 'fast,' and so on. This poor child was riding, when her horse bolted and she was flung against a wall. She lay for seven days unconscious. When she grew better a change was noticed in her; she would lie for hours murmuring prayers to herself; she refused meat and wine; when it was suggested she should go out for a drive, or be carried to the garden she was distinctly 'shocked.' Her vows, she said gently and rebukingly, would not suffer her to go abroad. She was perceptibly shocked by her mother's dress and tone; she was kind to her, and after a while she offered her grave and gentle spiritual advice, as from an admitted superior to an undoubted inferior. Her mother became first furious, then hysterical and afraid of her. She did the same thing to her father. He was surprised; and then grew to be rather impressed, conscious-stricken, and repentant. Till her death, that is to say during six years, she lived the life of an 'anchoress,' eating frugally, fasting often, giving really helpful and searching advice to many,

rising at night to pray, refusing to talk of worldly matters, or to have luxurious clothes and furniture. At times a strange phase asserted itself; she was seized by a strong desire for the amusements or pursuits of the world; she would spend hours in weeping because she wished for 'the life she had left.' Gradually the memory of her 'frivolous' life asserted itself as a vague sense that she had not only desired but partaken of these pleasures; and she was bowed down with remorse. A lunatic I know who believes in reincarnation thought the girl remembered a past life (a phase stored away in a sub-conscious self), a past life in which she had secretly indulged in longings for pleasures, innocent in themselves, but forbidden by her vows."

"A *lunatic* you know!" said the playwright. "I believe in reincarnation myself. Most sane people do."

"I cannot agree with you there," said the young priest. "The Church has never taught such a doctrine."

"Are you sure of that?" replied the playwright.

"This at least must be said," observed the naturalist. "It is a reasonable doctrine, even though some lunatics may hold it. There are moreover analogies in Nature which seem to support it."

"The only man I ever knew, barring yourself, who held such a view, was an undoubted lunatic," said the doctor to the playwright. "He was an anti-vivisectionist, for one thing."

"*That* stamped him," said the playwright, with a tone in his voice as though his sub-conscious self was laughing, unobserved by his serious waking consciousness. "'Fore God, sir, you are one will not serve God if the devil bid you.' My soul-gardeners believed in reincarnation, but even that fact does not prevent me from accepting a doctrine which appeals to my sense of reason and justice."

"It is a mere hypothesis," said the doctor.

"So is your existence to me," said the playwright. "I infer you exist because of certain impressions which are made on my consciousness. I postulate you, therefore, in order to account for them.' There is nothing unscientific in a belief in reincarnation. It is the evolutionary hypothesis pushed a little further, into the realm of soul:

I might forget my weaker lot;
For is not our first year forgot?
The haunts of memory echo not.
Moreover, something is or seems,
That touches me with mystic gleams,
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams.

"That's poetry," said the doctor. "Life is prose. Tennyson is not my gospel."

"You can with equal truth say Life is poetry," replied the playwright.

"I have a practice in the West-end," observed the doctor, "and I am a visiting physician at an East-end hospital. I make no further remark."

"Find me the ugliest bit of prose you choose in West or East," retorted the playwright, "I will bet you anything you please I find the poetry in it. I don't say you can always feel the poetry in life; I say it is there, and can be seen. You may take your prose poetically, or your poetry prosaically."

"It is so," said the naturalist. "See the setting sun. And think of the noontide. The sun is an excellent machine for ripening peaches for the market in the view of the gardener. The sun is God made visible to other eyes. There is no question but that the gardener is right. But is the other view therefore wrong?"

"Everything is true," said the playwright sententiously.

"I cannot agree with you there," said the priest quietly.

"Nor I," said the doctor. "Some things are blatantly and patently false."

"That also is true," said the playwright, unabashed.

"You know you have flatly contradicted yourself, I suppose?" remarked the doctor.

"Certainly," said the playwright. "Thus one arrives at truth. For me, I worship 'holy Folly.' These things are a question of mental standpoint and the experience of the moment. You believe in evolution, I suppose."

"Of course," said the doctor.

"There's no 'of course' about it. I know a man who says there is no such thing. There is but one inexplicable all-consciousness, and—appearance. There is, in short, nothing but consciousness."

"He was a crank, I suppose," said the doctor, who was, like all mankind, ignorant in many directions.

"I don't see," observed the naturalist, "why these two views, the evolutionary and non-evolutionary, should not both be true."

"That is what I am trying to say," replied the playwright. "For us these Downs *are*, and all living forms on them are in process of development or decay. But suppose we were shifted to some state in which we could pass freely to and fro in 'solid' matter, then we should feel the formerly real world to be unreal. We might carry that upwards higher and higher along an almost infinite chain of developing forms; step by step as we went the step below would become the unreal appearance; from the highest or innermost point we might arrive at an unchangeable position to which all was mere appearance, perceived simultaneously; and evolution would be pure illusion."

"That means," said the priest, "God is the only reality; He is unchangeable, and all else mere symbols of Him."

"You can put it so if you choose," said the playwright.

"What do you mean by a symbol?" asked the naturalist.

"Heaven itself may be as much a symbol as earth; all things visible and invisible that stand between you and the Changeless, between you and yourself if you like the phrase, may be symbols; but that does not imply that they are not living truth; nay, they may be in very fact that which they symbolise."

"That is an impracticable, paradoxical statement," said the doctor. "It means nothing."

"Where there is nothing there is God," replied the naturalist.

"Do you know what you mean by that statement?" said the doctor.

"I do," replied the naturalist. "I mean that the things best worth knowing can never be told. I mean that there are some things—those which lie deepest—which can only be thought of in contradictions and paradoxes."

"It is better not to think or speak of them, then," said the doctor.

"Therein," answered the naturalist, "I am disposed to agree with you."

The priest had risen and walked away; he leaned against the rough bark of a yew, turned his face to the West, and his thoughts to the God Who weaves the weft and warp of souls. He was praying, but not for himself; he prayed for the infants, both babes and grown men, crying dumbly in the darkness. The priest was giving for these mind, soul, body, all he had to give. He ate coarse, scanty food that he might have wherewith to feed the starving; he drank no wine lest he should cause his brother to offend; he turned his face, year in and year out, from the beauty and grace of life; he toiled unpraised, unknown, unapplauded, for love of those "for whom Christ died"; so consumed was he by the love of God in this, that he never stopped even to count his soul gains, even to think whether he was renouncing aught.

The priest closed his eyes, and was conscious there is a God Who judgeth the earth. The naturalist was conscious the sun was going down, and the peace of sleep was stealing over the great Downs. The doctor and the playwright were conscious of each other. Perhaps they were all conscious of the same great fact—the one Fact.

The land grew dark; a night-jar began to purr in the big box tree by the house below; a light shone from the window; a great white miller-moth floated by; a bat flickered between the dark smooth curves of the Downs and the pale arch of the twilight sky. A market cart jogged slowly along the ribbon-like white road; it was driven by a girl; she and her companions were singing:

Thy Hand Creation made and guides;
Thy Wisdom time from time divides.
By this world's cares and toils opprest,
O give our weary bodies rest.
That while in frames of sin and pain
A little longer we remain,
Our flesh may here in such wise sleep
That watch with Christ our souls may keep.*

"Through the clamour of chattering tongues, and wrangling minds," said the naturalist, "through complexity and theorising

* Vesper Hymn.

and hypotheses, and all the cumbrous machinery of life, we shall find our way back to a simplicity which is Wisdom."

"Else we had better never have been born," said the playwright. "I only theorise and semi-psychologise from a vice of the mind. Also I make my living thus."

"The wood in which I live has taught me this at least," said the naturalist. "There are a great many paths through it, but all of them lead to the same gate."

"So with life," observed the doctor. "The paths lead to the same gate—death."

"A gate that leads nowhere," replied the playwright, "would not be worth making."

The voices of the girls died away in the distance. The night was so still that the bubble of water in the garden fountain could be heard; it was very dark, but they saw the glimmer of white lilies against the old box trees.

"The dew is thick on the turf," said the naturalist. "The day is past and over. Let us go home."

"Let us go home," echoed the young priest. "But let us go in silence."

"So a man learns," replied the playwright, "all that he ever knows."

Therefore in silence they went down the hill, and breathed the perfume of the dew-wet downs. From very far away the carillon of a little village church played the tune of a hymn. It was like a voice that sang a lullaby over the sleeping earth; and when it died into silence the soft rush of the night wind took up the burden of the cradle song.

MICHAEL WOOD.

MAN is called a child by a daimon just as a child is by a man.—HERACLITUS.

THE SOUL ERRANT.

THE Soul was discontented, for the Body fettered her, therefore she prayed the Lords of Life that for a while she might be free to wander over the Earth as she would, and her prayer was granted.

"I will return soon to you, my Body," said she, "but for a while I have leave to go forth and spread my immortal wings, and see with clearer eyes than those of flesh."

"But you must come back soon," said the Body wistfully. "Indeed, it were best you did not go at all. I have strange forebodings."

But the Soul would not hear, and smiling spread her wings, which, however, seemed weaker than she had hoped.

How good it was to be free of that heavy clog!

"Now, indeed, I can do good and not evil," she thought.

Up, up she soared, leaving even the ecstatic larks far below, till she remembered that men dwell on the green earth, not in the blue skies, and therefore she drifted reluctantly downward.

In her slow and slanting descent she spied a field thick with tall yellow corn which was falling beneath the sickles of the reapers. A noisy bell clanged forth noon and the men ceased their toil for an hour. They flung themselves down in the shade and ate and drank in silent content. Here surely in the midst of sunshine and plenty was innocence and happiness.

But in the corner of the field by the gate leading into the hollow lane the Soul with her new-purged vision beheld the making of a tragedy.

A tanned, powerful man pleaded vainly with a slip of a girl. Her heart ranged itself on his side but her puny vanity urged against sweet surrender. "Bring him to your feet," it whispered.

"O foolish maid! On you depends a man's soul for good or ill," said the Soul in passionate remonstrance.

But, alas! her voice had no force to reach the foolish heart to which it spoke, and the ears to which it was addressed were too dull for aught spiritual. A human voice alone would have had power to penetrate them, and the Soul, thwarted and defeated of her kindly purpose, could but sigh and turn her flight elsewhere.

But wander where she would it was ever the same. Her gentle voice could be heard but by ears sensitive to the whisper of conscience and attuned to things spiritual. The fiery curses of hate, the vapid laughter of folly, the lying voice of flattery overwhelmed her soft notes. The cry of the oppressed was not the more audible in that the Soul lifted up her voice. Her broad wings hung unused, how could she soar selfishly aloft and leave men unaided in their sin and misery?

"I was wrong," she mused sadly, after many days had passed and she had spent her strength for naught. "The Body was right; I must deal with men as a man. I will return, and, it may be, do good now that I have learned wisdom."

So she returned to the Body she had left so long ago.

The Body was at ease and dwelt prosperously in the land, and all men spoke well of him. True, he had mourned the Soul's departure, but that was long ago, and now it irked him to be reminded of his loss.

"I have returned to you, my Body," said the Soul, "and it had been well if I had never left you."

"But I no longer need you, O Soul," replied the Body. "I have never been so happy and free from care as without you."

"It is Death which benumbs you, not Life," said the Soul, and her voice rang so true that it carried conviction to the Body, whose heart still beat sound, and thrilled at the voice of the Soul.

So the Lords of Life were merciful to the Soul, and permitted her to return, humbler and wiser, to her erstwhile diligent servant and now unwilling partner the Body, for she had learned the lesson that the one without the other "shall not be made perfect."

E. D. FARRAR.

TRANCE, POSSESSION AND ECSTASY*

We have now reached the concluding chapters of Mr. Myers' work, and it is in the pages now to be considered, that we find the most conspicuous advance as compared with the position which he occupied ten years ago, an advance due to the steadily growing volume and cogency of the evidence which has been brought together. But before passing to the evidence for the actual occurrence of "Spirit Possession," it will probably be both useful and instructive to follow Mr. Myers through his discussion of the notion of Possession itself.

Defined in the narrowest way, Possession is a more developed form of motor automatism, but in describing it more fully, the special import of the term implies the claim that the automatist, in the first place, falls into a trance, during which his spirit partially "quits his body," or at any rate enters into a state in which the spiritual world is more or less open to its perception, and in which also—and this is the novel element—it so far ceases to occupy the organism as to leave room for an invading spirit to use it in somewhat the same fashion as its owner is accustomed to use it.

The brain being thus left temporarily or partially uncontrolled, a disembodied spirit sometimes, but not always, succeeds in occupying it; and occupies it with varying degrees of control. In some cases (*e.g.*, Mrs. Piper) two or more spirits may simultaneously control different portions of the same organism—*e.g.*, the voice and the hand, one control producing automatic writing, another speaking through the medium.

The controlling spirit proves his identity mainly by reproducing, in speech or writing, facts which belong to *his*

* *Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death*, by Frederick W. Myers. See the articles "Science and the Soul," "Man's Deeper Self," and "The Problem of Post-Mortem Communications," in the last three numbers.

memory and not to the automatist's memory. He may also give evidence of supernormal perception of other kinds.

His manifestations may differ very considerably from the automatist's normal personality. Yet in one sense it is a process of selection rather than of addition; the spirit selects what parts of the brain machinery he will use, but he cannot get out of that machinery more than it is constructed to perform.

This theory of possession, Mr. Myers remarks, cannot be said to be inconsistent with any of our proved facts. We know absolutely nothing which negatives its possibility. Nay more, it actually supplies us with a powerful method of co-ordinating and explaining many earlier groups of phenomena, if only we will consent to explain them in a way which, at first sight, seemed extreme in its assumptions—seemed unduly prodigal of the marvellous. And he goes on to say that he thinks that the Moses-Piper group of trance-phenomena cannot be intelligently explained on any theory except that of Possession.

Reviewing our earlier groups of phenomena, Mr. Myers points out that the theory of Possession connects itself naturally with the alternating use of brain centres by alternating personalities, which thus appear as one link in the chain leading up to the Possession of the organism by an invading spirit. Genius, again, as we saw, suggested a sort of Possession of the brain centres by the subliminal self; while in sleep we found that the spirit sometimes appears to travel away from the body and perceive distant scenes clairvoyantly.

In the hypnotic trance or in spontaneous somnabulism, we often find a quasi-personality occupying the organism, while the sensitive's own spirit often claims to have been absent elsewhere, and sometimes exhibits real clairvoyant power.

In the study of telepathy, again, we meet with an influence which suggests an intelligent and responsive external presence, and telepathy with the living leads on to telepathy from the dead; a fact implying that the communication does not depend on vibrations from a material physical brain. But when motor automatism develops into Possession, there is apparently no communication between the discarnate mind and the *mind* of the automatist, but rather with the brain only of the latter,

Even in ordinary cases of telepathy, the percipient's brain may sometimes be influenced by his own mind and sometimes by the agent's; and veridical hallucinations likewise show traces of the spiritual and physical elements mingling in various degrees as we pass from clairvoyant visions to collective apparitions. The same stages, again, are to be seen in the case of apparitions of the dead—leading up to complete possession of the automatist's brain by an extraneous spirit.

It should, however, be remembered that Possession by spirits is difficult to distinguish from cases of secondary personality, where the organism is controlled by another synthesis of its own spirit, and hence we must be careful not to ascribe to spirit-control cases *where no new knowledge is shown in the trance state.* And, further, we should expect spirit-control to be subject to the same limitations that we find in controls by secondary personalities; *e.g.*, the external spirit is not likely to be able to produce utterance in a language unknown to the automatist. We must also note that in both sets of cases, and also in dreams, memory seems to fail and change in a capricious way; also it is always difficult to get into continuous colloquy with a somnambulist, who generally follows his own train of ideas, so that we should not be surprised to encounter similar difficulties in conversing with spirit-controls.

On the whole, therefore, our expectations must thus be very different from the commonplace or even the poetic notion of what communication with the dead is likely to be; and as a matter of fact the actual phenomena fail to comply either with the orthodox or traditional line of expectation or with romantic anticipations, or even with the notion that they should subserve some practical purpose. This is in itself an argument of some weight for the natural and really spontaneous character of the phenomena, which pretty conclusively disposes of the often used argument that they are due, wholly and entirely, to either imagination or expectation.

On the other hand, the problems of Possession form the natural sequence of our earlier problems; the actions of the possessed organism show the furthest stage of motor automatism, while the incursion of the possessing spirit exhibits the completest form of telepathic invasion.

Mr. Myers now enters on a brief discussion of what are usually spoken of as the "physical phenomena" of spiritualism; but he does not go fully into the subject, since it lies outside the main line of his own argument. In an appendix, however, he gives an extremely ingenious and suggestively interesting sketch of a "Scheme of Vital Faculty," which should be of great assistance and value to future investigators.

Mr. Myers then takes the reader through a few specimen cases, leading up to a discussion of the trance-manifestations of Mr. Stainton Moses and Mrs. Piper.

It is impossible here to enter into any detailed discussion of these cases, and any brief account would be both misleading and wholly inadequate. The reader must therefore be referred to Mr. Myers' work itself for the former, and for the latter to the able and voluminous discussion of them in the S.P.R. reports, which is still actively proceeding. But it must be added that another case, in many respects even more remarkable than Mrs. Piper's, has been under observation for several years, and when the time comes for its publication in detail, it will probably strengthen considerably Mr. Myers' conclusions.

Indeed this whole chapter was still unfinished at his death, but he had evidence enough before him, in his own opinion at least, to warrant his writing as follows:

> We must now remember that this series of incidents does not stand alone. The case of Mrs. Piper is, indeed, one of the most instructive in our collection, on account of its length and complexity, and the care with which it has been observed. But it is led up to by all our previous evidences, and I will here state briefly what facts they are which our recorded apparitions, intimations, messages of the departing and the departed, have, to my mind, actually proved.
>
> (*a*) In the first place they prove survival pure and simple: the persistence of the spirit's life as a structural law of the universe; the inalienable heritage of each several soul.
>
> (*b*) In the second place they prove that between the spiritual and the material worlds an avenue of communication does in fact exist; that which we call the despatch and receipt of telepathic messages, or the utterance and the answer of prayer and supplication.
>
> (*c*) In the third place they prove that the surviving spirit retains, at least in some measure, the memories and the loves of earth. Without the persistence of love and memory should we be in truth the *same?* To what extent has any philosophy or any revelation assured us hereof till now?

Passing now from the study of Possession to a consideration of Ecstasy, I cannot do better than quote Mr. Myers himself on the subject, and then add a very few from the fine passages in his Epilogue, in which he, as it were, condenses the outcome of his life's labours.

Among the cases of trance discussed in this chapter we have found intimately interwoven with the phenomena of possession many instances of its correlative—ecstasy. Mrs. Piper's fragmentary utterances and visions during her passage from trance to waking life—utterances and visions that fade away and leave no remembrance in her waking self; Moses' occasional visions, his journeys in the "spirit world" which he recorded on returning to his ordinary consciousness; Home's entrancement and converse with the various controls whose messages he gave;—all these suggest actual excursions of the incarnate spirit from its organism. The theoretical importance of these spiritual excursions is, of course, very great. It is, indeed, so great that most men will hesitate to accept a thesis which carries us straight into the inmost sanctuary of mysticism; which preaches a "precursory entrance into the most holy place, as by divine transportation." Yet I think that this belief, although extreme, is not, at the point to which our evidence has carried us, in any real way improbable.

To put the matter briefly, if a spirit from outside can enter the organism the spirit from inside can go out, can change its centre of perception and action, in a way less complete and irrevocable than the change of death. Ecstasy would thus be simply the complementary or correlative aspect of spirit-control. Such a change need not be a *spatial* change any more than there need be any spatial change for the spirit which invades the deserted organism. Nay, further: if the incarnate spirit can in this manner change its centre of perception in response (so to say) to a discarnate spirit's invasion of the organism, there is no obvious reason why it should not do so on other occasions as well. We are already familiar with "travelling clairvoyance," a spirit's change of centre of perception among the scenes of the material world. May there not be an extension of travelling clairvoyance to the spiritual world? a spontaneous transfer of the centre of perception into that region from whence discarnate spirits seem now to be able, on their side, to communicate with growing freedom?

The conception of ecstasy—at once in its most literal and in its most lofty sense—has thus developed itself, almost insensibly, from several concurrent lines of actual modern evidence.

It must still, of course, be long before we can at all adequately separate—I can hardly say the objective from the subjective element in the experience, for we have got beyond the region where the meaning of those words is clear—but the element in the experience which is recognised and responded to by spirits other than the ecstatic's from the element which belongs to his own spirit alone.

In the meantime, however, the fact that this kind of communion of ecstasy has been, in preliminary fashion, rendered probable, is of the highest importance for our whole inquiry. We thus come directly into relation with the highest form which the various religions known to men have assumed in the past. It is hardly a paradox to say that the evidence for ecstasy is stronger than the evidence for any other religious belief.

Of all the subjective experiences of religion, ecstasy is that which has been most urgently, perhaps to the psychologist most convincingly, asserted; and it is not confined to any one religion. From a psychological point of view, one main indication of the importance of a subjective phenomenon found in religious experience will be the fact that it is common to all religions. I doubt whether there is any phenomenon, except ecstasy, of which this can be said. From the medicine-man of the lowest savage up to St. John, St. Peter, St. Paul, with Buddha and Mahomet on the way, we find records which, though morally and intellectually much differing, are in psychological essence the same.

At all stages alike we find that the spirit is conceived as quitting the body; or, if not quitting it, at least as greatly expanding its range of perception in some state resembling trance.

Observe, moreover, that on this view all genuine recorded forms of ecstasy are akin, and all of them represent a real fact.

We thus show continuity and reality among phenomena which have seldom been either correlated with each other or even intelligibly conceived in separation. With our new insight we may correlate the highest and the lowest ecstatic phenomena with no injury whatever to the highest. The shaman, the medicine-man—when he is not a mere impostor—enters as truly into the spiritual world as St. Peter or St. Paul. Only he enters a different region thereof; a confused and darkened picture terrifies instead of exalting him. For us, however, the very fact that we believe in *his* vision gives a new reality to strengthen and aid our belief in the apostle's vision of "the seventh heaven." "Whether in the body or out of the body," whether the seer's spirit be severed for the time from his organism or no, such inlet and introgression does occur.

It is these subjective feelings of vision and inspiration which have to many men proved the most impressive and fruitful moments of life. While not allowing an objective truth to their revelations, we shall now be prepared to admit a reality in the subjective experience. There is no special point at which we must assume a barrier interposed to the inward withdrawal and onward urgency of man.

We need not deny the transcendental ecstasy to any of the strong souls who have claimed to feel it;—to Elijah or to Isaiah, to Plato or to Plotinus, to St. John or to St. Paul, to Buddha or Mahomet, to Virgil or Dante, to St. Theresa or to Joan of Arc, to Kant or to Swedenborg, to Wordsworth or to Tennyson. Through many ages that insight and that memory have wrought their work in many ways. The remembrance of ecstasy has inspired religion,

has forwarded philosophies, has lifted into stainless heroism a simple girl Yet religions and philosophies—as these have hitherto been known—are but balloon-flights which have carried separate groups up to the mountain summit, whither science at last must make her road for all men clear. It is by *breach of continuity*, by passing from one element to another, that they have been able to soar so high. For science, on the other hand, the *continuity* of the Universe is, in fact, its key.

The task of our race in its maturity must be to rise to those same heights with that steady tramp as of legions along a Roman road which has already gathered in the earthly knowledge of earlier ages within the *pomœrium* of scientific law. The continuity of the universe, that is to say, so far as by us comprehensible, must needs be a continuity of *objective*, and for that very reason of symbolic manifestation. All the objective is symbolic ; our daily bread is as symbolic as the furniture of Swedenborg's heavens and hells. To our embodied souls the matter round us seems real and self-existent ; to souls emancipated it is but the sign of the degree which we have reached, and thus the highest task of science must be to link and co-ordinate the symbols appropriate to our terrene state with the symbols appropriate to the state immediately above us. Nay, one might push this truth to paradox, and maintain that of all earth's inspired spirits it has been the least divinised, the least lovable, who has opened the secret path for men.

Religions have risen and died again ; philosophy, poetry, heroism, answer only indirectly the prime need of men. Plotinus, "the eagle soaring above the tomb of Plato," is lost to sight in the heavens. Conquering and to conquer, the Maid rides on through other worlds than ours.

Virgil himself, "light among the vanished ages, star that gildest yet this earthly shore," sustains our spirit, as I have said, but indirectly, by filling still our fountain of purest intellectual joy. But the prosaic Swede—his stiff mind prickly with dogma—the opaque cell-walls of his intelligence flooded cloudily by the irradiant day—this man as by the very limitations of his faculty, by the practical humility of a spirit trained to acquire but not to generate truth—has awkwardly laid the corner-stone, grotesquely sketched the elevation of a temple which our remotest posterity will be up-building and adorning still. For he dimly felt that man's true passage and intuition from state to state depends not upon individual ecstasy, but upon comprehensive law ; while yet all law is in fact but symbol ; adaptation of truth timeless and infinite to intelligences of lower or higher range.

The concluding portions of this chapter, left, as already remarked, uncompleted by Mr. Myers at his death, deal with the problems of Precognition and Retrocognition, of Time, Foreknowledge, Free-will and Destiny. But although the discussion contains some fine and suggestive thoughts, it does not seem to me that we have as yet a sufficient accumulation of facts and

careful observations to render the enquiry very profitable. Let us pass on therefore to the Epilogue, from which I propose to make a brief series of extracts, which will serve to complete the picture I have been endeavouring to give in this REVIEW, of the scope and character of Mr. Myers' work :

I need not here describe at length the deep disquiet of our time. Never, perhaps, did man's spiritual satisfaction bear a smaller proportion to his needs. The old-world sustenance, however earnestly administered, is too unsubstantial for the modern cravings. And thus through our civilised societies two conflicting currents run. On the one hand, health, intelligence, morality,—all such boons as the steady progress of planetary evolution can win for man,—are being achieved in increasing measure. On the other hand this very sanity, this very prosperity, do but bring out in stronger relief the underlying *Welt-Schmerz*, the decline of any real belief in the dignity, the meaning, the endlessness of life.

There are many of course who willingly accept this limitation of view and who are willing to let earthly activities and pleasures gradually dissipate and obscure the larger hope. But others cannot thus be easily satisfied. They rather resemble children who are growing too old for their games ;—whose amusement sinks into an indifference and a discontent for which the fitting remedy is an initiation into the serious work of men.

A similar crisis has passed over Europe once before. There came a time when the joyful naïveté, the unquestioning impulse of the early world had passed away ; when the worship of the Greeks no more was beauty, nor the religion of Romans Rome. Alexandrian decadence, Byzantine despair, found utterance in many an epigram which might have been written to-day. Then came a great uprush or incursion from the spiritual world, and with new races and new ideals Europe regained its youth. . . . .

What the age needs is not an abandonment of effort, but an increase ; the time is ripe for a study of unseen things as strenuous and sincere as that which Science has made familiar for the problems of earth. For now the scientific instinct,—so newly developed in mankind,—seems likely to spread until it becomes as dominant as was in time past the religious ; and if there be even the narrowest chink through which man can look forth from his planetary cage, our descendants will not leave that chink neglected or unwidened. The scheme of knowledge which can commend itself to such seekers must be a scheme which, while it *transcends* our present knowledge, steadily *continues* it ;—a scheme not catastrophic, but evolutionary ; not promulgated and closed in a moment, but gradually unfolding itself to progressive enquiry.

And then, passing to a Provisional Sketch of a Religious Synthesis, we find Mr. Myers writing :

. . . We may divide the best religious emotion of the world in triple fashion; tracing three main streams of thought,—streams which on the whole run parallel, and which all rise, as I believe, from some source in the reality of things.

First, then, I place that obscure consensus of independent thinkers in many ages and countries which, to avoid any disputable title, I will here call simply the Religion of the Ancient Sage. Under that title (though Lao Tzü is hardly more than a name) it has been set forth to us in brief summary by the great sage and poet of our own time; and such words as Natural Religion, Pantheism, Platonism, Mysticism, do but express or intensify varying aspects of its main underlying conception. That conception is the co-existence and interpenetration of a real or spiritual with this material or phenomenal world; a belief driven home to many minds by experiences both more weighty and more concordant than the percipients themselves have always known. More weighty I say, for they have implied the veritable nascency and operation of a "last and largest sense"; a faculty for apprehending, not God, indeed (for what finite faculty can apprehend the Infinite?) but at least some dim and scattered tokens and prefigurements of a true world of Life and Love. More *concordant* also; and this for a reason that till recently would have seemed a paradox. For the mutual corroboration of these signs and messages lies not only in their fundamental agreement up to a certain point, but in their inevitable divergence beyond it;—as they pass from things felt into things imagined; from actual experience into dogmatic creed.

The Religion of the Ancient Sage is of unknown antiquity. Of unknown antiquity also are various Oriental types of religion, culminating in historical times in the Religion of Buddha. For Buddhism all interpenetrating universes make the steps upon man's upward way; until deliverance from illusion leaves the spirit merged ineffably in the impersonal All. But the teaching of Buddha has lost touch with reality; it rests on no basis of observed or of reproducible fact.

On a basis of observed facts, on the other hand, Christianity, the youngest of the great types of religion, does assuredly rest. Assuredly those facts, so far as tradition has made them known to us, do tend to prove the superhuman character of its Founder and His triumph over death; and thus the existence and influence of a spiritual world, where men's true citizenship lies. These ideas, by common consent, lay at the origin of the Faith. Since those first days, however, Christianity has been elaborated into codes of ethic and ritual adapted to Western civilisation;—has gained (some think) as a rule of life what it has lost as a simplicity of spirit.

From the unfettered standpoint of the Ancient Sage the deep concordance of these and other schemes of religious thought may well outweigh their formal oppositions. And yet I repeat that it is not from any mere welding of these schemes together, nor from any choice of the best points in existing syntheses, that the new synthesis for which I hope must be born.

It must be born from new-dawning knowledge; and in that new knowledge I believe that each great form of religious thought will find its indispensable —I may almost say its predicted—development. Our race from its very infancy has stumbled along a guarded way; and now the first lessons of its early childhood reveal the root in reality of much that it has instinctively believed. . . .

The *religious upshot*, I repeat:—for I cannot here reproduce the mass of evidence which has been published in full elsewhere. Its general character is by this time widely known.

Observation, experiments, inference have led many enquirers, of whom I am one, to a belief in direct or telepathic intercommunication, not only between the minds of men still on earth but between minds or spirits still on earth and spirits departed. Such a *discovery* opens the door also to *revelation*. By discovery and by revelation—by observation from without the veil, and by utterance from within—certain theses have been provisionally established with regard to such departed souls as we have been able to encounter.

First and chiefly, I at least see ground to believe that their state is one of endless evolution in wisdom and in love. Their loves of earth persist; and most of all those highest loves which seek their outlet in adoration and worship. We do not find, indeed, that support is given by souls in bliss to any special scheme of terrene theology. Thereon they know less than we mortal men have often fancied that we knew. Yet from their step of vantage-ground in the Universe, at least, they see that it is good. I do not mean that they know either of an end or of an explanation of evil. Yet evil to them seems less a terrible than a slavish thing. It is embodied in no mighty Potentate; rather it forms an isolating madness from which higher spirits strive to free the distorted soul. There needs no chastisement of fire; self-knowledge is man's punishment and his reward; self-knowledge, and the nearness or the aloofness of companion souls. For in that world love is actually self-preservation; the Communion of Saints not only adorns but constitutes the Life Everlasting. Nay, from the law of telepathy it follows that that communion is valid for us here and now. Even now the love of souls departed makes answer to our invocations. Even now our loving memory—love is itself a prayer—supports and strengthens those delivered spirits upon their upward way. No wonder; since we are to them but as fellow-travellers shrouded in a mist, "neither death, nor life, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature" can bar us from the hearth-fire of the universe, or hide for more than a moment the inconceivable oneness of souls. . . . .

Nay, as to our own soul's future, when that first shock of death is past, it is in Buddhism that we find the more inspiring, the truer view. That Western conception of an instant and unchangeable bliss or woe—a bliss or woe determined largely by a man's beliefs, in this earthly ignorance, on matters which "the angels desire to look into"—is the bequest of a pre-

Copernican era of speculative thought. In its Mahomedan travesty, we see the same scheme with outlines coarsened into grotesqueness;—we see it degrade the cosmic march and profluence into a manner of children's play. . . . .

The sacred tale of Buddha, developed from its earlier simplicity by the shaping stress of many generations, opens to us the whole range and majesty of human fate. "The destined Buddha has desired to be a Buddha through an almost unimaginable series of worlds." No soul need ever be without that hope. "The spirit-worlds are even now announcing the advent of future Buddhas, in epochs too remote for the computation of men." No obstacles without us can arrest our way. "The rocks that were thrown at Buddha were changed into flowers." Not our own worst misdoings need beget despair. "Buddha, too, had often been to hell for his sins." The vast complexity of the Sum of Things need not appal us. "Beneath the bottomless whirlpool of existences, behind the illusion of Form and Name," we, too, like Buddha, may discover and reveal "the perfection of the Eternal Law." Us too, like Buddha, the cosmic welcome may await, as when "Earth itself and the laws of all worlds" trembled with joy "as Buddha attained the Supreme Intelligence, and entered into the Endless Calm."

I believe that some of those who once were near to us are already mounting swiftly upon this heavenly way. And when from that cloud encompassing of unforgetful souls some voice is heard—as long ago—there needs no heroism, no sanctity, to inspire the apostle's *ἐπιθυμία εἰς τὸ ἀναλῦσαι*, the desire to lift our anchor, and to sail out beyond the bar.

What fitter summons for man than the wish to live in the memory of the highest soul that he has known, now risen higher;—to lift into an immortal security the yearning passion of his love? "As the Soul hasteneth," says Plotinus, "to the things that are above, she will ever forget the more; unless all her life on earth leave a memory of things done well. For even here may man do well, if he stand clear of the cares of earth. And he must stand clear of their memories too; so that one may rightly speak of a noble soul as forgetting those things that are behind. And the shade of Hêraklês, indeed, may talk of his own valour to the shades, but the true Hêraklês in the true world will deem all that of little worth; being transported into a more sacred place, and strenuously engaging, even above his strength, in those battles in which the wise engage." . . .

Science, then, need be no longer fettered by the limitations of this planetary standpoint; nor ethics by the narrow experience of a single life. Evolution will no longer appear as a truncated process, an ever-arrested movement upon an unknown goal. Rather we may gain a glimpse of an ultimate incandescence where science and religion fuse in one; a cosmic evolution of Energy into Life, and of Life into Love, which is Joy. Love, which is Joy at once and Wisdom;—we can do no more than ring the changes on terms like these, whether we imagine the transfigurement and apotheosis of conquering souls or the lower, but still sacred, destiny which may be some

day possible for souls still tarrying here. We picture the perfected soul as the Buddha, the Saviour, the *aurai simplicis ignem*, dwelling on one or other aspect of that trinal conception of Wisdom, Love, and Joy. For souls not yet perfected but still held on earth I have foretold a growth in *holiness*. By this I mean no unreal opposition or forced divorcement of sacred and secular, of flesh and spirit. Rather I define holiness as the joy too high as yet for our enjoyment; the wisdom just beyond our learning; the rapture of love which we still strive to attain. Inevitably, as our link with other spirits strengthens, as the life of the organism pours more fully through the individual cell, we shall feel love more ardent, wider wisdom, higher joy; perceiving that this organic unity of Soul, which forms the inward aspect of the telepathic law, is in itself the Order of the Cosmos, the Summation of Things. And such devotion may find its flower in no vain self-martyrdom, no cloistered resignation, but rather in such a pervading ecstasy as already the elect have known; the vision which dissolves for a moment the corporeal prison-house, "the flight of the One to the One."

"So let the soul that is not unworthy of that Vision contemplate the Great Soul; freed from deceit and every witchery, and collected into calm. Calmed be the body for her in that hour, and the tumult of the flesh; ay, all that is about her, calm; calm be the earth, the sea, the air, and let Heaven itself be still. Then let her feel how into that silent heaven the Great Soul floweth in. . . . And so may man's soul be sure of Vision, when suddenly she is filled with light; for this light is from Him and is He; and then surely shall one know His presence when, like a god of old time, He entered into the house of one that calleth Him, and maketh it full of light." "And how," concludes Plotinus, "may this thing be for us? Let all else go."

We have now completed our analysis of Mr. Myers' work and have endeavoured on the one hand to give our readers some idea of the cogency and close-knitted character of his arguments and evidences, as well as on the other to indicate the deep earnestness, the lofty fervour, the magnificent language and style which give to the work a distinction and a quality very rare indeed in these days. It only remains, therefore, for us in a concluding article of this series to touch upon some of the points of contact between Mr. Myers' thought and our own conceptions and to indicate a few of the problems upon which further investigation and fuller light are needed.

BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY.

THE VOICE OF THE DRUM

I CANNOT tell you the name of the country wherein the events, about which I am going to write, happened, for it is unknown to me; nor can I say with any authority whether it is near or afar off. Some hold it is here, some there, while others again say, with wise-sounding words: "What matter! That which is true of one country is likewise true of another, since there can be but one truth, and one wheel of life, with its alternate spokes of gladness and sorrow, whether it be at the north, the south, the east, or the west." But these latter are chiefly mystics, and there are few among us who understand the language which they speak, or care to understand it.

On the borderland of this country there lies an immense range of snow-clad mountains, along whose base a winding river flows. This river, so the people of the country maintain, has its source among the mountains, but no man has ever yet traced it to its limit, and come back to tell the tale. Its waters, which are as clear as crystal, and as cool as snow, are called by the people the "waters of oblivion," since those who taste of them, or bathe therein, are plunged into a deep sleep, which is as unfathomable as death itself.

Across the mountain range people are continually passing into the nameless country, but, since they must pass through the waters of oblivion ere they reach it (for no man has ever yet been able to build a bridge across the river), they are unable to tell anything of the country which lies beyond the mountains, and from which they have come.

There is also a tradition among the people of the nameless country, that, after death, the souls of those who have crossed the mountains return to the land whence they came, but, since none can return to the nameless country, after once passing the mountains, to tell whether these things be true or not, there are many among the people who hold it but as a fable.

Now, when the people who come from beyond the mountains awake out of the deep sleep into which they have been thrown by crossing the river of the waters of oblivion, they must first of all learn to speak the language of the people among whom they have come, for it is strange to them, as, indeed, are all the manners and customs of the people.

To this nameless country there came, at the time about which I write, a man whose name is unknown to me, despite the fact that erelong all the country rang with stories of his learning, and of his great love for the people among whom he had come.

Now it happened that when this man had learned all there was to know about the people who dwelt in the nameless country, and had read their books, and heard their traditions, he was not satisfied with the amount of his knowledge, but burned with an eager desire to know more about the country whence he had come, and about the country wherein he dwelt, and about the river of the waters of oblivion, of which no man had found the limit, and ever as he pondered upon these things, there sounded in his ears the muffled beating of a distant drum, which seemed to bid him leave his life of ease by the river bank, and wander on and on, seeking he knew not what of knowledge about the things which were to him, and to all other men in the nameless country, as a sealed book.

And so, ere long, he left his home by the river-side, and set forth to explore the nameless country, and to ponder upon those things which were unknown to him; and ever as he went the distant rumbling of the drum sounded clearly in his ears, and led him away from those things which were dear to his heart, forward and onward—he knew not why, he knew not whither.

Before he left his home by the river bank, he filled a flask with water from the river of the waters of oblivion, for he knew not what sort of country he might wander in, nor when he might need such a draught.

Now this man was not the only one who was journeying through the nameless country, but many others were travelling by the same road, some of them led on by the beating of the drum, which others could not hear. He spake not to any man about the things whereof his soul was full by reason of their

mystery, for his lips would not give utterance to those things which he longed to express, and so he journeyed alone.

Now the country through which he passed was marvellously beautiful. By the roadside grew flowers and fruits in tropic profusion. The land was a land of many waters, of mists and refreshing dews, and ever and anon along the banks of the streams grew vegetation more wondrous than he had ever yet dreamed of, crystal lakes gleamed before his eyes, like opals in the sunlight, and snow-capped mountains reflected the glories of the setting sun. Beautiful song-birds filled the air with their throbbing music, and delighted his eyes with their glorious plumage.

Now as the man looked about him he felt thrilled to the soul by the beauties which he saw, and he longed to tarry among them, and drink deep of their delight, but ever as he paused the muffled beating of the drum sounded in his ears, and bade him linger not.

Then was the man torn asunder by his desires, and by that other thing which led him forward, willy-nilly, he know not where, and as he went he reasoned within himself thus:

"Why do I long with such a bitter, cruel longing for these things which are within my reach, when there is that which seems to warn me against them, as from evil? Is beauty, then, evil?"

And lo! the distant beating of the drum seemed to resolve itself into words, which answered him, saying:

"These things which thou seest are but things of the moment; their beauty will fade. Go thou forward to those better things which yet await thee, and whose beauty is eternal!"

But as he wrestled with himself upon these things there came to the man's mind some words which he had read in a book belonging to the people of the nameless country, and whose rhythmic beauty had haunted him. The words were these:

Some for the glories of this world, and some
Sigh for the prophet's paradise to come;
Ah! take the cash, and let the credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant drum.

And the man paused by the wayside, and his soul was disquietened within him.

Once more the voice of the drum sounded in his ears, saying: "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

But from the depths of the man's memory came more sweetly cadenced words:

The bird of time has but a little way
To flutter; and the bird is on the wing.

And so the man closed his ears to the voice of the drum, and wandered from the pathway he had been following, and filled his soul with the beauties which surrounded him, and drank deep of their delights. But lo! as he drank he found many dregs of bitter where he had at first thought all was sweet; and many of the flowers which had looked so enchanting from the roadside were bruised, and the fruits were worm-eaten at the core, and upon the faces of the men and women who surrounded him, he saw traces of tears, and lines of sorrow, where at first he had seen naught but joy.

And the man struggled to return to the road which he had left, for he was filled with loathing for all those things which were not what they seemed, but his head grew dizzy, and his feet were heavy, and he groaned in spirit that he had ever left the roadway.

Now while he was struggling to return to the road he had left, and while his spirit was anguished within him, further words which he had read in his home by the banks of the river of the waters of oblivion returned to his mind:

Drink! for you know not whence you come, nor why:
Drink! for you know not why you go nor where.

And so he remembered the flask which he had brought with him, filled with water from the river of the waters of oblivion, and he drew it forth, and tasted thereof, so that he fell asleep where he was, and many people saw him from the roadway, and passed him by, saying: "He is drunken with wine," and their souls were filled with loathing for him.

Now it happened that as they spake these words, and passed along their way, the voice of the drum sounded fainter in their ears than it had done before, and some of them wandered from the road, though they knew it not, but cried saying: "Follow us, and we will lead you to the place you fain would reach!"

But one among the people who journeyed along the road stopped beside the fallen man, and carried him to a place of comfort, and tended him while he slept; but as the man opened his eyes once more in consciousness he who had cared for him passed along his way (so that the man knew not who had helped him), and lo! as he went the voice of the drum sounded clear and joyful in his ears.

Now when the man came to ponder upon the things which had befallen him, he was broken in spirit, and sore ashamed that he had ever been drawn from his purpose, and he flung away what yet remained to him of the water in the flask, and resolved henceforward to let no happening draw him from his path.

And behold, the man's soul was filled with love for him who had helped him in his need, and he longed to be like him, and his heart beat with a great, strong pity for all who faltered by the way, and ever as he went spake he words of comfort to those who were in need of it, and spake of his own suffering to those who were tempted away by the beauties which they saw, and no one who was in need or in sickness ever asked of him in vain. And the man's face grew in beauty, and his eyes shone with a clear and steady light, and children paused in their play to look at his face as he passed, and to wonder at his beauty.

And the voice of the drum sounded clearer and clearer in his ears, foretelling joys which awaited him; and sorrow and suffering became to him as things of naught.

Now years went by, and the man's strength began to fail him, and though he had never ceased to ponder upon those things which he understood not, he knew no more about them than when he had left his home by the bank of the river of the waters of oblivion, but though his limbs were racked with pain, because of his age, he journeyed on, gladly following the voice of the drum which led him, for sorrow and joy and pain had become to him as one and the same thing.

Now as he journeyed a strange thing befell; for as he looked about him it seemed as though all that he saw were familiar to him, though he did not know the country he was in. This feeling grew more and more intense as he became weaker in body, and he said: "It is but an old man's fancy," but even as he

spoke he recognised the bank of the river of the waters of oblivion where he had first crossed it into the nameless country, and this sight filled his soul with a great sickness, that he had spent all his life in vain, and had only returned to the point from which he had departed, for, in his humility, he counted as naught those good deeds which had made him famous among the people.

And the words of a long-forgotten poem sounded once more in his ears, saying:

> . . . The phantom caravan has reached
> The nothing it set out from. . . .

And with a great cry he fell upon his face, and stretched forth his hand and dipped it into the river of the waters of oblivion, and drank of the water thereof.

When the people of the nameless country found him lying dead upon the river bank, they digged a grave and buried him where he lay. They placed no stone to mark the spot, for they did not know his name, but deep in the hearts of the people of the nameless country is engraved a grateful elegy for a man who once wandered among them, and who had ever shown a great strong love toward his fellow-men.

M. E. WILKINSON.

CORRESPONDENCE

VICARIOUS SUFFERING*

THE members of the Theosophical Society forming a body of students and not of doctrinaires, I am glad to learn that Mr. Powis Hoult did not find in my "Thoughts on Vicarious Suffering" any of that hard-and-fast dogmatic teaching which he rightly deprecates from the theosophical standpoint in another part of his paper. The extension of the subject has been supplied by Mr. Hoult in a manner entirely satisfactory to me, and I hope to other readers of the REVIEW; that is to say, what the priest calls in St. Lydwine's *Life* "the law of the solidarity of evil," Mr. Hoult proceeds to show is the same idea as the

* See the papers "Vicarious Suffering" and "Notes on Vicarious Suffering in China" in the June issue.

solidarity of good, as shown in the exercise of mercy and help towards one another that lies within the power of the meanest, according to his ability. The law of the one is the law of the other. Why Mr. Hoult thinks I am bound to give my conclusions when I only intended to throw out a suggestion is a puzzle to me. What do the readers of the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW care for the opinion of Miss Kislingbury, or why should I do their thinking for them?

Surely it is better to present for their consideration facts which appear to be well authenticated and which have not perhaps come within the ken of every one; it even seems to me that the accumulation of such transcendental facts is just one of the reasons for which the Theosophical Society exists. The notes on the beliefs in China furnish most interesting evidence towards the same end.

I should like to be allowed to add another incident related by the late Augustus Hare in one of the early volumes of his book entitled, I think, *Memorials of my Life*. When his adopted mother, really his aunt, Mrs. Julius Hare, to whom he was deeply attached, was seriously ill, Mr. Hare went down to St. Peter's (they were living in Rome at the time) and offered at the tomb of the Apostles with great fervour of devotion to sacrifice a certain number of the years of his own life if they might be added to that of his mother. Mrs. Hare forthwith recovered, but of course we do not know whether Mr. Hare's life was shortened in consequence, as no one can say how long he would have lived. Perhaps *he* knows it now.

The question that I put in my paper has remained untouched, namely, *why* one physical life must be taken when another is given. Is it that the life-principle (Prâṇa) is limited in quantity, as oxygen and other elements are supposed to be an unalterable quantity? Can any one answer this?

At the end of his paper Mr. Hoult professes to have made only a suggestion. Here we are on a par, and I hail a fellow-student.

E. KISLINGBURY.

THERE are few in the world who attain to the teaching without words and the advantage arising from non-action.—TÂO TEH KING.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

The Date of Jesus

Did Jesus live 100 B.C.? An Enquiry into the Talmud Jesus Stories, the Toldoth Jeschu, and Some Curious Statements of Epiphanius—Being a Contribution to the Study of Christian Origins. By G. R. S. Mead. (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1903. Price? 9s. net.)

In this book Mr. Mead takes up another branch of his life-work, the study of the Christian origins; this time sifting the polemical writings of the Jews against the Christians, for the grains of truth which may seem to be mixed with the indubitable inventions of which they mostly consist. There is nothing so important to keep in mind in this connection as that Judaism as we now see it is, if anything, younger instead of older than Christianity. What took place in the first century A.D. is precisely analogous to what happened to the old Hinduism at the rise of Buddhism, to the Catholic Church at the time of the Reformation; in the presence of a young and active "heresy" the old religion crystallised and hardened itself that it might not be swept away in the flood. The process so graphically described by the Rabbins as "making a fence round the Torah," the process to which we owe the faith and ritual of the Jewish nation as it now presents itself, was carried out with direct reference to the Christian religion then being formed and shaped in the midst of the adherents of the older faith. The "fence" was, to a very considerable extent, intentionally and avowedly a fence against the Christians; and we might expect, therefore, to find in the Talmuds and other Jewish documents a good deal of information as to what the hated Reformation actually believed and taught, mixed up with the inevitable strong language, and to gain some confirmation or otherwise of the Gospel histories of the life of Jesus.

From the very thorough examination Mr. Mead has made of his materials no very great result of this kind is arrived at. Those who look for unintentional testimonies to the truth of the popular Christian

Lives of Jesus will be much disappointed. But the picture drawn by the Jewish controversialists of the Christ himself is one of really enormous interest to Theosophists. In the first place they know nothing of him as the simple carpenter's son of the Gospels; he is to them the favourite pupil of the greatest teacher of the Law in their most brilliant period, about 100 B.C.; possessed, according to one story, of the highest secrets of Egyptian magic, according to another, of the Ineffable Name of Jahwe Himself, the Name the knowledge of which gave him almost all power in earth and in heaven. It seems to account for much of the horror and indignation with which the new religion was received—to the Jews he was no unknown Galilean, but their own greatest and best man, who had, alas, gone wrong and set himself up for God. Now, we know that Jesus himself did not do this; but we also know that almost immediately after his death the tendency to make him the equal of God began to show itself in the Church, and it is evidently against this the Jewish statements are directed. Similarly Mr. Mead regards (with great probability) the scandalous stories about his birth as the Jewish reply to the story of the Virgin birth which began to shape itself about the end of the first century (the *original* Gospel did not contain it, and it is due to theological necessities, not to any historical tradition). But the most curious thing of all is that there is from beginning to end of the Jewish sources no word of the crucifixion! All they know is the older story which peeps out in the Acts in the speech of Peter at Joppa—that "he was slain and hanged upon a tree"; that is, that he was stoned and his body exposed on a tree till evening. The story that "he was crucified under Pontius Pilate," the Jews (who ought to know) do not even take the trouble to deny.

Now it is true that these main points are surrounded by a luxuriant growth of fable of all kinds, and hence are, for the ordinary reader, to a certain extent discredited; but we Theosophists are aware that they are precisely the very statements made by those of our body who are able to see for themselves what actually did happen, and to us they are confirmations of a view at first sight so strikingly improbable as that suggested by Mr. Mead's title. Fifty years ago even to ask such a question as "Did Jesus live 100 years B.C.?" would have been impossible; but the freedom of treatment of the Gospel narratives by even the most conservative of modern critics has changed the situation. Only those who have followed the later criticism can know how great a relief it would be to have another

hundred years between the Teacher himself and the state of things described in the Acts as existing almost immediately after his death; a state of things absolutely impossible then. For an example we need only take the developed Christian community Saul found at Damascus—according to the received chronology, within a year or two of Christ's death. Quite the greatest difficulty we find in framing for ourselves a picture of the Christian origins is (upon the supposition that Jesus himself taught the old Wisdom religion and no other) to account for the apparently universal conviction of his followers to the contrary at a time when, according to the ordinary statements, his personal teaching could not possibly have been forgotten.

But any investigation of this would take us too far from our immediate subject, and we return to Mr. Mead's book. In his "Foreword" he draws attention to the profound modifications produced in the new religion by the complete acceptance by its earlier followers of the prevailing Jewish belief of the divine authority of the so-called Law of Moses; a belief apparently shared by the Teacher himself, if we give credence to the traditions contained in our present Gospels. He shows how interesting a study it *should* be to modern Christians to know how the Jews themselves spoke of Jesus and what was the view taken of him by the immediate successors of those among whom he lived and to whom he preached. There are, of course, many to whom any enquiry of this kind will seem simple blasphemy, as a century back it would have been to all. In answer, our author says:

"When, then, we take pen in hand to review part of the history of this great strife between Christian and Jew in days gone by, we do so because we have greater faith in present-day humanity than in the inhumanity of the past. Let us agree to seek an explanation, to confer together, to sink our pride in our own opinion. . . . . But this book is not intended for the man whose 'Christianity' is greater than his humanity, nor for him whose 'Judaism' is stronger than his love of human kind; it is not meant for the theologian who loves his preconceptions more than truth, or for the fanatic who thinks he is the only chosen of God. It is a book for men and women who have experience of life and human nature, who have the courage to face things as they are; who know that, on the one hand, the Churches of to-day, no matter how carefully they strive to disguise the fact, are confronted by the gravest possible difficulties as to doctrine; whilst many of the clergy are becoming a law unto themselves, or, because

‹ the terrorism of ecclesiastical laymen, are forced to be hypocrites in the pulpit ; and, on the other hand, that Judaism cannot continue in its traditional mould without doing the utmost violence to its intelligence."

For readers who answer this description there will be nothing but pleasure in following Mr. Mead through the chapters in which he examines the evidence, internal and external, for the ordinarily received date of Jesus. After these comes an interesting account of the origin and nature of the Talmud, in the course of which he brings out fully the view I have already referred to, that as Christian "orthodoxy" was first brought into existence by the Fathers, so there had been much freedom of belief amongst the Jews until the faith was fixed by the Mishnaic Rabbis of the early centuries after Christ. In a chapter on its later history he details the shameful and sorrowful way in which, over and over again during the Middle Ages, the Jewish books were condemned and destroyed by Christian authorities who could not read a single word of them. Next comes the discussion of the Talmud's references to Jesus, and what external evidence can be gathered in their support ; then the Talmud Mary stories ; those of the magical powers he is said to have gained in Egypt ; references to him apparently under the name of Balaam ; and finally the directions given in the Talmud as to the treatment of his followers by the orthodox. After this we have a full discussion of that exceedingly curious and disgraceful libel known as the Toldoth Jeschu, which has furnished much occasion to the enemy to blaspheme, but which cannot be excluded from the plan of a treatise like the present.

The Jewish authorities having been thus exhausted, our author turns to the Christians ; and we shall certainly not complain that here he has given us much interesting matter which does not quite further the strict purpose of his book, in the shape of an examination of some curious statements of the Church-Father Epiphanius. It begins under the heading "On the Tracks of the Earliest Christians" and discusses the origin of the names "Christian" and "Nazarene," referring under the last to the exceedingly attractive suggestion that the birthplace of Jesus was in fact the Bethlehem of the Nazareth country, that the nativity in Bethlehem of Judea is a blunder and that a *town* of Nazareth did not, at that date, exist. From this we pass to certain strange particulars of various sects denounced by Epiphanius, who was a heresy-hunter of the most furious type, but who sometimes

lets drop a valuable hint amidst his wild flood of words. From these and other sources it becomes quite clear that the assumption of the present race of biblical critics that "Gnosticism" was unknown until the second century—the presumed fact by which they undertake to settle the dates of all the earlier writings—is quite unfounded, spite of the positive statement of the Church-Father on whom they rely. Gnosticism, a true portion of the Eternal Wisdom, was not *invented* in the second century A.D., and did not come into existence as a "heresy" of the then novel Christian faith; and until this is clearly understood, scholars will always be at sea in examining the Origins. Curiously enough, Epiphanius records certain stories then current, which, in Mr. Mead's hands, seem to be wholly inexplicable except as records of a tradition, still surviving in the fourth century, that Christ was indeed born, as the Jews have it, one hundred years B.C.

Our author's well-known dislike to seeming to press what appear to him conclusive arguments beyond the validity which his opponents might fairly recognise is well shown in the "Afterword," which sums up his results and compares them with the incomplete revelations received from our clairvoyant seers to which I have already alluded. He is content to leave his question without authoritative decision, but presses upon his readers with great earnestness that the secret of Christianity, as of the elder religions, is not in the physical facts of the Founder's life, but in the inner, spiritual meaning for the manifestation (in the veiled and half-secret way in which such manifestation is alone possible) of which the facts exist. Of what that spiritual meaning of the life of the great Teacher Jesus may be, Mr. Mead gives us a valuable hint in the following passage:

"I have heard it suggested that the genesis of the Gospel story which criticism is endeavouring to recover in the form of the 'common document' is to be traced to the sketch of an ideal life which was intended for purposes of propaganda, and which could be further explained to those who were ready for more definite instructions in the true nature of the Christ mystery. To a certain extent it was based on some of the traditions of the actual historic doings of Jesus, but the true historical details were often transformed by the light of the mystery teaching, and much was added in changed form concerning the drama of the Christ mystery; allegories and parables and actual mystery doings were woven into it, with what appears now to be a consummate art which has baffled for ages the intellect of the world, but which at the time was regarded by the writer as a modest effort

at simplifying the spiritual truths of the inner life, by putting them forward in the form of what we should now call a 'historical romance,' but which in his day was one of the natural methods of Haggada and Apocalyptic."

After discussion of the statements made on this subject in Mr. Leadbeater's book, *The Christian Creed*, our author proceeds—in words to which we would draw the reader's attention as the kernel of the book, expressing, as they do, the main fact which seems to dawn through the confusion:

"This view, then, can only remain as a speculation until objective research into the nomenclature and thought-atmosphere of the early mystic schools, convinces us that the main secret of Christian dogmatics is almost entirely hidden *in the mysteries of the inner experience*. At present this latter view is repugnant to most minds engaged on the study of Christian origins, but that it is a very legitimate view I am myself becoming more and more convinced with every added year of study bestowed on the beginnings and earliest environment of Christianity.

"And in this connection I would venture to say that the actual objective physical history of Jesus himself is one thing; the continued inner presence of the Master whose love and wisdom and power were in the new dispensation first made externally manifest through Jesus, is another matter. The former is mainly a question of pure objective history, though psychologically it becomes complicated with mysterious influences with which our present very limited knowledge of psychic science is not competent to deal, while the latter is a question of subjective activity, of vision and spiritual experiences, of an energising from within, a divine leaven working in the hearts and minds of disciples of every class of society and range of ability, the actual inner history of which no purely objective research can ever reveal.

"From all this there emerged in course of time a view of history and dogma that gradually shaped itself into ever more and more rigid uniformity; a sameness which we cannot discover in the days when the leaven was most actively working. In earlier times this later special view—let us call it Nicene Christianity—was at best one of a number; nay, in the earliest days it would have been probably unrecognisable as the view of any circle or group of immediate disciples of the Master."

One may add, in taking leave of this valuable work, that it is just in the view here suggested that we find the needful transition from the

popular stories to the explanations given by our seers. If we clearly understand that neither to those who wrote the Gospels nor to those who received them were the actual facts of any consequence except as to the lessons they taught;—that what we now require as "historical accuracy" was unknown to all and would have been utterly uncared for if it had been known;—that the "truth" of the historical romances baptised by the names of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John depends (just as that of "Michael Wood's" tales in the REVIEW) solely upon their inner meaning, the deep secrets of the inner life which they partially reveal and partially veil;—we shall then be prepared to take our share in the work which lies before the Christianity of the twentieth century—the new development of its faith on the lines from which it was unhappily so long ago drawn aside by the materialistic ignorance and party rancour of the Fathers of the Nicæan Council.

ARTHUR A. WELLS.

"BLACK MAGIC" IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

The Shambles of Science. By Lizzy Lind af Hageby and Leisa K. Schartau. (London: Ernest Bell; 1903. Price 1s. net.)

THE first effect on the reviewer who read this book was a feeling of regret at the lack of any "swear words" in the available vocabulary of society, strong enough to express indignation at the state of things it reveals. The next was a fervent wish that some "invisible helper" would make it his or her nightly business "to poke an astral finger" into the physiological pie by mercifully putting an end to the tortures of the miserable victims of laboratory experiment who are left to suffer "for further examination." But such effects are impracticable, and the third result was to send for a dozen copies in order to distribute them—not to sympathetic friends but—to honest waverers who still linger shivering on the brink and fear to plunge their souls into a denunciation of twentieth century "black magic."

The Shambles of Science has been written by two young Swedish ladies, students of physiology, who vouch for the accuracy of the statements it contains. They came to England for the express purpose of finding out the truth for themselves, and entered upon a regular course of study at various London laboratories. "We have given our full names and addresses," they write, "and paid our fees. Whenever medical students have spoken to us about vivisection, we have made no secret of our opinions. . . . We now think that

some of the things we have heard and seen in England may be of interest to English anti-vivisectionists, and we have therefore decided to compile part of our notes and reflections and to publish them." So the things of which we read in this volume are done, not by some remote continental experimenter in the dim past, but here, in our own city, and in the immediate present. Every experiment described is capable of verification, for the name of the laboratory and date are given in each case. The authors write: "The names of the lecturers and demonstrators have been omitted in the accounts of the experiments, as this is not meant to be a personal attack, but an indictment against the system."

Nothing could be more straightforward than the method of attack which these intrepid women have made upon the system of teaching physiology in our Medical Schools, and we think that the most special of special pleaders will be hard bestead to explain it away. We should rejoice to believe that this book may do the same service for the humanity of the twentieth century that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* did for that of the nineteenth. What we want is *to know;* to have light thrown into dark places; to have evidence at first hand. It has often been said that the testimony of one eye-witness is worth any amount of the negative testimony of those who have *not* seen. In this book we have the signed testimony of those who have investigated for themselves, and a terribly damning piece of evidence it is. Not because it gloats over the descriptions of horrors—for the details are clothed in the decency of scientific language—but because it tears away that flimsy veil of "anæsthesia" which is so often thrown like a cloak of charity to hide a multitude of sins from the eyes of a too inquiring section of the British public.

This is no place to enter into particulars as to the actual things seen; no one who has suffered from sciatica or neuritis, or sat in a dentist's chair and had him touch with the most delicate sympathy the exposed nerve of a tooth, can fail to imagine some trifle of what it may mean to have nerves dissected out and stimulated by the electric current, while some prominent organ of the body (such as the kidney or spleen), dragged from its place, has been enclosed in a box but still attached by nerve and vascular connections to its owner's agonising frame. All this to get records of blood pressure which may (or may *not*, for the valuelessness of the varying results are frequently quoted from the lecturer's own lips) result from such abnormal conditions.

In addition to the exposure of the anæsthesia fraud, the most vital lessons to be learned from this volume are: first and foremost the degrading and deteriorating effects on the professors, students and laboratory attendants themselves. The joking, smoking and laughter which often accompany these demonstrations are frequently recorded, and it is pretty obvious that however much the vivisector may suffer on public platforms and in the pages of public journals, from the "painful necessity which *compels* him to stifle his humane feelings for the sake of a diseased humanity," he exhibits no such traces of repugnance to his work in the lecture theatre.

Experiment, experiment, experiment, is the cry, and what was said of Magendie—that he substituted experiment for thinking—is true of many of his followers. "It is much more inconvenient to give careful thought and meditation to difficult problems presented by the living organism than to 'thrust in the knife and see what will come of it.'"

The second important fact, which the authors demonstrate, is the inexactitude of results. This is well indicated in a chapter of notes taken down from the lips of the professors during demonstrations. They are truly effective. The same may be said of the section on "Frogology," which exposes "the uncertainty, want of logic and clear definition" of all the text-books on "reflex movement," which is another of those "blessed words" used to hoodwink a too confiding public.

In conclusion, for the work these ladies have done we warmly thank them, on the ability and restraint they have shown we heartily congratulate them, and for the success of their effort towards the uplifting of the human race we sincerely pray.

E.

A Prentice Mulford Précis

The Gift of the Spirit. A selection from the Essays of Prentice Mulford, with an Introduction by A. E. Waite. (London: Philip Wellby; 1903.)

The writings of Prentice Mulford, either in the six-volumed edition of the White Cross Library or in the first edition of the above English selection, are familiar to most of our readers. Their merits are evidenced by the steady demand which has made a new edition imperative, even amid the flood of more or less imitative literature which

recent years have brought upon the market. Their faults are hardly less obvious, and some of them are frankly pointed out by Mr. Waite in the able Preface and Introduction which he has furnished to the selection now before us. There are eighteen essays in the volume and they represent the pith of Prentice Mulford's work. Readers who make his acquaintance in this volume are spared the repetition and reiteration which become a wearisome feature of the fuller edition of his writings. Theosophists will find much that is familiar in thought stated in original and forcible ways, for Mulford's ideas on re-embodiment, thought-transference, other forms of consciousness, etc., were in many ways similar to our more systematised views, but with turns and twists which render them peculiar to himself and evidence the fact that his were original inspirations, bearing the impress of the personal channel through which they came, and to some minds these very imprints of individuality carry a message with added force. "He that hath ears to hear" let him hearken to the spiritual message of Prentice Mulford as set forth in these pages.

The publisher is to be congratulated on the improved dress in which he has clothed the new edition. E. W.

The "S.P.R." and its Work

The Society for Psychical Research. By Edward T. Bennett. (London: Brimley Johnson; 1903. Price 1s.)

In this chatty and well-written little book, Mr. Bennett gives us an account in outline of the formation and work of that Society for Psychical Research to which Myers, Gurney and others devoted so much of their lives. Having been its Assistant Secretary for twenty years, Mr. Bennett writes with a peculiarly intimate acquaintance with its working and the results attained, and no one can glance through his account without being forced to realise how much has been done under the Society's auspices, and how real, how pressing, how vitally important are both the problems themselves with which it is concerned and the methods by which these problems are being attacked.

Mr. Myers' posthumous work gives us the very quintessence of the twenty years' labours of the organisation; but its perusal is a laborious task and needs some preparatory acquaintance with the subject, and as a general introduction, an outline sketch, no one could do better than read this pamphlet of Mr. Bennett's and—take up the study of these matters in right earnest. B. K.

Magazines and Pamphlets

Theosophist, June. "Old Diary Leaves" have nothing of general interest this month. Mr. Leadbeater's lecture on the "Heaven World" follows; then H. Prasad speaks on "Universal Brotherhood"; C. Kofel gives an interesting summary of Prof. Bose's researches on the manifestation of life in metals and plants; W. G. John undertakes a difficult task in discussing the precise relations between the mind and the body which it temporarily occupies. We should ourselves be inclined to demur to his fundamental principle, which he thus lays down: "Whatever lines of argument my mind may suggest to me, I shall never attempt to free myself from the never-failing operation of the law that, whatever the *appearances* may point to, the body of any particular man in his totality of character up to date, looking at him all round, will infallibly be in exact keeping with the points of progression of the real man himself." Now, to our mind, the assumption of such a law is purely arbitrary, and the facts do not confirm it. The first elementary, foundation principle is that a man's body expresses, *not* his progression up to date, but (on the contrary) only so much, or so little, as the karma of his *past* life permits, and this may be, and frequently is, entirely inadequate to the expression of his present self. To take Mr. John's own example, the case of Socrates. Here, there can be no question that the satyr's face represented precisely the predispositions he brought over with him from his last incarnation. As he himself said of it, it showed his *nature*—what he might have been, but for the "philosophy" which taught him to starve out the lower propensities; and we may be quite sure that in his *next* incarnation it would not reappear. A lack of full grasp of this confuses an otherwise thoughtful and valuable study. Next, S. Stuart begins a "Cyclic Retrospect" of the last 2,000 years; and the discussion of Mrs. Besant's *Avatâras* is continued by M. C. Sutariya and T. Ramachandra Row.

Central Hindu College Magazine, June. The Report of the Movement is a very satisfactory one, and shows that the system of the College is taking root in the Hindu mind and that similar institutions are multiplying. The literary contents of the Magazine are well up to its mark.

Theosophic Gleaner, June. This magazine continues on its new plan, and gives an interesting selection of new and old.

The Dawn, May, concludes Sister Nivedita's vigorous protest against the Missionary misrepresentations of the condition of women

in India. She says: "Probably no single fact has tended to widen the distance between the races in India like this of Missionary slander. Certainly nothing has so deepened our contempt. The only class of Europeans who have been admitted to Hindu homes at all, and have made a business of reporting what they saw there, have been Protestant missionaries, medical and other. It seems as if to them nothing has been sacred. In all lands, doctors and clergymen see the misfortunes of the home and professional honour keeps their lips sealed. But here all has been put upon the market!" Sister Nividita forgets that the living and the future of the missionary and his wife and family depend on the reports he sends home. As long as the English and American "religious world" require such reports they must be provided. Did not a leading minister, after having been kindly received in India, go home and tell his congregation: "The Hindus have no religion and no morality except what they have learned from the missionaries!" He knew well what they wished to hear from him, and that he *must* say it.

Also from India: *The Arya*, April, with a very good paper on the education of Hindu girls; *Siddhanta Deepika; Indian Review*, June; and a particularly good number of *East and West* for June. It is difficult to choose the best of its articles, but one (unsigned) entitled "Forty Years Ago," and giving the writer's experience when a boy at Surat, should not be missed. It gives a picture of social relationships between white and brown at that time, not only pleasing in itself, but suggestive of serious thought for those who have the future welfare of India at heart.

The Vâhan, July, has an interesting account of the Memorial Service for the late Miss Louisa Shaw and a notice of her life by her colleague, Mr. Hodgson Smith. The "Enquirer" contains answers to questions on the experiences of physical life indispensable for the development of the Ego; on the three Aspects of the Self, given by Mrs. Besant as "Knowing, Willing, and Energising"; on "The Aspect of Knowledge"; and the distinction between the Subjective and Objective Mind.

Lotus Journal, July, keeps up its interest. The more solid portions are "Science Talks," by W. C. Worsdell, and the continuation of Mr. Leadbeater's lecture on "The Law of Cause and Effect."

Bulletin Théosophique, July, reports good results from the President-Founder's recent visit to Geneva.

Revue Théosophique, June. This number has a report of a rather

elaborate service (as we can hardly help calling it) in Paris on White Lotus Day, and the continuation of Mr. Leadbeater's "Invisible World," of Dr. Pascal's "Law of Destiny," and M. Revel's "Mystic Silence."

Theosophia, June, has an editorial upon White Lotus Day, short papers by C. J. Schuver on "Mary Worship," and by M. J. Vermeulen on "Purity"; together with translations from Mr. Sinnett and Mr. Leadbeater.

Théosophie for July reproduces notes from M. Kohlen's lectures and a short but valuable instruction by Dr. Pascal on "Heaven and Hell."

Luzifer, July, contains a paper by the Editor on "Initiation and the Mysteries," the continuation of the Mlle. M. v. Siver's interesting discussion of Mrs. Besant's *Autobiography*, Dr. Huebbe-Schleiden's "Ideals of Life," and an elaborate study of Goethe's "God and the World" in the light of Theosophy, by Julius Engel.

Sophia, June, continues R. Urbano's paper on "Mystery," and E. Gonzalez-Blancoon "Hylozoism," and has an interesting account of "The Magician, Don Ilan of Toledo," by V. D. Pérez. Also translations from Maeterlinck and Mrs. Besant.

Teosofisk Tidskrift, for June, has translations from Mrs. Besant and Miss Edger, and a lecture, "Easter Meditation," by Herman Thaning.

South African Theosophist, June, concludes the Editor's paper on "Easter" and W. Wybergh's valuable "Hints on Study." The "Enquirer" has a capital "getting round" the common objection that Theosophy is antichristian; and when the "Activities" can tell us of nineteen new members for the month (making in all 106), it is no wonder that the President found the "Old Country" surprised and pleased!

With the June number *Theosofisch Maandblad* of Semarang completes the second year of its useful existence. *Theosophy in Australasia*, for May, and the *N.Z. Theosophical Magazine* for June, both speak hopefully of the future, and furnish interesting and instructive reading for the present.

Also received: *Mind*, for July, with a valuable study on "Reincarnation," by Frank D. Mitchell; *Modern Astrology*, July, in which Mrs. Leo continues her exposition of the "Wisdom-Religion"; *La Nuova Parola*, July, where P. Raveggi gives a very important study of the "Idea of Continued Existence of the Soul amongst Modern Poets," which we should be glad to see in English; *Light; Dharma; The Anglo-Russian; The Light of Reason.*

Printed by the WOMEN'S PRINTING SOCIETY, LIMITED, 66 & 68, Whitcomb Street, W.C.

DATE DUE

GAYLORD

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

THREE DAY
CIRCULATION

The Theosophical review.

BP
500
T5
v.32

UC Coll.

GTU Library
3 2400 00314 5145

GTU Library
2400 Ridge Road
Berkeley, CA 94709
For renewals call (510) 649-2500

All items are subject to recall.